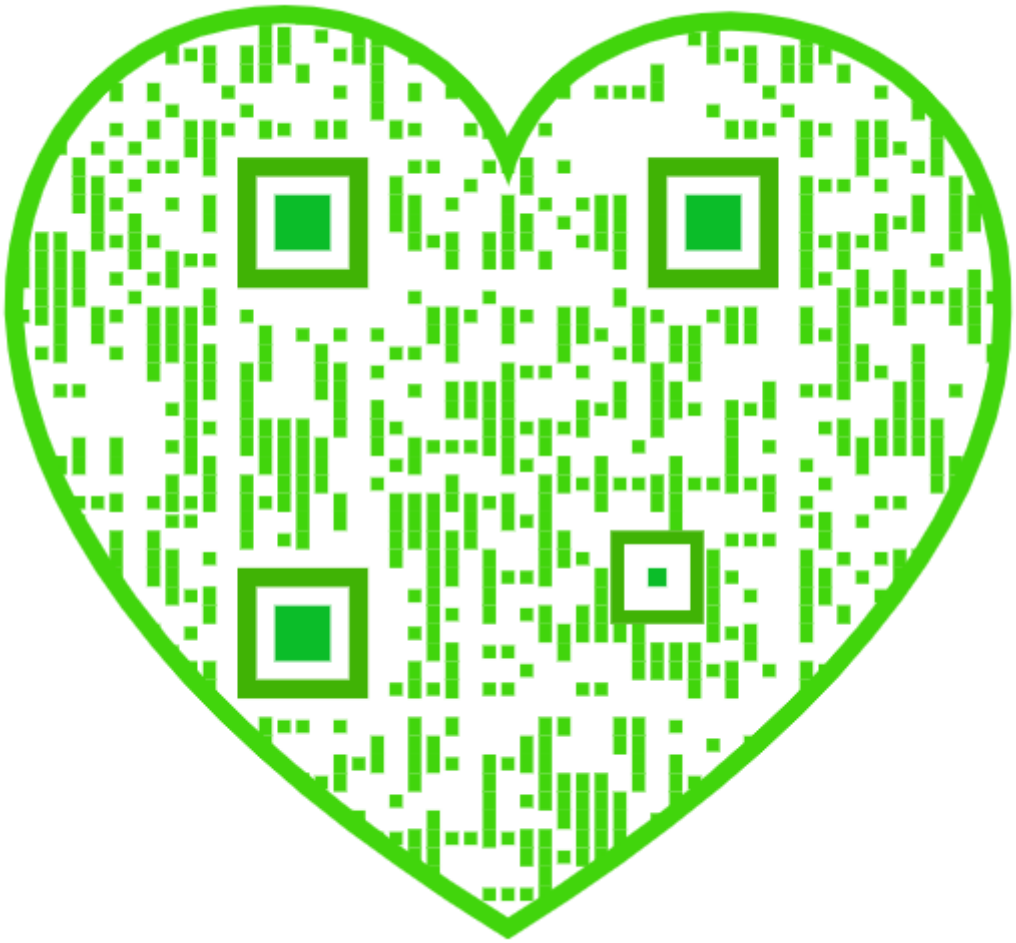

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Twice across North America by Motorboat

by John Edwin Hogg

From the towers of Manhattan to the soaring peaks of the Pacific Northwest, North America is unbelievably vast and beautiful. On its waterways, thousands of motorboat enthusiasts journey for those thrills and adventures that only trips on the water afford. Most boatmen are content to take short cruises. But long-distance cruising is becoming more and more popular.

Twice across North America by Motorboat is the story of a man who in 1925 made the first transcontinental crossing, from Oregon to New York. Boating conditions were far less favorable then than they are now. Last year, to repeat the journey under the new conditions, he took an outboard cruiser coast to coast from East to West.

Vigorous, peppery, 69-year-old **John Edwin Hogg** here tells of the excitement, the problems, and the joys of both his transcontinental trips. In 1925, Hogg and movie-cameraman Frank Wilton had an 18-foot runabout powered by a single outboard engine. They camped most of the way along the 137-day journey. The rivers, particularly in the West, were torn by rapids and floods, which made for hazardous going.

The 1959 journey, which Hogg made with young John Richard Dahl, was an adventure of another kind. This time even handling the 19-foot, fiber-glass craft, powered by twin engines much more powerful than the 1925 putt-putt, was exciting. New marinas offered hospitality and supplies all along the way.

Twice across North America by Motorboat proves once again that boating is **fun,** and that long-distance cruising—if you do it the

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TWICE ACROSS NORTH AMERICA BY MOTORBOAT

TWICE ACROSS NORTH AMERICA BY MOTORBOAT

JOHN EDWIN HOGG

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY GEORGE MCKIBBIN & SON, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

To Ruth, my companion from infancy, my beloved wife for forty-four years, who has shared the sorrows and joys of life with me on the various continents of our planet, this book is affectionately dedicated.

PREFACE

"How did you ever find the route to make such an unheard-of motorboat voyage possible?"

I began hearing that question in 1925, after I had skippered the first motorboat (*Transco*) to travel across the continent, from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic, over the inland waterways of the United States and Canada. It was a voyage of 137 days over 5,286 miles of water, and touched the shores of seventeen American states and two provinces of Canada.

I had found my route by putting together American history and geography. The natural topography of the land created every mile of the route except for the relatively few man-made canals that we used. The actual pathfinding was done for me by the various early explorers of the North American continent. They were Henry Hudson, Samuel de Champlain, Jacques Cartier, Louis Joliet, Jacques (Père) Marquette, Robert de La Salle. They mapped the waterways from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, through the Great Lakes, and down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico. Then, Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark made their historic journey up the Missouri River, over the Continental Divide, down the Snake and Columbia Rivers to the Pacific, and back to St. Louis again in 1804, 1805, 1806.

To work out the best boat route from ocean to ocean, I had

only to sketch the history of North American continental exploration onto a set of modern maps and charts. I had to go over the Continental Divide, as Lewis and Clark did, by making a relatively minor overland journey between the upper Missouri River and the Snake River at Lewiston, Idaho. That 400-mile overland portage, however, is not much when compared with 5,286 miles of boating on rivers, lakes, and canals that create the problems and perils of ever-present contact with land.

The voyage of *Transco II* reversed the route of the first *Transco*: we started from New York City and went through to Astoria, Oregon, in a leisurely 102 days. John Dahl and I thus became the first boatmen to cross the continent from east to west. I became the first and only living person to complete the round trip of 10,572 water miles.

JOHN EDWIN HOGG

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TWICE ACROSS NORTH AMERICA BY MOTORBOAT

1

THE IDEA TAKES SHAPE

In November, 1958, I began toying with an idea that seemed, at first, almost laughable. As the only living person ever to travel by motorboat across North America from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic over the inland waterways of the United States and Canada, I seriously wondered if I might not try to do it again. This time, however, I hoped to start from New York City, reversing the route traversed by the late Frank Wilton and me during the summer of 1925.

It seemed probable that almost anyone to whom I talked about my plan would doubt my sanity. Indeed, what man in his right mind would even think about starting such a project at the age of sixty-seven after having endured the hardships and hazards of a similar expedition at the age of thirty-four? Perhaps the last thirty-four years had erased many memories of those 137 days afloat in an 18-foot wooden boat, traveling 5,286 miles over the rivers, lakes, and canals of seventeen American States and two provinces of Canada. But no, every major detail of the *Transco* voyage was still as fresh in memory as it was in 1925. In formulating plans for *Transco II,* I also consulted a collection of old photographs and the yellowing pages of the *Transco* log for incidents I might have forgotten. I was thinking, of course, in terms

of modern, improved boats, vastly improved equipment, and waterways so changed in recent years by gigantic engineering projects that they bear little resemblance to the wild, uncontrolled torrents we had endured in 1925. The more I thought about it the more I became convinced that a similar voyage by a *Transco II* in 1959 should be infinitely safer, more comfortable, more feasible, and more enjoyable than the original history-making cruise.

Now, would any one else be able to view this project in the light of my own experience? I was well aware that, in my own country more than in any other nation on earth, all men past the age of sixty-five are supposed to be good only for drawing pensions and being kindly grandparents. I confided what I was thinking about to my wife, Ruth. I feared the worst because I knew she could never forget the mental torture she had endured during those 137 days in 1925.

She had remained at home in California while Frank Wilton and I were threading our way across the continent in a small, open boat. For her those were uneasy days of waiting: waiting for my telegrams, for my letters that were often a week in transit, and for the press reports that might bring news of our progress or disaster. Could she ever forget the horrible words that leaped up at her one morning from the pages of a California newspaper?

> Transcontinental Motorboatmen
> Lost in Lake Michigan
> Without Food or Water.

Fortunately, she detected the newspaper error almost the instant she read it. She knew it was possible for me to be lost in Lake Michigan . . . but *not* without food and an abundance of potable water! Then, just after she read the story, a Western Union messenger handed her a telegram I'd sent from Manistee, Michigan, with the same date as the newspaper dispatch.

On the previous day Frank Wilton and I had left Milwaukee at the break of dawn, with the announced intention of cruising some 97 miles almost straight east across Lake Michigan to Lud-

ington, Michigan. The lake was like a millpond, and we cruised easily all day, blithely unaware that a minor compass deviation was pulling us considerably off course to the north. Result: We missed Ludington by many miles, cruised 120 miles, and found ourselves off the Manistee pierheads in the summer evening twilight.

Our failure to arrive in Ludington left a group of newspapermen mastheaded on the docks there. They sent the word crackling over the wires: we were "lost in Lake Michigan!"

Thus, when I told my wife that I was thinking about attempting to do the *Transco* voyage all over again, she was naturally not very enthusiastic. I explained that, this time, if I were successful in getting the project out of the incubator stage, a bigger and far better *Transco II* would start from New York City, reversing the original route and finishing the trip in the Pacific Ocean off the mouth of the Columbia River.

"What do you think of the idea?" I asked, after having outlined it to her.

"I admire your spirit, your fortitude, and your courage . . . but I deplore your judgement!" she replied. "If you feel that you must do it, I'd suggest keeping all the insurance you now have. Then I'll call our insurance agent and have him write a new policy on your head . . . against woodpeckers!"

"Not so fast, my dear," I exclaimed. "I'm only talking about an idea. I have not the slightest assurance it will ever be given serious consideration by anyone else. But let's do this. The National Motor Boat Show will be held in New York in January. I'd like to fly there, have a look at all the boats in the show, and a visit with some old friends in the boating industry. At the same time I'd like to see some New York editors. I can probably line up enough work from them to keep us supplied with the necessities of life for perhaps another year. Now, why don't you come to New York with me. I'll make reservations now and you'll have about sixty days to make your own plans for the trip."

Obviously, this was the correct approach.

Ruth was thoughtful for a moment. Then she spoke: "Maybe those woodpeckers are not the threat to your head I thought they were. I'd be delighted to go to New York with you, and the time for me to go there is in the winter. You know how I dislike the heat and humidity of eastern summers. I could have a lot of fun doing some shopping on Fifth Avenue. We could also see some good stage plays, and how I long for some fresh blue point oysters on the half shell! Yes. Let's go to New York. Let's enjoy life while we have it!"

January rolled around. All the plans for the New York trip were completed, and after a seven-and-one-half-hour flight from Los Angeles to New York, Ruth and I found ourselves in a suite in the St. Moritz Hotel on Central Park South. Fortunately, almost everyone I had ever known in the motorboat industry was also staying at the St. Moritz. Perhaps the fact that the Coliseum, where the show was being held, was only a five-minute walk away had something to do with this happenstance.

On exhibition in the Motor Boat Show I found quite a number of craft that would have been well suited for the *Transco II* voyage. The one that appealed to me most, in the light of my experience with many types of small boats, was the 19-foot Glasspar Club-Mariner Cruiser. This craft had a comfortable cabin with sleeping berths for two, a head, a combination sink and wash basin, a 14-gallon tank and pump for potable water, ample storage lockers, a space that could be converted into a galley, a spacious open deck aft, and space under the gunwales for installing the big gasoline tanks the *Transco II* project would require—the weight would trim ship amidships. This Glasspar, with two 35-h.p. Evinrude Lark Motors for power, would certainly be my choice. Operation would be from a central control station forward in the open deck, to port of the cabin door and abaft the cabin. Here was a 1959 boat that made my old *Transco* look about as crude as a dugout canoe.

Having settled the boat problem in my own mind, another all-important question remained. Could I finance the expedition I

was attempting to organize? My editors would have to supply the answer to that one. And they did!

The next question was, where could I find a man, preferably a fairly young man with extensive small-boat experience and, well, a seemingly impossible list of qualifications to go along as assistant skipper of *Transco II*? I was personally acquainted with no such man, but thought I knew how such a rare individual might be tracked down and interviewed.

About two days after I'd dropped a few thoughts on this subject among some friends in the motorboating fraternity, I received a telephone call in my suite.

The voice on the phone sounded to me like that of a fairly young man. It was deep, clear, and resonant, with the diction of a well-educated person.

The voice said, "Mr. Hogg, my name is John Richard Dahl. I'm a stranger to you, but I've heard a suggestion that you are looking for an experienced boatman to accompany you on an unusual motorboat voyage. I believe I may have the qualifications required. I would like to meet you in person and discuss this subject."

"Where are you now, Mr. Dahl?" I asked.

"In the lobby of the St. Moritz."

"I'll come down. Please introduce yourself to the information clerk; I'll meet you in front of his desk. You'll recognize me as a man wearing a blue serge suit and a Van Dyke beard."

This was my first meeting with John Dahl, a thirty-year-old bachelor, graduate student at Columbia University, and a native and resident of New Rochelle, New York. Our conversation lasted several hours. I was favorably impressed with his personality and his boating experience. But, of course, no agreement was possible that evening in the face of numerous other unanswered questions still remaining in the *Transco II* project.

My wife and I remained in New York for several days after the Boat Show. With each passing day the *Transco II* project was passing from the realm of fantastic dreams to the world of reality.

The nebulous idea was becoming a definite and realizable project, far more feasible and better organized than the original *Transco* project had ever been. I could now return to California and start making definite plans. I hoped to take *Transco II* up the Hudson from New York City late in April or May, or as soon as possible after the ice was out of the waters of Lake Champlain, the Trent Waterway of Ontario, and the Great Lakes.

In 1925, when Frank Wilton and I made the first ocean-to-ocean voyage across North America in an 18-foot boat powered with outboard motors, Ole Evinrude, who had invented the outboard motor only sixteen years earlier, was very interested in our project. I visited with him, his wife, Bess, and their youthful son, Ralph, in Milwaukee.

In New York in January, 1959, my wife and I again met Ralph Evinrude, this time with his wife, Frances Langford. Ralph, once a tow-headed, eager boy, is now the fifty-year-old, barrel-chested, egg-bald kingfish of a vast and worldwide outboard motor industry; he has inherited a great enthusiasm for boating from his Norwegian forebears.

By the time of the original *Transco* trip, Henry Ford had already put most of the nation on wheels with a functional automobile that cost only about $500. As Americans flocked to the Model Ts with all the gregariousness of blackbirds or European starlings, boating sports languished. Our vast inland and coastal waterways were almost empty of pleasure craft. There were few, if any, marinas in the sense that we know them today. Only a few struggling enterprises managed to find and retain a toehold in the vicinity of our major cities.

When Frank Wilton and I "putt-putted" up the Columbia River, on our way from Astoria, Oregon, to New York City, we did not often see other noncommercial craft on the waters. What's more, service facilities for small craft such as ours were almost nonexistent. We had to take on supplies and fuel when and where we found them, and make the best of it.

The original *Transco* was a very simple craft, primitively

equipped, when compared with *Transco II*. Those old Giant Twin, 2-cylinder Evinrude Motors of 1925 weighed about 100 pounds each. Their operation was about as simple as that of a T-Model Ford. I could easily lift one of them off the stern of the boat and hoist it inboard for any necessary overhauling. A few simple tools and little more than an advanced-amateur knowledge of gasoline engines and other things mechanical did the job. While one motor was being overhauled, the other kept the boat moving, on course, at only slightly reduced speed.

How did *Transco* ever make it across the continent, then, in constant contact with all the hazards of land, with almost no shore facilities for the servicing of boats, and with practically no aids to navigation other than the limited equipment we carried aboard? For navigation on the rivers we had bales of state maps that told us nothing about the rivers other than their general location within the state. For the Great Lakes we had adequate and accurate charts. Aids to navigation marked long-recognized dangerous points, such as rock reefs, and deep-water channels leading into harbors. In the boat we had a binnacle in a portable box, a sextant, and a chronometer, plus the knowledge of Bowditch Navigation I'd gained in the Navy and the determination of men who had just lost two pennies in a peanut-vending machine. New York City was 5,286 watery miles away, and the betting odds were 15 to 1 we'd never make it!

How different everything was in February, 1959, when I returned to California from New York.

The first *Transco* had been built to my plans and order by the late Emil Aarup, a master boatbuilder who had learned his trade in his native Denmark. For many years prior to his death in the middle 1930s he was the number-one boatbuilder in the Los Angeles area. He started construction of *Transco* in September, 1924, and delivered the finished craft to me, afloat for trial runs in the Pacific Ocean, early in April, 1925. For trial runs we took the craft out to sea in almost the worst weather the Pacific was capable of giving us. We cruised to Santa Catalina Island, 28 miles

off the California mainland, and back to Los Angeles Harbor. We took her to San Clements Island, some 30 miles west of San Diego, and to bleak Santa Barbara Island, 100 miles straight out in the Pacific from Los Angeles Harbor. With these ocean tests completed, *Transco* was hoisted aboard the Pacific Steamship Company's freight and passenger liner, *Queen*. Five days later Frank Wilton and I walked down the *Queen*'s gangplank to step ashore in Astoria, Oregon, where we took delivery of *Transco* afloat, on the Columbia River.

In February, 1959, I took a blueprint—the hull plan of the 19-foot, Glasspar Club Mariner Cruiser—and drew in various special features needed for the voyage of *Transco II*. This completed, I drove to Costa Mesa, California, where on February 26 Jack Brown, a Glasspar Boat Company executive, and I went into a series of huddles to design the best possible *Transco II* we could ever hope to assemble within the standard Club Mariner, fiber-glass hull.

After we'd sketched out and mulled over every last detail of the projected craft, the Glasspar boat engineers took over and reduced all the sketches to mechanical drawings and exact engineering blueprints. These prints were air-mailed to the Glasspar plant manager, Frank Finney, in Petersburg, Virginia, who was to proceed with construction of the bare hull and have it ready for my arrival in Virginia on April 12.

Meanwhile, I had accepted John Dahl's bid to become partner and co-skipper of the *Transco II* cruise. No better qualified man was found among the many applicants who were investigated and interviewed. Each of us signed a simple working agreement and then went to work. Dahl was to devote his attention to details of outfitting and other chores that could best be handled in New York. I was to attend to innumerable other plans that could still be handled from California by long-distance telephone, telegrams, and air-mail correspondence until I could join him at the New York Athletic Club on April 12. We would then fly to Richmond, near Petersburg, to be in the Virginia plant of the Glasspar Boat

Company to supervise personally construction of every detail of *Transco II.*

After the boat's construction was completed, arrangements were made to do the final outfitting, trial runs, and shakedown cruises on Long Island Sound. Meanwhile, John Dahl and I also had to take time out for miscellaneous errands in New York, Washington, and Boston.

During nearly six weeks in and about New York, watching and working on the fitting out of *Transco II,* I realized that boating is no longer a simple, inexpensive pastime. Indeed, it has become quite the opposite. If boating is to be as safe, comfortable, and recreationally rewarding as human ingenuity has allowed for, it also must be dreadfully complicated and expensive.

John Dahl and I stood over the preparations, seeking to leave out every possible pound of equipment that might be better left ashore. But there wasn't too much that could be left out without encroaching upon operational efficiency or safety. In 1925, for example, we had had no ship-to-shore telephone, no sonic depth-finder, no radio direction finder, no electric starters or generators, no pair of 12-volt storage batteries. We got along without such things and many another item because they just did not exist.

Now all those things and many more have become necessities, almost indispensable to safe, comfortable boating. So we watched the control station aboard *Transco II* grow from a bare piece of cabinet work into a complicated assembly of instruments, push buttons, dials, switches, levers, and whatnots, suggestive of the cockpit of a modern jet plane. To further complicate complexity, Dahl and I had to understand and know the use of every single item of this equipment.

Some of this modern small-boat equipment is so simple that any bright schoolboy could learn to use it in minutes. Some is quite complicated. It is one thing to have a sonic depthfinder in one's boat and quite another to learn how to use it to keep from going aground on an invisible sand bar or reef of rocks. Using the radio direction finder taxed my knowledge of mathematics, physics,

navigation, and electronics; I'd have flunked the instruction without the training gained through naval and aeronautical study and experience.

It was also necessary to study the radio ship-to-shore telephone in preparation for examinations to obtain legally mandatory operator's licenses in both the United States and Canada. During seemingly endless hours of study, often far into the night, there were times when the task seemed hopeless and I thought I'd never make it. At such times I'd recall that old saying, always the handy excuse for mental laziness, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks!" Refusing to be that kind of a dog, I'd knuckle down to the textbooks again; in due time I had memorized all the examination questions and answers. John Dahl and I eventually received our interim licenses. We also survived the ninety-day probationary period, after which permanent, annually renewable licenses were supposed to be mailed to us from Washington and Ottawa.

2

"THE BEST-LAID PLANS . . ."

In the spring of 1959 John Dahl was the owner of a small foreign car which we arranged to use for a multitude of errands in and about New York. My first ride with him was from the New York Athletic Club, facing Central Park, to a Coast Guard office near the Battery. It took us right through the heart of the worst traffic conditions on Manhattan Island. The drive gave me the opportunity to observe that I had apparently made no mistake in having chosen John as co-skipper of the *Transco II*.

He is as competent a motorist as I ever hope to ride with. Logically, if a man is a competent driver of motor vehicles, he is apt to be equally competent as a boatman. Conversely, a reckless, careless, irresponsible motorist is about the last fellow I'd ever want aboard on a motorboat cruise steeped from its very inception in the voluntary acceptance of countless calculated risks.

By the last week in April the fitting out of *Transco II* was practically complete. We had given her a series of trial runs on Long Island Sound during which she had left little to be desired in the way of performance. We began to visualize May 1 as a date for

heading up the Hudson, with the tentative idea of getting to Astoria, Oregon, in about twelve weeks.

But there were still many details to be arranged in fields where we had no control. Summer was late in arriving in the Canadian provinces of Quebec and Ontario. The winter ice had not gone out of some of the waters we'd be into a few days after leaving New York. May 1 came and went. Our radiotelephone licenses were yet to be received—and where was that permit we'd applied for for taking *Transco II* through the St. Lawrence Seaway? The Seaway was not yet officially opened, and the administrative office at Cornwall, Ontario, did not seem to be in any hurry about issuing a permit for the first noncommercial American small boat to seek such transit. Our departure date from the 79th Street Boat Basin on the Hudson River was moved up to May 7.

May 7 came and went and we were still mastheaded in Manhattan. The ice was breaking up and melting fast in Canadian waters. But we still had no radio licenses and no permit for the St. Lawrence Seaway. What was worse, *Transco II,* which had behaved so perfectly in the salt water of Long Island Sound, became somewhat of a lazy tub when we brought her fully loaded through the Harlem River into an outflowing tide on the Hudson.

I had met this same kind of trouble some years earlier. It was especially noticeable in taking certain naval craft through the Panama Canal. I knew that the smaller the craft, the more crazily it acted upon leaving the heavier salt water of the oceans for the fresh water of Gatun Lake, the reservoir that supplies the water for the operation of the Panama Canal locks. In the Navy, however, we had been little concerned with the cranky fresh-water behavior of submarines and other naval craft. If we got into fresh water, we merely got rid of a lot of barnacles. It was easy to tolerate the temporary fresh-water crankiness, knowing that normal behavior would be restored upon our return to salt water.

Knowing about this kind of trouble was one thing—knowing how to correct it was quite another. John Dahl admitted he didn't know what to do. So I decided to ask a man who'd had experience

in solving this particular kind of problem. Forthwith, then, I got in touch with my long-time friend, Mr. Charles F. Chapman, Editor and Publisher of *Motorboating* magazine. "Chap" is one of the greatest living authorities on all phases of boating, a veritable walking library of information gained from his nearly three-quarters of a century of boating and editing experience.

It didn't take him very long to tell me what to do. "You may have to lighten ship. But first, try shifting the load forward a bit. If that doesn't do it, try changing propellers; a heavy-duty, four-bladed propeller may be your best bet. But it's something you'll have to determine by trial and error. Here, there are no hard and fast rules for anything."

John Dahl and I spent most of the week of May 7–14 tinkering with the boat, knowing that we would not be in salt water again from the Statue of Liberty to the mouth of the Columbia River. We put ashore some 200 pounds of equipment that could safely be called excess baggage. We tried the boat out again; it behaved much better. We tried every imaginable arrangement of cargo stowage and accomplished a few more gains. Finally, we tried various types of propellers, reserving the heavy-duty, brass four-bladers for the last.

They did it! With the change to the four-blade props *Transco II* came alive like the snappy craft she had been on Long Island Sound. When opening the throttles we soon learned to warn each other or anyone aboard: "Hang on, I'm going to open her up!" With throttles opened she'd jump out of her role as a displacement boat and begin planing, with half her hull out of the water, in seconds. Anyone on the loose would either hit the cabin bulkhead or fall flat on the deck. On glass-smooth water she could easily hit a speed of 25 knots or cruise rather leisurely at 18 to 20 knots.

On Monday, May 18, we set the next Thursday as "D-day." Come what may, we'd depart from New York City and be off up the Hudson at noon on that day. We disregarded the weather and even the outflowing tide to set the time primarily for the convenience of the newspapers, television, and radio. We also

agreed to take a chance with the final uncompleted details of preparations. We still did not have the all-important St. Lawrence Seaway permit, but I accepted a telephoned assurance that the permit would be issued after our arrival in Canada.

As I stepped from a taxicab at the 79th Street Boat Basin I couldn't even see *Transco II* at her mooring place because of the crowd that jammed the boat basin.

A twitter ran through the crowd and I heard someone say, "The man with the beard! That's Captain Hogg! Here he is now!"

Eventually I managed to make my way through the throng and hopped aboard *Transco II* to find John Dahl quietly stowing away a few odds and ends. Once aboard, I looked back at the crowd on the docks and saw, among countless strangers, almost everyone I've ever known in boating and allied publishing enterprises. For the next several minutes confusion reigned on the dock as a score of reporters and photographers milled about, elbowing each other for the most favorable positions.

Down through the years I've been in many similar situations, but usually as one of the reporters or photographers. Thus, I knew what to do. Holding up both hands in a plea for order and silence, I had the attention of the group almost instantly. "Gentlemen, Mr. Dahl and I will cooperate with you to the best of our ability. Let's make this an orderly press conference. I'll hand each of you a prepared statement of facts. We will take whatever time is necessary to let you take the photographs you want. Then we can all sit down for a question-and-answer discussion of what the *Transco II* enterprise is all about. In the fact sheets you'll find the story of how Mr. Dahl and I hope to become the first persons to cross North America by motorboat from east to west and how I hope to be the first to make it a round trip."

It soon became apparent that *Transco II* wasn't going to get very far up the Hudson on our first day. On the original *Transco* cruise thirty-four years earlier I had learned the value of having favorable public relations. So, for lunch that day John and I ate

hamburgers and sipped coffee from paper cups while the flashbulbs popped and the television cameras buzzed. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before we could make any semblance of a graceful getaway. Even then, as I took *Transco II* out of the boat basin and opened the throttles, we were far from being alone on the Hudson. A fleet of about a dozen small boats roared out of the basin in our wake, each bulging with both still and motion-picture cameramen. We were off in a veritable aquatic rat race, with the camera craft cutting circles around us, coming alongside to be drowned in *Transco II*'s spray, or speeding ahead to get into some favorable photographic position. It was like driving an amphibious auto on a watery Hollywood freeway. There was even a New York smog, almost as thick and smelly as the sorrow of Los Angeles. The race finally ended a couple of miles above the George Washington Bridge, where the camera boats began dropping back. They soon disappeared in the haze behind us.

"How far can we go today?" asked John Dahl, as *Transco II* clipped off the knots practically alone on the broad Hudson River.

"Let's make it to Peekskill," I replied. "They have a good yacht club there, and I for one would be perfectly happy to cook our own food and have a good night's rest in a comfortable berth. I can think of nothing more welcome after forty days of hotel life in New York City."

John agreed. A few minutes later Peekskill came into distant, haze-shrouded view on the east bank of the river under the golden glow of sunset. My field glasses searched the waterfront and soon sighted a group of structures that seemed to match the location of the Peekskill Yacht Club on our chart of the lower Hudson.

We headed toward something that appeared to be a breakwater, with several openings for the passage of boats. Any doubt about our location then quickly vanished. At a distance of roughly 2 miles, I could see through the glasses a group of people on the dock; they seemed to be waving to us to come on in.

Approaching the breakwater at reduced speed, we were soon

near enough to hear the words of a man who called out to us through a megaphone: "*Transco II,* come on in! Captain Hogg and Mr. Dahl, welcome to the Peekskill Yacht Club!"

A few minutes later *Transco II* was moored into a slip and we were shaking hands with various officials and members of the Peekskill Yacht Club. We were cordially invited to be guests of the club, with its every facility at our disposal.

We soon heard the story that seems to verify the value I have always placed upon having good public relations in any enterprise even remotely similar to that of *Transco II.* A few minutes before *Transco II* arrived off Peekskill, the group at the yacht club had seen and heard on television a film of our departure from New York City. Some one who had walked out of the clubhouse sighted a small boat that was instantly identified. Then and there John Dahl and I became beneficiaries of the kind of public relations I hoped to maintain all the way across the continent. The only surprise about it for me was that it was bearing fruit so quickly due to the speed of television!

There had been no television in 1925 when Frank Wilton and I came across the continent. On that cruise, too, a deliberate effort to maintain the best possible public relations had rewarded us in many ways. But it was slower in those days; we had only the press and a few primitive radio broadcasts to help us in telling people along our route what we were attempting to do.

The Hudson is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. It is a tidal stream from its mouth to the government lock, the first lock of the Champlain Canal, about 6 miles above Troy. Moreover, Albany is a seaport accessible to all but the largest of ocean ships. Famed for the beauty of its shores, rich as the birthplace of much American history, fabled in song and story, it is also one of the most horribly polluted large rivers on the face of the earth.

The pollution was all too apparent when Frank Wilton and I came down the Hudson from the Champlain Canal with *Transco* during the first week of October, 1925. It was mostly sewage and

industrial wastes. Today, the river is not only a trunk-line sewer, it is obviously a dumping ground for every kind of rubbish that any one wants to get rid of—lumber, discarded railroad ties, and old utility poles—all go into the river. This floating trash is an obvious menace to navigation. Worse still, because the river is a tidal stream, the filth goes upstream with the inflowing tides and downstream with the outflowing current. I'll leave it to the sanitary engineers to figure out how many miles the pollution must travel, or how many days it may take from, say, Albany to the Statue of Liberty! Before we even got to Peekskill, Dahl and I agreed that under no circumstances would we make any attempt to cruise on the Hudson at night.

When we came down the Hudson with *Transco* in 1925, we passed a small town on the east shore above Poughkeepsie known as Hyde Park. At that time it was of scant importance; a minor political figure named Franklin Delano Roosevelt was just beginning to recover partial use of his legs after a bout with infantile paralysis in 1924. In 1932, Hyde Park began to gain fame as the home of this same F.D.R., now President of the United States. Today, the Roosevelt home is a national monument visited annually by thousands of persons from every part of the nation and the world. It has taken its place with the many shrines of American history that are scattered along the banks of the Hudson.

From descriptions of the F.D.R. monument at Hyde Park I had visualized it as something that would be invisible from a small boat on the Hudson. I had been thinking in terms of the famous Hudson River Palisades and knew how little one may see from the river of what's on top of those great cliffs. I was pleasantly surprised, then, to find a relatively low bank on the Hyde Park side of the river making the Roosevelt memorial easily visible from even a rowboat. It was an easy, ten-minute walk from the boat landing.

Above Newburgh, the pollution of the Hudson from sewage and industrial wastes becomes slightly less obnoxious than in the vicinity of New York City. That small gain, however, is largely

canceled out from the boatman's point of view by the vast increase encountered in floating rubbish. The few thousand beer cans, bottles, and small driftwood around us posed little threat to *Transco II*. But veritable floating islands of scrap—railroad ties, old utility poles, and metal oil drums—were definite hazards to be avoided if possible. Anyone in an aircraft flying above the river who noticed our erratic, trash-dodging course would have been justified in saying, "Watch that boat down there; the fellow driving it is drunk!"

3

FROM PEEKSKILL INTO LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Wherever we stopped along the Hudson—at Peekskill, Newburgh, Kingston (Port Ewen, on Rondout Creek), Hudson, Albany, and other points—we saw the evidence of how news of the *Transco II* enterprise traveled ahead of us. At Newburgh, for example, we needed no introduction and actually stayed an extra day as guests of the local yacht club.

At Kingston we found no satisfactory marina facility, but were directed into Rondout Creek, a stream that would be called a river in any European country. About two miles up Rondout Creek we fond Tony's Marina, a well-equipped shore facility at Eddyville, almost to the head of navigation below a power dam in Port Ewen.

News of our arrival seemed to have spread with great rapidity. Ashore, and with *Transco II* tied up, we barely had time to shake hands with Tony Roberti, the marina operator, and members of his family before cars began arriving. Most of these motorists were also part-time boatmen who had seen us on television or read about us in the newspapers. Among them, however, were the usual reporters, press photographers, and radio and television men. The

latter soon had our voices on tape, the boat and my beard on film.

All this was on Saturday afternoon, May 23, and it seemed to me that the radio and television men barely had time to get back to their studios in Kingston before Tony called us into his office. He turned on the radio, and for the next fifteen minutes we listened to ourselves speaking from the mysterious electronic box. Later, I learned that my wife heard the same radio talk in the living room of our home in the Vale of San Jacinto, an isolated, alpine valley nestled among the highest and snowiest mountains of southern California.

Whenever I have appeared on radio or television, I have wondered if anyone was actually listening. There was certainly no doubt about it after our broadcasts at Eddyville, New York. In minutes after the tapes had been aired, cars and more cars began pulling up to a stop on the highway near Tony's. Throngs of people came to look at our boat and have a few friendly words with us.

The usual question was, "Is there anything we can do for you? We'll be glad to take you into Kingston if you need to do any shopping." Obviously, there was nothing artificial about that kind of hospitality!

I was talking with a group of such visitors when a gentleman who had introduced himself as James O'Brien noticed a St. Christopher medal I was wearing.

"Are you a Catholic?" he asked.

"Indeed I am, sir!" I replied.

"Would you like to go to Mass with me and my family tomorrow morning?"

"I certainly would!"

"Then suppose we pick you up here about eight-forty tomorrow morning? Our Church of St. Francis is on a hill overlooking the Hudson at St. Remy, about 4 miles from here."

In the church that Sunday morning, the pastor, Father Kelly, to whom I'd previously been introduced, stepped to the altar rail before starting Mass. He paused for a moment and looked out

through the crowded church. I sensed that he was looking for a man with a beard.

Presently his eyes fell upon me and he spoke: "Friends, we have with us this morning a gentleman who has embarked upon a most unusual journey. He is making his second trip across the North American continent over the inland waterways of the United States and Canada as skipper of a motor yacht scarcely 20 feet in length. It is a voyage of more than 5,000 miles through seventeen American states and two provinces of Canada. Perhaps you have read about him, heard his voice on radio, or seen him on television. He sets an example I hope others may follow: he has time for God! It is my pleasure to introduce Captain John Edwin Hogg, skipper of the motor vessel *Transco II*. Captain Hogg, will you please rise?"

I arose, saluted, and sat down again. The packed church remained silent, but the reaction of the congregation was easily visible. I felt that I had gained an intangible something that could never be anything but beneficial. Little did I realize then that John Dahl and I would soon have thousands of people praying for our safety and success.

On Monday morning, May 24, I took *Transco II* back into the Hudson from Rondout Creek. A tidal current of perhaps 5 miles an hour was moving downstream, and a 30-mile-an-hour wind was blowing upstream. This is a bad combination, as every experienced river boatman knows. On any stream the size of the Hudson it sets the wind to fighting the current, rolling up a conflicting fury of short, choppy waves that can be dangerous to small boats.

I wouldn't say that a boat as seaworthy as *Transco II* was in any particular danger that day. Nevertheless, the river was rough enough to make her uncomfortable and difficult to handle. We were soon taking spray aboard. When running before a following sea, as we had to do, any boat has a tendency to yaw off course, making it a bad day for the man at the wheel. Moreover, in such a sea speed has to be greatly reduced. *Transco II* could take it, but her occupants took the punishment that would have included sea-

sickness without the high degree of immunity that both John Dahl and I had developed over the years.

By the time we reached Catskill, we'd had about enough of the punishment that was burning a lot of gasoline without producing much mileage. Catskill, however, offered no small-boat shore facility. There was not even a place where we could tie up without serious risk of damage to the boat. After an inspection of the entire Catskill waterfront, my decision was to get back into deep water and take the seas for another 10 miles by running for Hudson, New York.

At Hudson the river was still rough. We found several quiet-water mooring slips alongside the clubhouse of the Hudson Powerboat Association and cheerfully accepted the hospitality of the club that was immediately and graciously offered. For a couple of already weather-beaten motorboatmen, the well-equipped clubhouse was a perfect place to be on a day when the wind continued to howl and toss the crows around.

The following day dawned with ideal weather, and Dahl and I agreed to get an early start to meet a tentative appointment in Albany with the Governor of New York. A swift tide was flowing downstream. We shoved off, with Dahl at the controls of *Transco II*. All went well—for about three minutes. We had barely reached the deep water of the shipping lane in the middle of the river when John gave the steering wheel a hard turn to starboard and nothing happened. After turning the wheel to port, he knew instantly that we had lost all steering control. He shut down the motors. *Transco II* was adrift on the outflowing tide.

I scrambled astern, grabbed a paddle, and found a fulcrum that would permit me to use the paddle as a jury rudder. We then tried taking the boat ahead with one motor at about one-quarter throttle. The steering control I had gained with the paddle was far from perfect, but it was enough to let us get back to the boat-club dock and make an orderly landing.

Dismantling the steering mechanism, we found a sheared-off pin that had released one of the steering cables. By foresight

that was in no sense luck, we had the pin to replace it in our box of spare parts. Within an hour after our jury-rigged landing, we were off for Albany again.

In 1925, Frank Wilton and I were overnight guests of the Albany Yacht Club, which was then on the Albany side of the river. Now, a greatly enlarged and elaborate Albany Yacht Club is on the other side of the river, in Rensselaer. The two-man crew of *Transco II* promptly accepted a cordial invitation to enjoy every hospitality the club had to offer.

I'd been ashore only a few minutes when I sighted an elderly man puttering in a flower bed on the broad lawn in front of the clubhouse. I felt that somewhere, long ago, I had met him. But where and when? I began peering into the dark corners of memory. Then, suddenly, the whole mystery cleared and the man's name was on the tip of my tongue.

In 1925, the state of Tennessee had a law that prohibited the teaching of Charles Darwin's theory of evolution in the public schools. Coincidentally, while the original *Transco* was on her way down the Missouri River, a legal battle was going on in Dayton, Tennessee. A teacher by the name of John Scopes was being prosecuted on the charge of having taught evolution, in violation of the state law.

The Scopes trial became a farcical contest between orthodox religion and science. Scopes had retained one of the world's foremost criminal lawyers, Clarence Darrow, to defend him. The prosecution was undertaken by William Jennings Bryan, former Secretary of State and three-time loser as a candidate for President. Darrow proclaimed himself an agnostic. Bryan was the modern St. George out to slay the dragon that dared to question a single word of the Bible. The court battle made newspaper headlines all over the world. William Jennings Bryan won the case but lost his life, probably from sheer exhaustion. Scopes had indeed violated a state law. The jury found him guilty, and Tennessee gained a nickname, "The Monkey State."

On the last lap of our cruise, when Frank Wilton and I stopped

at the Albany Yacht Club, the Commodore of the club was named John Scopes. With the "Monkey Trial" still in the news, Commodore Scopes, Frank Wilton, and I laughed over the coincidence of names. Commodore Scopes had assured us he was in no way related to Mr. John Scopes of Dayton, Tennessee.

Thus, the story came back to me after thirty-four years. I walked toward the elderly man puttering among the flowers.

"Aren't you Mr. John Scopes?" I asked

"I am, sir!" he replied, rising, removing a work glove and extending his hand.

"Don't speak your name, please!" exclaimed Mr. Scopes. "I'm sure I know you and can recall it."

He hesitated for a moment. "Aren't you Captain Hogg? I remember now. You brought a small motorboat across the continent many years ago and stopped overnight with us when this club was over on the other side of the river. And how about your partner? Wasn't his name Wilson—or was it Wilton?"

"I'm sorry to tell you, Mr. Scopes," I said, "that Mr. Wilton died from natural causes in 1947."

John Scopes is now eighty-seven years of age. He organized the Albany Yacht Club in 1896. He became Commodore of the club in 1908 and retained that post until he retired in 1958. Now he practically lives around the club, where he is constantly meeting boatmen from far and near, many of whom have been his friends for more than half a century.

In Albany our tentative appointment with New York's Governor, Nelson Rockefeller, had to be canceled. A high official of the state government had died, and his funeral in Albany was being held almost at the hour of our arrival. Obviously, the Governor could not be in two places simultaneously.

This unfortunate coincidence was largely offset by the rousing welcome we received from representatives of the press, radio, and television and the entire organization of the largest local outboard-motor retail store. The latter gave us such a round of cooperation

and "red-carpet" entertainment we almost forgot about May flies and weather that was uncomfortably hot and humid.

Those May flies were at the beginning of their "season" when *Transco II* arrived in Albany. At first there were only a few of these pests, but their number seemed to increase steadily. By the time we got to the locks of the Champlain Canal they were out by the tens of billions! Every lock in the canal was swarming with them. Everyone in that part of the state was going about with flailing hands and arms. To a man from Mars we might have looked like some strange race of deaf mutes using a wild sort of sign language, but we were only pawing at the May flies.

By great good fortune May flies don't bite or sting. They are just soft-bodied, lacy-winged little flies about half an inch in length. Their scientific name, *Ephemerida vulgaris,* literally means "the common shortlife," which is a biological fact about May flies to be heartily approved by man or beast. Their larvae are aquatic. Once each year, usually in May, the adults appear in tremendous flying swarms. The adult life cycle is only a few days; ordinarily the annual infestations seldom last more than a week. They're a dreadful nuisance while they last, however, in clouds before one's eyes, buzzing around the ears, or crawling down inside shirt collars. My quarrel with the May flies was that they clustered on camera lenses and flew in clouds like a black snow storm nearly every time I pointed a camera at anything in the Champlain Canal, on some parts of Lake Champlain, and the Richelieu River.

By getting an early-morning start out of Albany, John Dahl and I made excellent progress up the Hudson to Troy, then through the Champlain Canal and the southern part of Lake Champlain in a single daylight day. The weather, although uncomfortably hot and humid, was almost perfect for cruising, and we suffered little from the heat as long as we kept moving.

It was in the locks that the heat really became uncomfortable—and the May flies didn't help much! Even there we were lucky. At the first lock of the Champlain Canal above Troy, the only

one in the Champlain Canal system that is operated by the Federal government, we found a red light against us. A voice came over the public-address system, saying, "Attention aboard the small pleasure craft! There's a freight barge coming up the river only a few minutes behind you. When we open the gates, let the barge go into the lock first. Follow it in and we'll put you both through together."

A diesel barge of perhaps 2,000 tons, flying the Canadian flag and bearing a Montreal registry, soon hove in sight; we trailed her into the lock. About twelve minutes later we followed the barge out of the lock and decided to stay right with her on into Lake Champlain. By this method we never lost a minute waiting at the locks. We were in Whitehall for lunch shortly after noon, and went down the last lock of the Champlain Canal into Lake Champlain.

The southern part of Lake Champlain, roughly one-fourth the length of this gigantic lake that forms the boundary between New York and Vermont, bears little resemblance to what most of us think of as a lake. It is so long and narrow, less than a quarter of a mile wide at several points, that it looks like a river without any current, set down between rugged cliffs of brown rock and rolling green hills. To me, this is the most beautiful part of Lake Champlain because all the scenic beauty is visible at close range, in contrast to the distant views that characterize the lake farther north, where aquatic distances widen out to 15 miles or more. The shore-line scenery remains essentially the same there, but it's at a greater distance from the boatman.

If the weather is good, as it was for us during our first afternoon on Lake Champlain, navigating the lake is quite a simple task. Our charts gave us a detailed picture of the entire lake. To keep in safe waters the boatman has only to follow a channel well marked with buoys at every spot where a buoy is needed.

At least, that's what John Dahl and I thought as *Transco II* sped northward through Lake Champlain after leaving Whitehall,

New York. We could relax and enjoy all the scenic beauty, while the numbered buoys flashed past and disappeared astern.

We were skimming along at about 20 knots, coming up on buoy No. 39 off Orwell, Vermont, when there was a noise like a small explosion at the stern. The boat shuddered, and the port-side motor raced with an ear-searing squeal. Dahl, who was at the helm, instantly switched off both motors.

We'll probably never know exactly what happened. Apparently, the port-side motor must have struck its underwater mechanism against some very solid, submerged obstruction, perhaps a water-soaked log.

We tilted the motor and found a slightly damaged propeller that seemed to have lost its connection with the power head. The immediate evidence indicated that a broken shear pin would have to be replaced. On the Vermont shore we sighted a good marina—"Marina, Buoy No. 39." We went in on one motor and tied up in a sheltered cove.

More serious trouble loomed when we removed the propeller and found the shear pin intact. The motor was hoisted off the boat and taken into the repair shop. Half an hour later we knew what the trouble was—a broken drive shaft. This vital part is so rarely a source of trouble in any modern outboard motor that we had not included a spare.

The nearest Evinrude dealer was in Ticonderoga, New York, 8 miles away on the opposite side of Lake Champlain for us. Also, there was no safe place to tie up there if bad weather came up. To make a bad situation worse, Marina, Buoy No. 39 was a new enterprise, still on the waiting list for the installation of a telephone.

A sixteen-year-old boy who was playing around the marina with a small boat and outboard motor offered to take us across the lake to Port Marshall, New York. There we would have access to a telephone to call a taxicab for the 5-mile trip into Ticonderoga. We gladly accepted his offer and lost no time in getting under way.

4

FROM TICONDEROGA, NEW YORK, INTO FRENCH CANADA

Misfortune can often suddenly change into a near-miracle of good luck. Some months ago, for example, I was to go on a trip with four friends in a private airplane. I was bitterly disappointed when I was forced to withdraw from the projected flight in favor of an emergency appointment with the dentist. After a painful hour in the dentist's chair, a radio news report told me that a toothache had saved my life: the plane had crashed and burned in the High Sierras of California. Three days later, I was a pallbearer at the funeral of the four who had died in the crash. I could cite many other instances of bad luck turning out to be the greatest of good fortune.

So it may have been for *Transco II,* John Dahl, and me when we had motor trouble on Lake Champlain. A violent thunderstorm was gathering by the time we arrived in Ticonderoga from Port Marshall. What's more, that storm turned out to be not just *one* rip-roaring twister of wind, torrential rain, thunder, and lightning: it was only a prelude to five whole days of the most violent weather

imaginable. If we had been caught out on Lake Champlain in that weather, there is no telling what trouble we might have gotten into. So, we remained in Ticonderoga while the lake was a seething cauldron of fury in which no small boat could have lived.

As the wind continued to rage, broken only by an occasional hour or two of blue sky and sunlight, we obtained the motor parts we needed. Stewart Moore, owner of the local hardware store, then took us to Marina, Buoy No. 39 in his pickup truck. He drove south, past Port Marshall on the New York side of the lake, to a point where the shortest car ferry on the entire lake operates over a stretch of water where New York and Vermont are only about half a mile apart. From the ferry landing on the Vermont side, a 15-mile drive took us over a tortuous and scenic rural road into Orwell; then we went north and west back to the Marina, Buoy No. 39. To know and find this route would have been impossible for an unguided stranger.

Transco II's ailing motor was repaired and operative again within an hour after Johnny Connors, a skilled outboard motor mechanic and Mr. Moore's son-in-law, went to work on it. But what about the weather? Obviously, it was no day to be traveling about 75 miles through the widest parts of Lake Champlain. I made a call to the U. S. Coast Guard Station in Burlington. The advice I received was, "Small-craft warning signals are flying. Weather forecast is for more of same today, tomorrow, and possibly day after tomorrow. You'd be wise to stay in port."

In Ticonderoga, 6 o'clock that evening, John Dahl and I were having dinner. Outside, the wind was trying to blow the raincoats off the backs of pedestrians. The rain was coming down in torrents. Thunder was booming and the lightning was causing the lights in the restaurant to blink on and off. Bob Barton, owner of the theater next door, came in and spoke to us. "At 6:45 you're going to be on the screen in a newsreel. If you'd like to see yourselves, come in as my guests."

On the screen we saw ourselves as others had seen us leaving

the 79th Street Boat Basin in New York City, speeding up the Hudson, and going under the George Washington Bridge. Then we spent the remainder of a bad-weather evening seeing two very good Hollywood productions.

Before visiting Lake Champlain anyone might take a refresher course in American history. The lake is, of course, a product of geography, and geography has always played an important part in shaping the events of history. Thus, Lake Champlain was a natural and convenient travel route between conflicting colonial enterprises, the French to the north and the British to the south. It was predestined by its geographic location to become a battleground, just as Belgium became known as "the Cockpit of Europe" because it was set down between the long-conflicting interests of France and Germany.

Long before the American Revolution, every shooting war between England and France brought bloodshed to Lake Champlain. The British colonials and the thirteen original American colonies used it on their way to make war on the French in Canada. Likewise, it became the most convenient route of invasion every time the French in Canada sent military forces seeking to drive the British out of New England.

During the American Revolution, by which time the British had almost succeeded in wresting control of Canada from the French, Lake Champlain became a battlefield—this time it was the British, with French, German, and French-Canadian mercenaries, fighting British colonials who had the audacity to rebel against a tyrannical British King, James III. Little wonder that Whitehall, New York, was destined to be the birthplace of the United States Navy. Likewise, the lake, as a highway of two-way military enterprises, made it possible for U. S. General Richard Montgomery to seize Montreal in 1775, leaving in his path such hallowed battlegrounds as Crown Point, Ticonderoga, and Saratoga.

Bad weather and the enforced sojourn in Ticonderoga gave us the opportunity to visit Fort Ticonderoga and to make a trip by

auto to Lake George. Lake George is one of the most beautiful lakes on the face of the earth; for many years I had hoped to see it.

Driving out with new-found friends from Ticonderoga in a downpour of rain, I wondered if we would see anything of the lake when we got there. Good fortune was with us. As we neared the lake, the rain stopped and we had about two hours under a blue sky flecked with huge and beautiful cumulus clouds! No question about the beauty of Lake George; it is about the nearest thing I ever hope to see on this side of the Atlantic to Switzerland's Lake Geneva.

Boatmen often ask, "Is it possible to go by water from Lake Champlain into Lake George?" The answer is, "No!" The surface of Lake George is approximately 100 feet higher than that of Lake Champlain. The overflow from the former drops through a rocky gorge on the outskirts of Ticonderoga. A huge steel aqueduct picks up most of the water within the city limits of Ticonderoga and puts it through the hydroelectric turbines that keep the town supplied with electricity to run the paper mills and other industries. To that pure, cold, sparkling Lake George water, industrial wastes and sewage are then added and dumped into Lake Champlain to create the usual water-pollution problem. As yet, however, the pollution of Lake Champlain is not very serious. The lake is just too big to be seriously polluted by the present population and industry around it.

After six days in Ticonderoga with almost continuous high wind and downpours of rain, good weather returned for us on Lake Champlain. There was blue sky overhead and the lake was like a gigantic sheet of glass as John Dahl and I sped northward from Marina, Buoy No. 39. With everything in our favor we decided to go fast while the going was good and be out of the lake, if possible, before the bad weather might again catch up with us.

During the last week of September in 1925, it took Frank Wilton and me three days to run the length of Lake Champlain,

from Rouse's Point, New York, to Whitehall, with the original *Transco*. Two of those days gave us about as much weather as we dared to be out in. The second afternoon chased us off the lake into a sheltered anchorage in Basin Harbor, Vermont. The third, during which we traveled from Basin Harbor to Whitehall, was like boating on a placid river.

Thus, experience had taught me that Lake Champlain has a Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde personality. Vast as it is, in gentle weather it is a placid, beautiful, fresh-water sea, a paradise for any lover of small boats. But let no boatman be fooled; its moods are as suddenly changeable as the New England weather. Let a 30-mile-an-hour wind spring up and this docile, king-sized mill-pond quickly becomes a wave-lashed cauldron of seething fury. In minutes it can build up waves that seem to be 10 feet high and 6 feet apart, easily capable of capsizing or swamping any small boat or pike-poling it to the bottom.

The lake's bottom is soft, slate-gray mud. After a few days of calm weather the water appears to be remarkably clear, reflecting the deep blue of the New England sky. But when the wind blows, the mud is quickly churned up from the bottom and the whole lake becomes a mousy gray, as it was when *Transco II* set out on her northward journey. Natives who have lived for years on the shores of the lake say that it usually takes several days for the water to clear after the mud has been churned up by a storm.

From Ticonderoga, New York, Dahl and I charted a course to Burlington, Vermont. *Transco II* ate up the miles with the voracity of a seagull. We were in Burlington a little after noon, and, as usual, found the gentlemen of the press waiting.

We paused only long enough to have lunch in a waterfront restaurant and then spent an hour being interviewed and photographed.

The lake was still calm when we got away from Burlington about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, heading for Rouse's Point. *Transco II* clipped off about half the distance within an hour after

leaving Burlington. Then a gentle breeze from the north rose to about 20 miles an hour and the lake began to get rough. We had to throttle down to half speed, and for a time we thought we'd have to go into Plattsburgh. But we found the wind and seas getting no worse, so we decided to keep going. We docked at the Gaines Marina in Rouse's Point a little before 6 o'clock. In less than eight hours we had run about three-fourths of the length of Lake Champlain and were now at the northern end of it.

A few minutes before 6:30, Mr. Gaines took us in his car to a local tavern. There we sat at a table sipping beer while we watched ourselves on television as others had seen and heard us in Burlington earlier in the day.

Next morning, as soon as the offices opened for business, I went to the offices of U. S. Customs and Immigration Service and received clearances for *Transco II* and her crew to re-enter the United States from Canada at DeTour, Michigan. I was agreeably surprised by the speed and simplicity of this procedure. It is now remarkably free from red tape. The entire transaction was completed in about ten minutes.

In 1925, when Frank Wilton and I arrived at Rouse's Point after having entered Canada with *Transco* at the Canadian Soo, I paid duty on some furs I'd bought for my wife in Canada. The customs officer then asked, "Do you have anything aboard your boat that could be considered contraband?"

"Yes, sir," I replied. "I have a bottle containing about half a quart of good Canadian bourbon." (At that time prohibition was supposed to be the law of the land throughout the United States.)

"Very well," said the customs officer. "I can't let you take the whisky into the United States. But I can look the other way while you drink it!"

Forthwith, Wilton and I divided the whisky and swigged it down. Frank and I cruised on down the lake. While a gentle rain dropped around us, we sang "The Moon Came over the Cowshed," a familiar song in the trenches of World War I.

Before leaving New York in *Transco II* I had ordered charts of the Richelieu and St. Lawrence rivers from Rouse's Point to Montreal. But the charts, which we had expected to receive at Rouse's Point, failed to arrive. This left John Dahl and me with the prospect of having to make the run of roughly 150 miles down the Richelieu and up the St. Lawrence to Montreal as best we could. It was not a happy thought. But we'd have to go on and accept the risks and inconvenience of being without charts over this part of our route.

We were about ready to shove off when a big, beautiful, 50-foot yacht flying the Canadian flag and carrying a Montreal registry came into the Gaines Marina. The Canadian party of six stepped ashore, and the conversation was soon going thick and fast in French. I heard the skipper of the yacht ask where he might obtain charts of Lake Champlain, the Champlain Canal, and the Hudson to New York City. I also overheard and understood him to say that he had charts from Montreal to Rouse's Point, but none for the remainder of his route to New York City.

Here was my chance to do a little "horse-trading," I thought. Summoning all the rusty French I could muster from knowledge of a language I had not used for years, I spoke to the yacht skipper: "Pardon me, sir, but my partner and I have the charts you need. You have the charts we don't have. Let's exchange charts. All of us will then have the charts we want and need!"

Needless to say, this obvious and logical exchange was quickly made. A few minutes later, *Transco II* was speeding down the Richelieu with a gentle current boosting us along. Our complete set of Canadian charts showed every needed detail of our route on into Montreal. Likewise, the French-Canadian yacht, heading south, was a mere speck on the watery horizon of Lake Champlain with a skipper at the helm who knew where he was going. I doubt if any more mutually convenient exchange of property was ever consummated between Americans and French Canadians.

At any point on the boundary between the United States and

French Canada, the change of language is as sudden as it is at every other international boundary where linguistic barriers meet. This was no new experience for me. I'd been through it a thousand times, traveling in various parts of the world. Moreover, I live in southern California, only a few miles from the Mexican border in a land that was under Spanish and Mexican dominion for three hundred years. Here, bilingual Americans are a dime a dozen.

When I went to France as a youth, I knew that I had no right to expect Frenchmen to be speaking English for my convenience. No, indeed, it was up to me to speak French. Likewise, when I went to Germany, I couldn't expect Germans to be speaking *my* native language. At home, in California's Alpine San Jacinto Valley, I don't expect Spanish-speaking Americans or native Indians or Mexicans to speak fluent English. The polite and courteous thing to do is to speak *their* language, and down through the year's I've found it a sure-fire way to make friends and influence people.

Nevertheless, year after year, I've gone into one foreign country after another to be utterly amazed and often chagrined by some of my own monolingual countrymen who seem to be unable to cope intelligently with the language barrier.

In 1925, when I spent some weeks in French-speaking Canada as part of the *Transco* cruise, English-speaking French Canadians were as scarce as French-speaking American tourists are in Canada today. My choice was between speaking French or enduring all the penalties and potential penalties of being inarticulate. I preferred to speak French—none too fluently after long disuse, but adequate for every purpose of contact with the people in one of the most interesting and picturesque areas of the North American continent. Now, in 1959, during my tour of French Canada with *Transco II,* I hoped to restore my rusty French to some semblance of working order. But I didn't get very far.

At St. John, Quebec, *Transco II* was tied up at a floating slip

in a well-equipped government yacht basin. John Dahl and I stepped ashore in a beautiful little city with little similarity to anything to be found in the United States. Although only a few miles of the broad Richelieu River separated us from the states of New York and Vermont, it was like being set down somewhere in the heart of France. Everything was different; French would have to be the major usable language for the next several weeks.

5

DOWN THE RICHELIEU TO SOREL, QUEBEC

We had intended to stop at St. Johns only long enough to load gasoline, potable water, ice, groceries, and a few other items needed aboard *Transco II*. We had no more than set foot on the dock, however, before we were greeted by the usual delegation of reporters, photographers, radio and television representatives, the mayor of the city, and various representative citizens. For the first few minutes the meeting was little more than a babel of languages. French Canadians are obviously just as demonstrative and volatile as continental Frenchmen.

Monsieur le Maire insisted that we see his beautiful, brand-new City Hall. We did. It was a fine, modern building inside and out of which any city of 100,000 might be proud. The Mayor was careful to explain that the building had been designed by a French-Canadian architect and built entirely by local French-Canadian workmen using Canadian materials.

"Ah," said the Mayor, "les monsieurs must see our tax office!" A modern automatic elevator sped us upstairs, where we stepped out onto a large and beautiful inlaid tile floor.

The tax office was distinctly different in one respect: There were in front of the tax-collection wickets padded kneeling boards such as are found in churches. John Dahl was at a loss to know what the kneeling boards might have to do with the payment of taxes.

"Ah," explained the Mayor, "perhaps you do not understand how deeply religious our French-Canadian people are. They seldom do anything without asking *le bon Dieu* to guide them to do the right thing. They come in here, and first they kneel and pray for the good intentions of their elected public officials. They also pray that the best possible use will be made of their tax money. They pay their taxes. Then they kneel again and pray that God may bless them for having paid just taxes and give them the grace to be fair and honest the next time the tax assessor calls. I firmly believe all righteous prayers are answered. I also believe that here in Canada we have a government that respects the prayers of our people, as fair and honest a government as fallible mankind has ever succeeded in devising for himself. *Vive la Canada!*"

Monsieurs Lasnier and Galipeau, local outboard sales representatives, insisted that Dahl and I be their guests for dinner that evening; that is, if we had no objection to eating in a very quiet and orderly Canadian beer hall famous throughout Quebec for the superb quality of the food it serves.

We gladly accepted this invitation. Those gentlemen were also modestly truthful about the food. The French Canadians seem to have the same love of food as their European brothers. Our dinner that evening was as good as good food is ever liable to be in a land literally bulging with good food, good chefs, and restaurant people who know how to serve it. In fact, our first week in Canada revealed that the rank and file of Canadian cuisine is on a par with the best in the United States or any other country with a high standard of living.

When I visited Canada on the original *Transco* cruise, the Canadians had nothing like the high standard of living that now prevails throughout the Dominion. Thirty years ago Canada had

relatively little industry. The country, which then had a population of only about 10 million people, lived almost entirely by agriculture and exporting raw materials. Practically every manufactured article was imported from the United States, England, or France. Today, Canadians can buy everything from a tube of toothpaste to an automobile or a jet plane, all with the mark MADE IN CANADA.

Geographically, Canada is larger than the United States, even with our new states, Hawaii and Alaska. The population is estimated to be around 17 million, which means that Canadians are going to have plenty of elbow room far into the foreseeable future. The Canadian economy is expanding by leaps and bounds in every direction. In 1925, the Dominion had practically no petroleum. Today, Canadian-built motor vehicles, fueled with Canadian gasoline, are operating on paved roads all over the country. Protests are even being heard in Washington against heavy importations of Canadian petroleum products into the United States.

Two or three decades ago Canada had few opportunities to offer the graduates of her vast national chain of high schools and universities. Many young men and women whom Canada had produced and educated emigrated to the United States. Canada lost them forever, and the United States gained thousands of highly desirable new citizens.

It is now no longer necessary for young talent to leave Canada to find greater economic opportunities. All this has come about in recent years by the construction of vast hydroelectric power projects, such as those of the St. Lawrence Seaway, Kitimat, and others. There has also been a tremendous boom in mining enterprises around newly discovered resources of iron ore, nickel, uranium, and petroleum. The St. Lawrence Seaway now makes an ocean seaport of every Canadian city on the Great Lakes, as it does of every American city on our side of the lakes.

Not so many years ago much of Canada was considered to be a sub-arctic wilderness; an uninhabited land of vast distances, without transportation, frozen solid from six to nine months each

year; poor in natural resources; and permanently useless for the purposes of mankind. Air transportation changed all this. Because of the airplane, the Canadian Northland now has economic potentialities as promising as Alaska. It will be able to skip the costly railroad construction that characterized the development of the continental United States and jump right into the Air Age. Canadians have learned that it is possible to live through long, subzero winters about as comfortably as they do in Toronto, Montreal, or Quebec.

The human tide of emigration out of Canada into the United States has been reversed. An ever-increasing trickle of Americans seeking to better themselves economically is moving into Canada. While on the *Transco II* cruise I met a total of six young Americans at widely separated points who were about to become Canadian citizens. They had found good jobs or established themselves in business; they'd married Canadian girls. They believed their economic future to be more promising than it might be in the United States.

Today, under existing Canadian laws, any American who wants to live in Canada is at liberty to do so. He may take a job or engage in business with all the rights and privileges of a Canadian citizen, except the right to vote.

The surface of Lake Champlain is normally 103 feet above sea level. This means that the Richelieu River, after flowing out of the lake at Rouse's Point, New York, drops almost 100 feet from that time until it goes into the St. Lawrence at Sorel, Quebec. The Richelieu is no small river; the average volume of its flow is approximately the same as the Rhine, at Cologne, West Germany. Put that volume of water on such a slope and it's going somewhere, fast!

In 1925, when Frank Wilton and I came up the Richelieu, we had to fight the swift current all the way from the St. Lawrence at Sorel into Lake Champlain. In many places the current cut our speed to less than 1 mile an hour over the ground. The old locks were there, as they are today, but they were not in operation. It took us five days to get up the Richelieu.

What a different sort of a Richelieu I saw with *Transco III!* The old locks remain about the same, but several new dams have been built. These dams have taken the slope out of the river for purposes of navigation; each dam is also a revenue-producing, hydro-electric-power-plant site. The sale of electric power finances operation of the locks; no tolls are charged for their use.

By leaving St. Johns at 8 o'clock in the morning, *Transco II* ran down the Richelieu and arrived at Sorel, Quebec, in less than one day. We were at the Sorel Yacht Club at 6 in the evening, and bright daylight continued until about 9 P.M. In Sorel, we were taken in tow by Monsieur Roger Peticlerc, the local outboard dealer, whose store is in the heart of Sorel's business district.

Farther back on the river, near St. Ours, I had noted several miles of shore line along both sides of the river where huge trees had been uprooted and standing trees had been stripped of bark to a height of about 15 feet above the ground. There must have been an ice jam here, I mused; millions of tons of moving ice was the only imaginable force capable of wreaking such havoc.

In Sorel, I asked Monsieur Peticlerc about the damaged trees. "Your observation is correct," he replied. "When the ice broke up this spring it formed a jam up there that threatened several towns along the river. But we succeeded in breaking the jam with dynamite. We kept the river in its channel, and the only damage was to the trees you saw."

The Sorel Yacht Club is on the west side of the Richelieu just above the point where it flows into the St. Lawrence. The city is on the east side. Fortunately, our mooring place was almost alongside a ferry landing. John Dahl and I took turns riding the ferry across the river for our meals and to have a look around the city. If there is any language other than French in Sorel, the only place I found it was when I met Madame Peticlerc. Although a native of Quebec, she speaks Spanish like a native of Spain. She made the Spanish language her hobby after having learned it in schools and during a series of visits to Cuba and other parts of Latin America.

The next morning the weather looked favorable as we left Sorel and headed up the St. Lawrence for Montreal. But *Transco II* didn't get very far up the huge, swift river before the wind began to blow; it was a following wind that soon became a 40-mile-an-hour gale. In no time at all the wind was rolling the current back, creating the biggest, fastest, meanest waves I've ever seen on fresh water in all my years of boating experience.

The waves seemed to be 16 feet high and 8 feet apart. They came at us from all directions at once. *Transco II's* bow would be rising on one wave as another one crashed us from astern. Countless tons of water went completely over our heads in solid masses, and we were taking spray aboard about as fast as two bilge pumps could put it back in the river. It was impossible to move or stand in the boat without hanging on. It was also an uncomfortably cold 45 degrees!

We could have gone into any one of several ports along that storm-tossed 50 miles of the St. Lawrence, but decided to fight the waves on in to Montreal. We made it after six hours of running at reduced speed. We were cold, wet, and bedraggled.

Montreal is a vast commercial seaport. It's an excellent port in a storm for ships the size of the *Queen Mary,* but as miserable a place as I ever hope to see for a craft as small as *Transco II.* Dahl and I hunted all over the waterfront for a place to tie up. The river was so rough, the wind was so violent, and the rain was so thick that we cruised around for an hour before we found a place where it was even possible for John to scramble ashore.

We had to go alongside a moored tug so that John could make a jump for it. I laid off for the hour it took for him to find and have a conference with the harbor master. The harbor master's advice was to go up the river to a spot below the first lock of the old LaChine Canal, where he "believed" we'd find fairly calm water.

We found the designated place to be only a little better than the open river. The water was very choppy and fouled with crude oil from the commercial shipping. I went ashore and had a con-

versation with the lock-keeper. He agreed to get us out of our predicament by putting us through the first lock into an anchorage basin about 5 acres in area that lay above the lock.

We thus found quiet water, but the area lacked much of being a yacht club. The rain was still coming down in torrents. With hands numbed by the cold, we secured *Transco II* alongside a gigantic grain elevator. The water was foul with oil-like liquid tar. To make matters worse, we shared the mooring with five tugs spewing out clouds of black smoke and soot that turned the rain into an inky liquid.

Remaining aboard *Transco II* under these conditions was quickly ruled out. I called a taxicab and we went to the luxurious Laurentian Hotel—two wave-beaten, half-frozen, wet, and bedraggled scarecrows lugging bags of wet clothing. I chose the Laurentian because its fast and continuous valet service would be able to thaw and dry all our wet things overnight. It was a much brighter world after a hot bath, dry clothing, and a swig of French Canada's favorite drink, "weesky blanc!"

Weesky blanc is whisky made from wheat. The best brands of it look like spring water in a glass and are 100 proof. It's as mellow as moonlight, but with atomic potency.

I've been in Montreal many times and, to me, it is still one of the most interesting and attractive cities in North America. It is probably the most bilingual city in Canada; about 75 per cent of the people are French Canadians and only 25 per cent of the people are English-speaking Canadians.

John Dahl and I spent four days in Montreal, during which time the weather was mostly bad, with high winds and an almost continual rain enveloping the city.

6

FROM MONTREAL TO ONTARIO'S TRENT WATERWAY

In Montreal, between showers, we had our usual sessions with press, radio, and television. Some days later, I heard myself on radio, speaking for the first time in French. I managed pretty well with my remembered French, reading from a prepared script delivered by teleprompter in the recording studio. I was pleasantly surprised to hear from the speaker a sound far better than I thought it would be when I put the speech on tape. The modern tape recorder is one of the greatest mechanical aids ever invented for the student of languages; it permits him to hear himself as others hear him.

In Montreal, *Transco II,* John Dahl, and I received a generous and favorable press, as Frank Wilton and I had thirty-four years ago. The write-ups, with photo illustrations, appeared in French in *La Presse* and in English in the *Montreal Star.*

On Monday, June 8, the early-morning weather was fair, but a near-gale wind was blowing up the St. Lawrence. Knowing what this meant for us out on the broad, swift-flowing river, Dahl and I decided to go on up the old LaChine Canal into Lake St. Louis

at LaChine. This would save our having to go back downstream for several miles, crossing the river, and entering the Lambert Lock, the first lock of the St. Lawrence Seaway. It would also bypass us around the St. Catherine Lock, the second lock of the Seaway. Success or failure of this plan, however, would depend upon the weather. Lake St. Louis had given the original *Transco* a dreadful beating in 1925 when Wilton and I came downstream across it in a similar upstream wind. If the wind continued, *Transco II* could expect to fare no better in attempting to get across the lake to enter the Seaway at the Beauharnois Locks.

Because the St. Lawrence Seaway now provides a far better route, the old LaChine Canal is rapidly falling into disuse and will probably be abandoned sooner or later. Its operations are now haphazard. It took four hours for *Transco II* to get through the 10 miles of the old canal from Montreal to LaChine. We were delayed in getting through the locks and at each of the numerous low drawbridges that had to be opened to let us through. At one bridge we waited for an hour for the bridge tender to come out from Montreal after I'd succeeded in locating him by telephone. These delays, however, turned out to be another blessing in disguise. It was past noon when we got to LaChine. By that time the wind had died down and we had near-perfect weather for getting across the vast open-water expanse of Lake St. Louis.

At Le Club Nautique de LaChine we received a hearty welcome and were invited to linger, but I decided we'd better get across the lake while the weather was favorable. We made the run from LaChine to the Beauharnois Locks over a huge and often dangerous lake that remained as smooth as silk for our trip.

Approaching the Beauharnois Locks, *Transco II* was dwarfed by the magnitude of her surroundings. We still had no permit for the St. Lawrence Seaway. What were those French-speaking lockkeepers going to say when I asked them to let this flyspeck of a boat into locks built to handle gargantuan ocean ships?

The only way to answer this question was to go ashore and find out how cooperative the lock people might be. We tied up to

the tremendous sea wall that extends far out into Lake St. Louis from the first lock gate, a structure that looks more like an office building than it does like any kind of a gate. The sea wall was anything but a good place for a small boat to tie up, but it was the only place available.

Up the ladder and on top of the wall, I walked about 2 miles before locating the lock master. He spoke no language other than French, in a staccato style that I failed to understand; he stuttered like a castanet solo and then whistled his own encores. Apparently he could understand my French better than I did his. I bore with his affliction sensing that he was making an honest effort to be polite and cooperative.

Finally, I understood that, since he could make no decision in such out-of-pattern circumstances, he would have to call the office of the Superintendent of the St. Lawrence Seaway Administration in Cornwall, Ontario. After putting the telephone call through in French, he spoke a few stuttery sentences and then handed me the phone. And, since the lockman had spoken in French, the polite thing for me to do seemed, I should speak in French.

As best I could, I described the situation and requested that *Transco II* be granted permission to traverse the Seaway. I answered numerous questions, knowing that boats under 20 feet in length are not permitted in the St. Lawrence Seaway.

When that question came, as I knew it would, my answer would be "20 feet, 4 inches."

Actually, *Transco II's* length would be about 22 feet if we added the motor well and the overhang of the motors to her 19-foot main hull.

We continued talking in French, although I was in a sweat groping for words from a vocabulary all but lost through years of disuse. Then, I learned that I was speaking with a Mr. Sprung. The name didn't sound French, so I asked. From there we completed the conversation in English.

No man could ever have been more courteous and cooperative. Mr. Sprung said it was not customary to issue permits to boats

seeking to enter the Seaway at intermediate points. However, in view of the circumstances I had explained, he'd be happy to make an exception in our case. He would instruct the lock master at the Beauharnois Locks to send us through. He would then ask us to see him in person upon arrival at Cornwall, where I could pick up the perimt and pay the toll charges.

In the Beauharnois Locks, *Transco II* looked like a Lilliputian toy. The two locks are each 900 feet long. They are 80 feet wide between the lock sills and have a minimum water depth of 30 feet. The two locks lift or lower vessels a perpendicular 84 feet. *Transco II* entered these locks and tied up in a corner. A 20,000-ton German ship, *Robert Bornholm,* then snailed her way into the locks behind us. When the gates were closed we had a view that was like looking up from the bottom of a gigantic well. Looking up from under the bow of the German ship reminded me of trying to see the top of New York City's Empire State Building from the street.

The Beauharnois Locks lifted *Transco II* from the level of Lake St. Louis to the level of Lake St. Francis. This drop was formerly made by the infamous Rapide Soulanges (The Long Soo Rapids) which the original *Transco* had come down without mishap in 1925, bouncing over towering waves at white-water speed. All those terrifying St. Lawrence River rapids today are drowned in the lakes that were created by the control dams of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Once above the Beauharnois Locks, we still had several hours of daylight, near-perfect weather, and flat-water sailing for the 20-mile run into Valleyfield, Quebec. There, at Le Club Nauitque de Valleyfield, we were promptly taken in tow by as jovial a group of French Canadians as I ever hope to meet. Only a few minutes before we pulled up with *Transco II* at the club docks, various officials and members of the club had seen us on television in a Montreal-recorded broadcast in French and English.

I have yet to meet a French Canadian without a delightful sense of humor. This was again proven when we met Monsieur

Jules Coteáu while sitting around in the Valleyfield club that evening. He told us that he was the inventor, manufacturer, and exclusive Canadian wholesaler of a rotating spaghetti fork. John Dahl and I had never heard of any such unique eating tool, but we could easily imagine its utilitarian merits for eating spaghetti. Actually, I thought we'd met some subtle, French-Canadian humor until Monsieur Coteáu produced a couple of his forks, ordered plates of spaghetti, and proceeded to show us how they work.

The forks were successful, and should be equally useful for eating noodles, which, like spaghetti, seem to have a definite aversion to being eaten with forks or spoons. With the rotating spaghetti fork you just rotate the fork tines with an index finger, wind the spaghetti securely on the tines, and convey it to the mouth. It really works! No more spaghetti (or noodles) slipping and skidding all over the place. At first, Monsieur Coteáu couldn't find anyone in Canada to manufacture them. Eventually, he found a manufacturer in Japan who is now making them for him. The forks are selling very well in Canada.

At Cornwall we found a small marina that was within a mile of the new office building that houses the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority. It was there that I went to keep the appointment with Mr. W. M. Sprung. I found him to be very much the sort of gentleman I'd visualized him to be.

I received the official permit for *Transco II* to operate on the St. Lawrence Seaway. There was no further question about the size of the boat. I paid a toll charge of $14 based on the Seaway tariff $7 per ton for a noncommercial craft of 2 tons or slightly less. At my request, Mr. Sprung verified the fact that *Transco II* was the first small pleasure boat of American registry to make the trip through the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Returning to the marina on the Cornwall waterfront, I found John Dahl swapping yarns with the usual group of newsmen. There was nothing to do but cooperate with them, although it took another hour at dockside out of a daylight day. By this time experi-

ence had taught us that any attempt to keep a schedule while on a transcontinental cruise is worse than useless.

From Cornwall we took *Transco II* across the river and upstream a few miles to the foot of the Snell Lock. Half an hour later we were over the lock, speeding on to the Eisenhower Lock. In these two locks and the few miles between them we were back in the State of New York again. Snell and Eisenhower Locks are the only part of the St. Lawrence Seaway within the United States. Consequently, they are American-administered; temporarily, at least, English became the official language again.

With daylight to spare we were soon back in Canadian waters, speeding upstream through the area where the St. Lawrence is 10 miles wide and dotted with numerous islands. The river had been very fast and narrow when I came down it in 1925.

The huge lake we were now in wasn't even there then, having been formed when the Moses-Saunders Dam was completed a few miles above Cornwall. The lake drowned another portion of the Long Soo rapids and made islands out of some rolling Canadian hills when the rising waters surrounded them. It was here that *Transco II* passed out of the Canadian province of Quebec and entered Ontario, a Dominion province nearly twice the size of Texas.

As we approached the Iroquois control dam and locks, Dahl and I began looking for a place to tie up, with the intention of remaining aboard *Transco II* that night. If we tied up in the river, however, we knew we'd be jostled all through the night by every passing ship; the volume of Seaway traffic made this undesirable.

We finally settled the problem very neatly by running about a quarter of a mile into an abandoned portion of the old Long Soo Canal. There were May flies and a few mosquitoes there, but with a screened cabin and an aerosol bomb we could hold our own against the insect pests. We preferred the quiet water where we wouldn't be bounced around by ships that passed in the night.

Early next morning we made a beeline for the Iroquois lock

gate when we saw the gate swing open to admit a rusty Norwegian freighter of about 18,000 tons that we had passed far down on Lake St. Francis. The green light remained on for us, and we followed the freighter into the lock, last of the St. Lawrence Seaway locks. Coming out of the Iroquois Lock, we were on the level of Lake Ontario, 246 feet above sea level. In the locks of the St. Lawrence Seaway we had climbed up 228 feet from the surface of the river at Montreal, which is 18 feet above sea level.

For that day, Thursday, June 11, the weather was uncomfortably hot, but ideal for our purposes of cruising through a section of the St. Lawrence renowned for its scenic beauty. In flat water I was amazed by the speed with which *Transco II* could run off a large-scale chart and start eating up the next one. Many times that day I took my eyes off the instrument panel long enough to note that we often kept abreast of the slower-moving cars and trucks on the highway that follows the shore on the north side of the St. Lawrence practically all the way from Kingston on Lake Ontario to the City of Quebec.

Navigating this portion of the St. Lawrence is no problem at all. Dahl and I merely followed the buoy-marked ship lanes, knowing exactly where we were on the charts every minute.

A few miles above Brockville, Ontario, the ship lane becomes two ship lanes through the Thousand Islands. We took the north channel because we planned to stop at Gananoque to pick up mail and some supplies. Here is a color-print, picture-post-card country for the boatman if there ever was one. After going under the Alexandria Bay Bridge, the Thousand Island region becomes a veritable fairyland of castle-studded islands, almost too beautiful to be true! There are actually about 1,700 islands in this area, all of them the property of Canada.

We passed Heart Island, which is dominated by an ornate castle that was never quite finished by its millionaire owner, a man by the name of Boldt. Back in the 1890's, it is said, one of Boldt's chefs concocted a tasty salad dressing, known to this day around the world as Thousand Island dressing.

Transco II arrived in Gananoque at noon, poking her nose up the river to tie up at a small marina at the foot of a power dam. Here is one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots imaginable. The harbor and the town look like something picked up from the heart of France and set down in Canada. Enroute to Gananoque's Department des Postes, I hadn't been ashore five minutes before I was spotted and recognized by dozens of people. And there, as elsewhere in French Canada, I was addressed, *"Monsieur Capitaine 'ogg"*. In French, the letter *h* has no vocal sound; it is included only in the written alphabet.

Leaving Gananoque, we soon passed Kingston to start our crossing of the far northeast corner of Lake Ontario. Here was a stretch of water where we almost lost sight of land. In bad weather, *Transco II* or any other small boat would be in serious danger here. But the weather was good to us. Lake Ontario was like a vast millpond; we got across this wide-open stretch at full cruising speed without the slightest incident. In no time at all, or so it seemed, we were speeding through the sheltered waters of Adolphus Reach, Long Reach, and the Bay of Quinte.

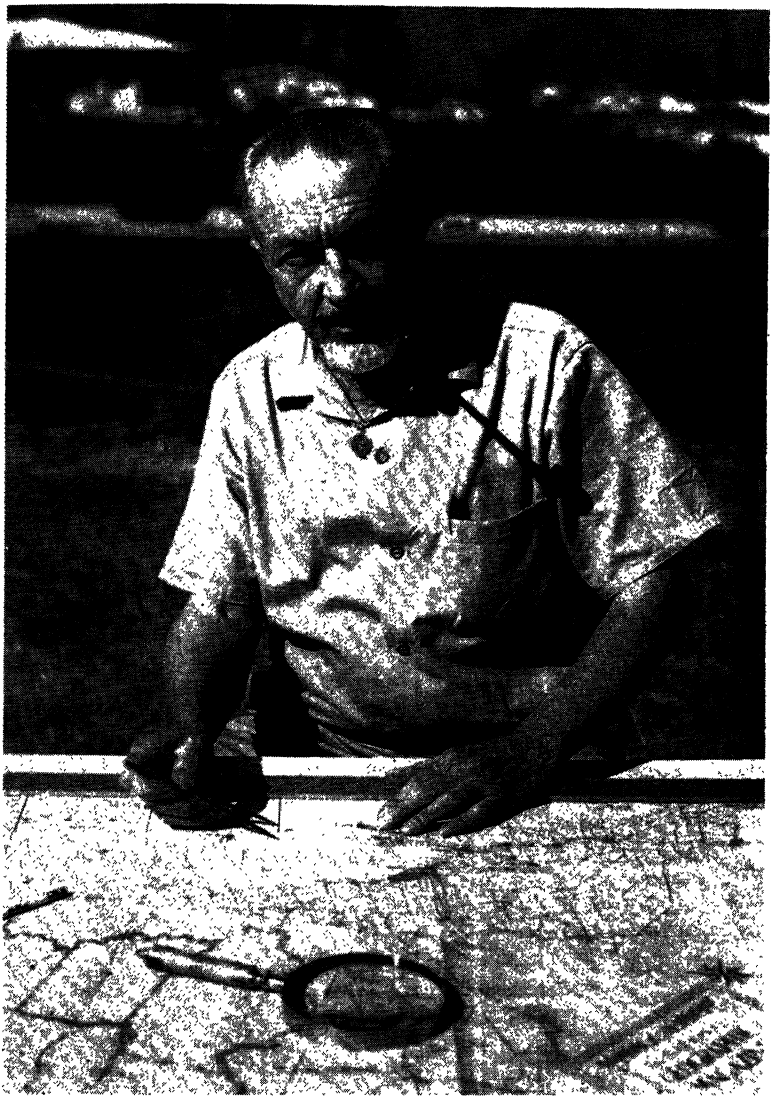
By 6 o'clock that evening, we entered the Trent River and tied up at a public dock in the heart of the City of Trenton, with several hours of daylight to spare. We had come to the eastern end of the Trent Waterway System, the boat route across Ontario connecting Lake Ontario and Lake Huron.

The Trent Waterway is 240.55 miles of delightful boating for any boatman who can find a way to get himself into it. I was so impressed with its beauties and charm in 1925 that those memories were still with me aboard *Transco II* in 1959.

This scenic beauty had led me to tentatively schedule the *Transco II* cruise to spend a week in the Trent Waterway. That may seem like wasting a lot of time to cover a distance of 240.55 miles in a boat easily capable of 25 miles an hour, but for those who are out to enjoy boating without striving for any speed records, it's a good idea to spend as much time as possible in the Trent Waterway System.

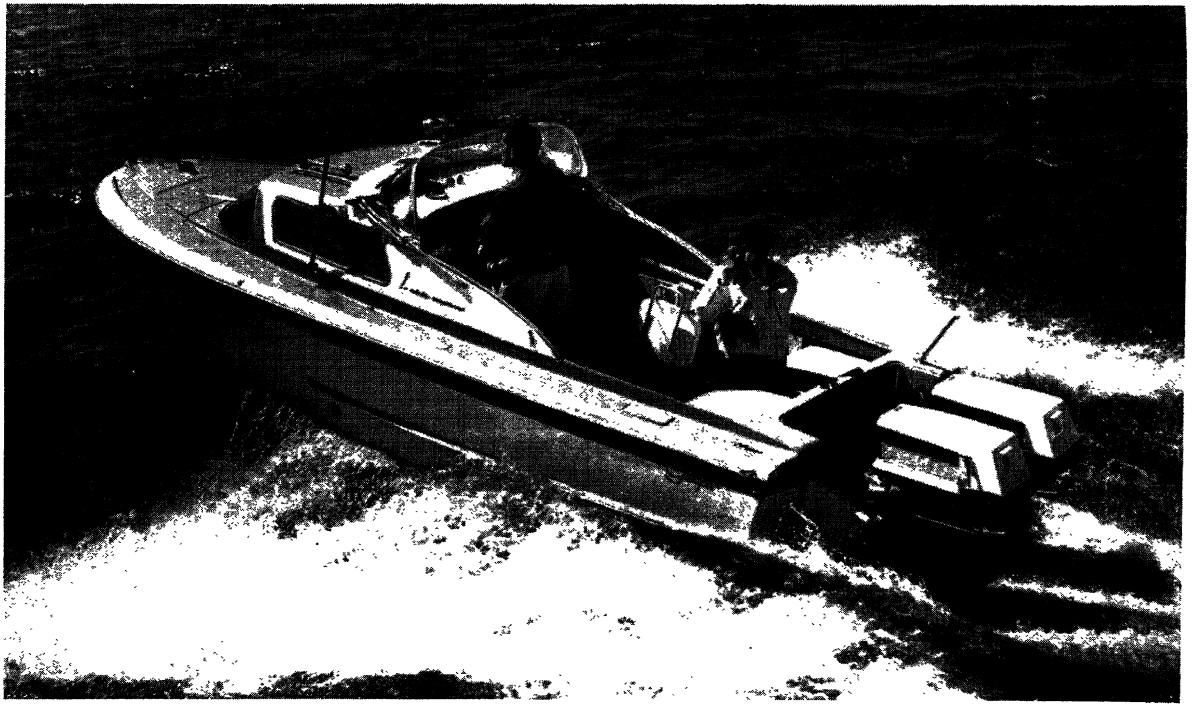
One could easily spend an entire summer cruising several thousand miles and visiting the countless scenic spots in wilderness areas off the established boat route. Here, in the remote reaches of huge connected lakes, is an unspoiled land of forests, quiet bays, and bubbling streams visited by only a handful of human beings in any one year. Here are hundreds of square miles of waters—teeming with fish—that few fishermen have ever tried. The contiguous land areas are alive with every form of animal and bird life known to the North Temperate Zone.

At numerous points along the boat route there are thriving little towns and delightful small cities. And the Canadians! Well, to know them is to love them. There is no other area on the face of the earth where the people are more cultured, more friendly, or more hospitable.

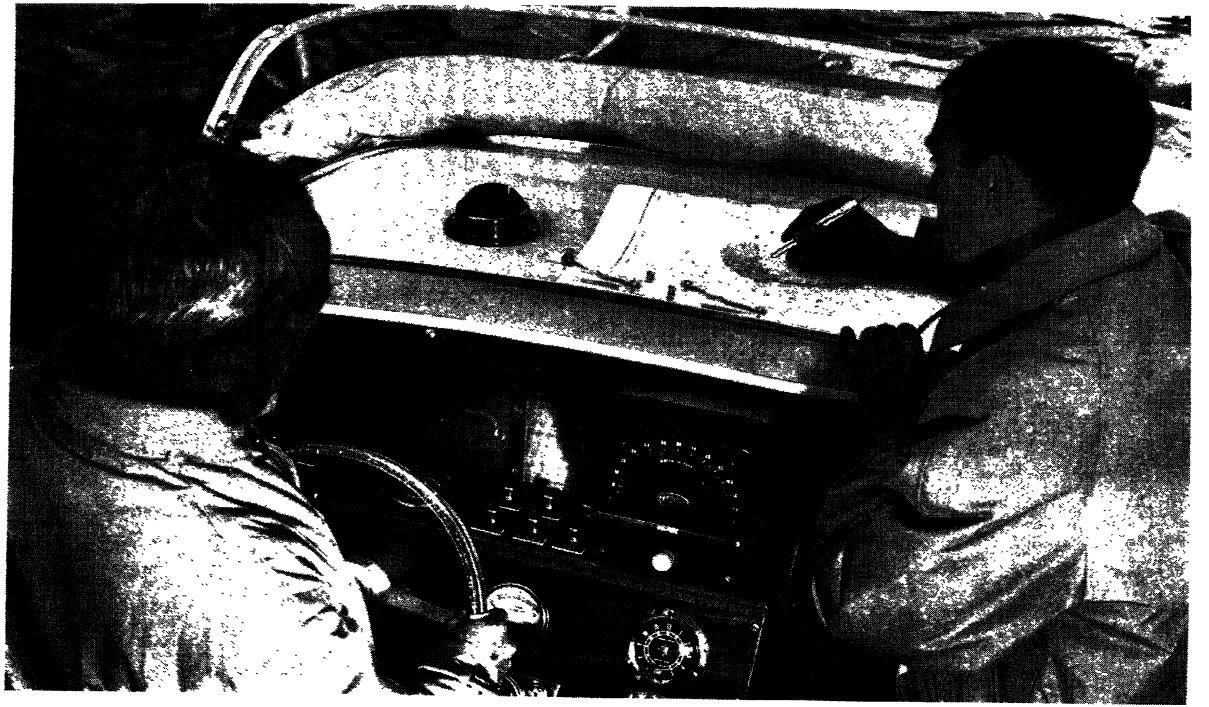


Months of preparation went into both Transco *voyages. Here Hogg studies one of the thousands of charts and maps used during the second trip.*

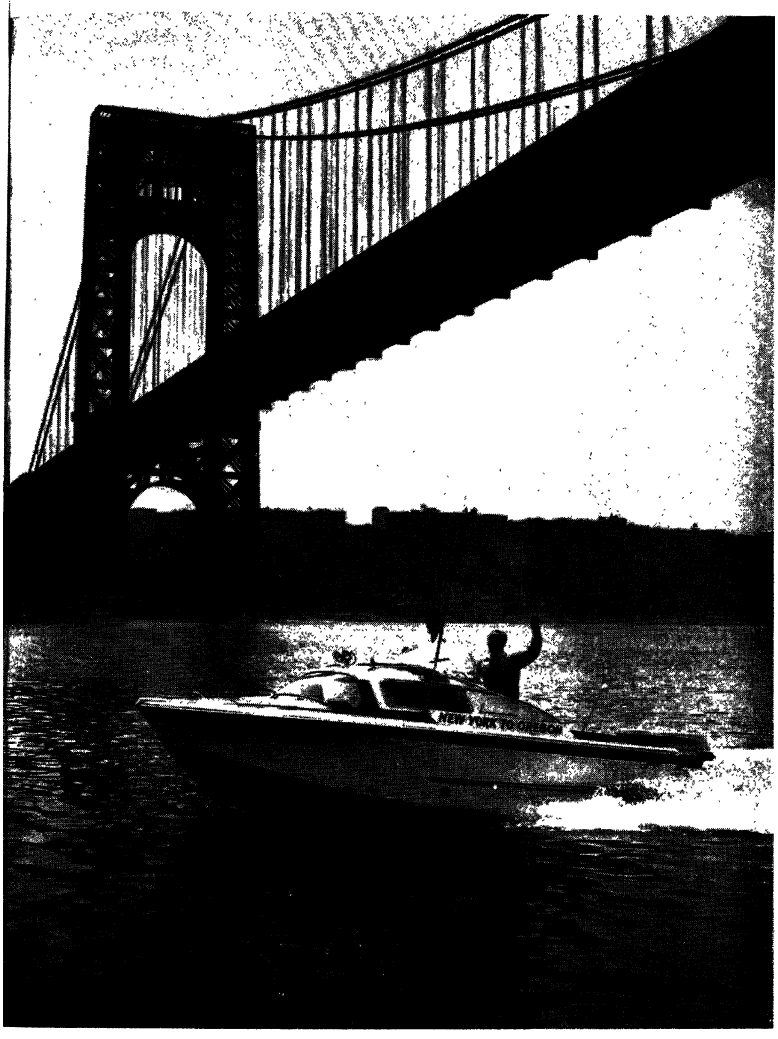
The first Transco *as it arrived in New York in October, 1925. John Edwin Hogg is in the stern, the late Frank Wilton is at the wheel. Wilton's dog Spy is forward.*



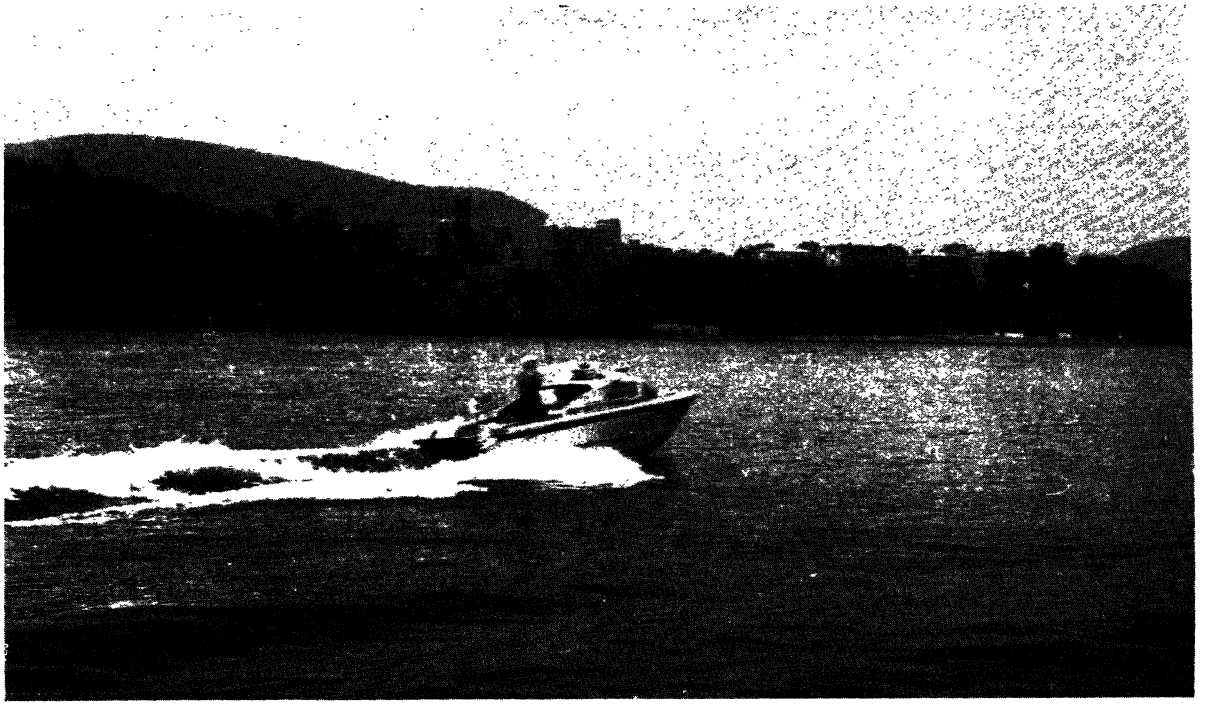
Transco II—*John Dahl forward, Captain Hogg aft. This craft was 2½ times as* ***fast, far more comfortable, than*** Transco *of 1925.*



John Dahl and Captain Hogg spent many hours getting to know each other, their craft, and all of its equipment before getting under way.

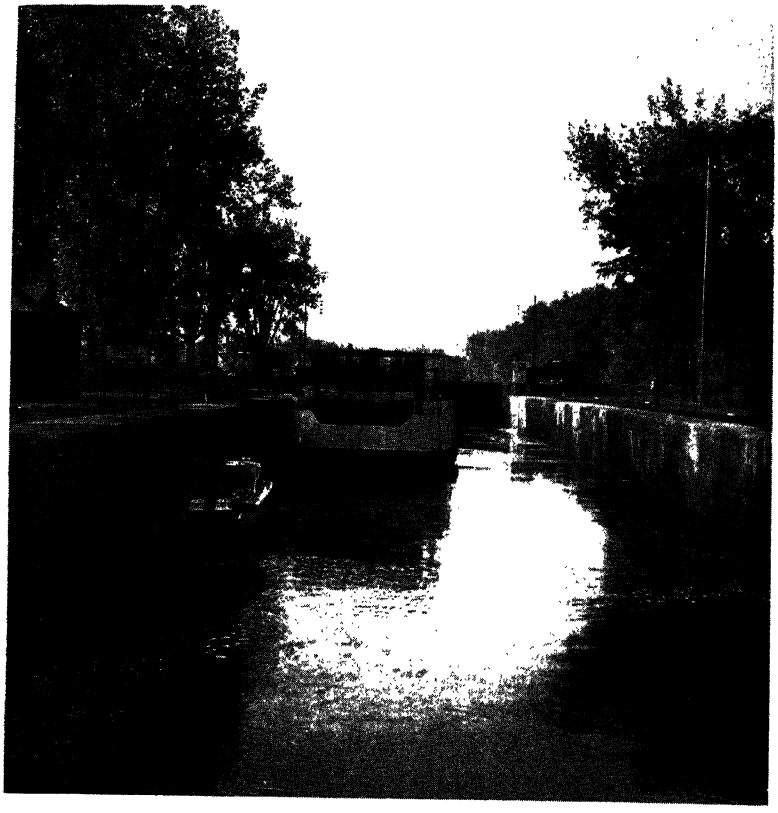


On to Oregon! Transco II *passes under the majestic George Washington Bridge as she speeds up the Hudson on the first day of the trip.*

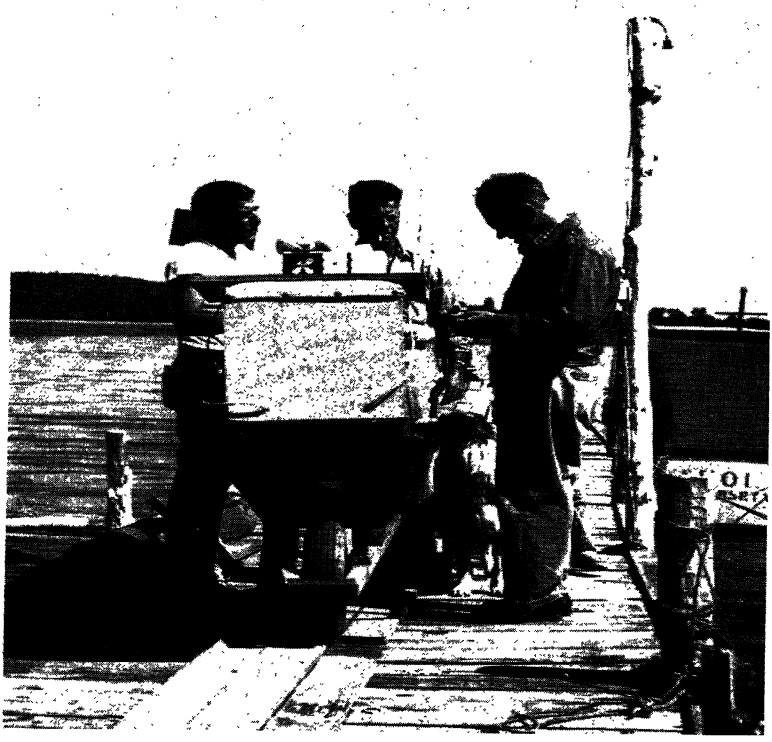


On the Hudson Transco II *cruises past the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York. This photo was shot through a fog of May flies.*

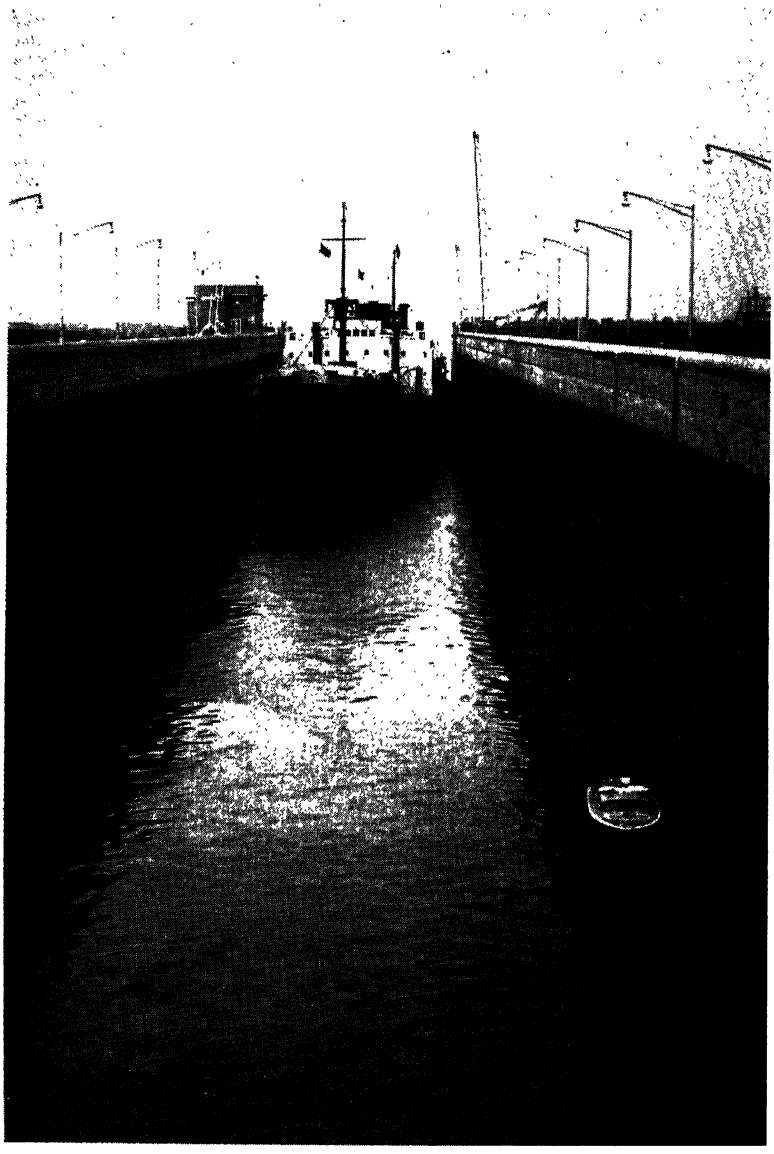
The Champlain Canal was the first of several man-made inland waterways that made Transco's *trip across the continent easier and quicker.*



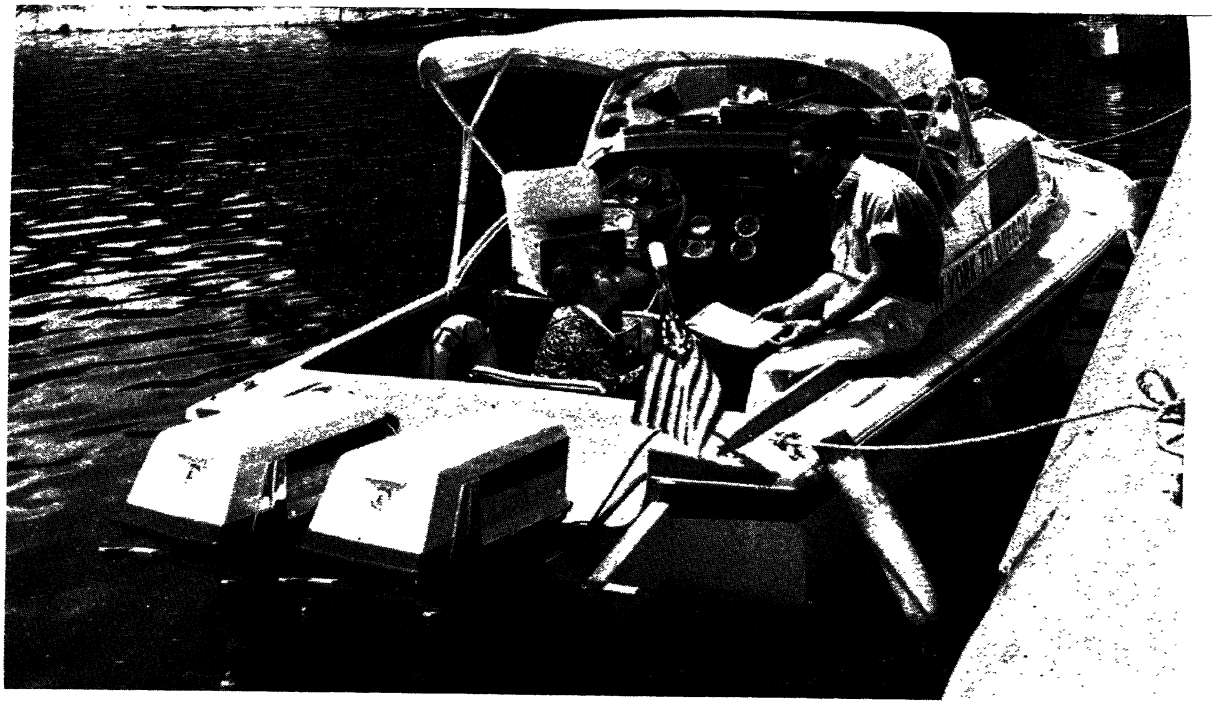
Hogg and Dahl avoided delays by trailing a Canadian diesel tug through the Champlain Canal from Troy, New York, into Lake Champlain.



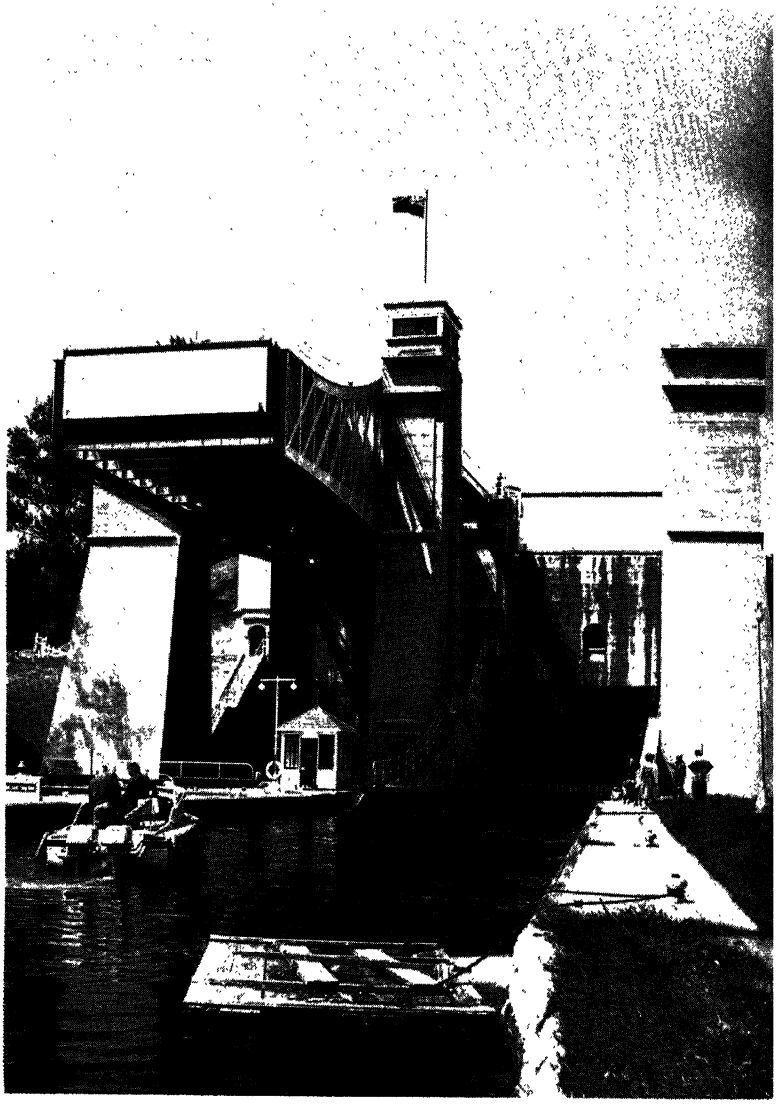
At Marina Buoy 39 near Orwell, Vermont, the bad-weather delay gave the travelers the opportunity to remove about 300 pounds of excess baggage.



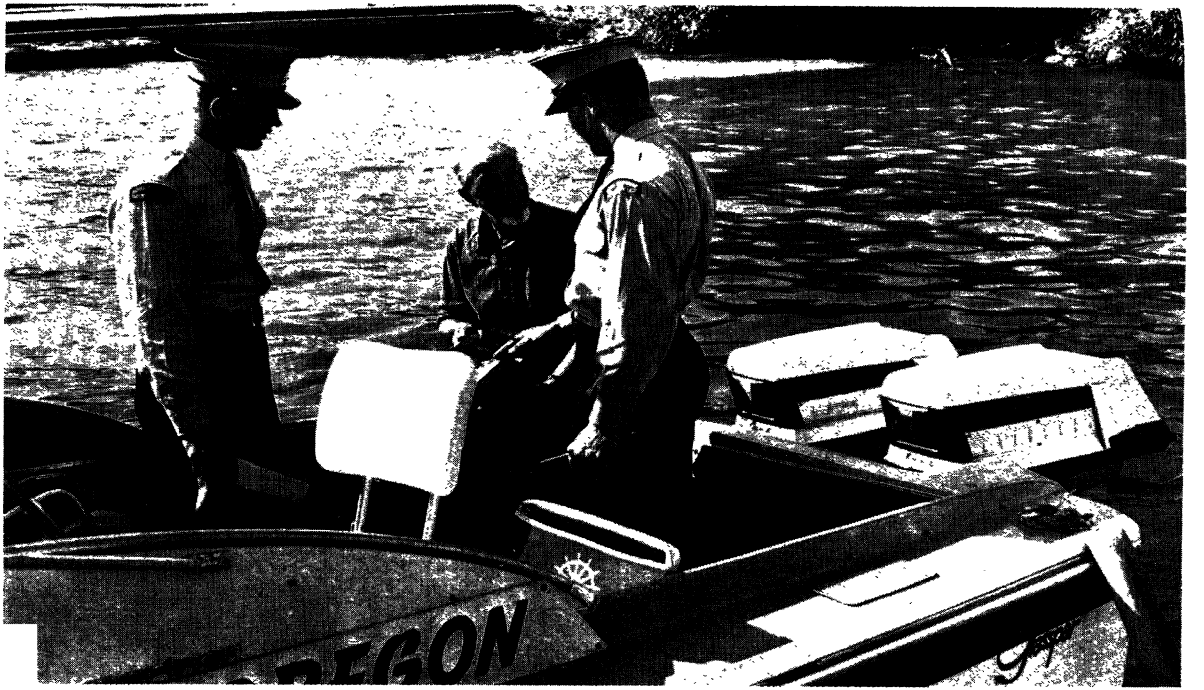
In the first of the Beauharnois Locks of the St. Lawrence Seaway, Transco II *is dwarfed by the German freighter,* Robert Bornholm.



Reporters and photographers were on hand almost everytime Transco II *docked. Here John Dahl converses in French with Marie Bouchard of* Canadiene Francaise, *St. John's, Quebec.*

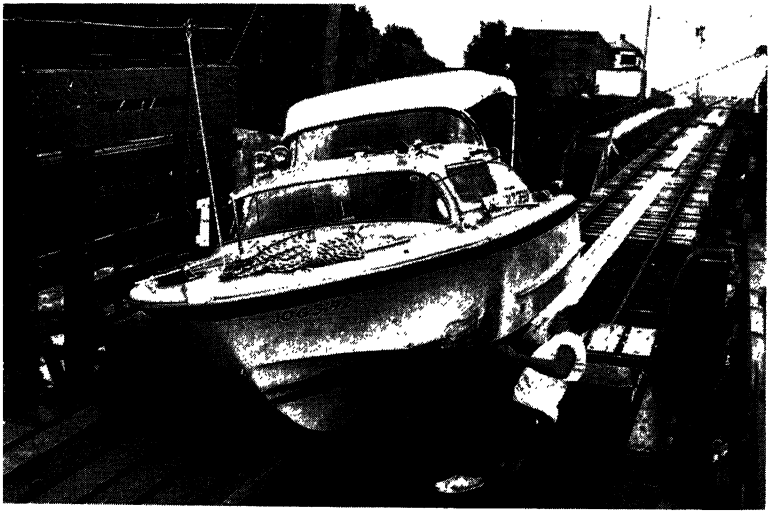


Transco II *entering the hydraulic lift lock at Peterborough, Ontario. This huge "elevator" raises or lowers boats 65 feet as they go through the Trent Waterway.*



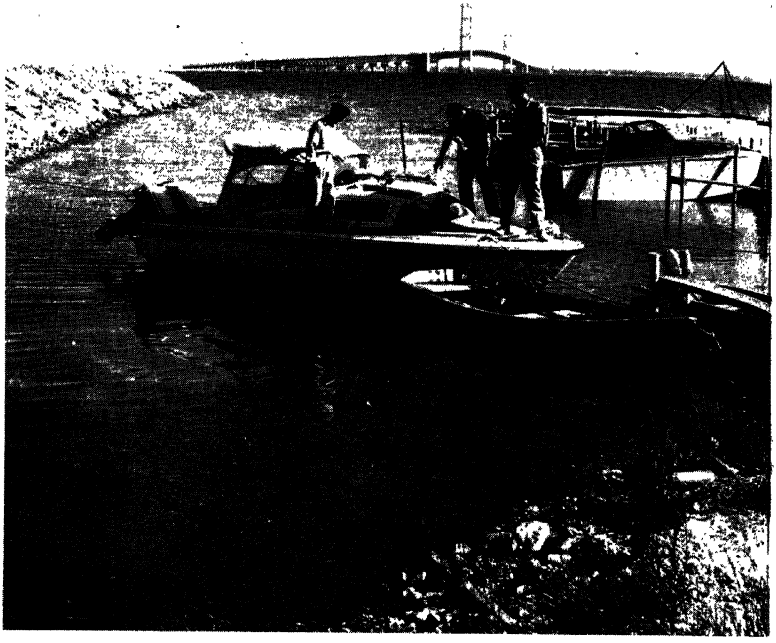
Two constables of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police check John Edwin Hogg's credentials at Midland, Ontario. Hogg found all officials along the way courteous and helpful.

In the Trent Waterway the Big Chute Marine Railway carried Transco II *over one of the dams there.*



On the car of the marine railway, John Dahl swabs crude oil and other foreign matter off the hull.

The mayor of Peterborough, Ontario, presents a Canadian flag to Captain Hogg, for delivery to Oregon's Governor Mark Hatfield.



Transco II *in Mickey Duggan's marina after near-disaster in Lake Michigan. The Straits of Mackinac Bridge is 5 miles away, in the background.*

7

LAKE ONTARIO TO PETERBOROUGH VIA THE TRENT WATERWAY

The spot where *Transco II* was tied up in Trenton was by no means a satisfactory one. The water was heavily polluted, and the city had no marina facilities, not even a waterfront fuel pump. Since we preferred not to eat and sleep aboard in such a cesspool, Dahl and I decided to go ashore. We found a very good Chinese restaurant, but no hotel that looked attractive. We then decided to move the boat, went up the Trent River to a Canadian Government dock, and found water clean enough to let us sleep aboard without risking our health.

With an early-morning start the next day, we hoped to be in Peterborough by evening. But what about gasoline? We finally located a man with a tank truck who agreed to meet us below Lock No. 1, about a mile up the river from Trenton.

At this point a brief description of the Trent Waterway System is in order. It would take a well-illustrated book to describe it in detail, but I have assembled here facts for boatmen who contemplate visiting this delightful vacation land that engineering science has assembled out of existing geography.

About three centuries ago, when various groups of French and British explorers found their way from the mouth of the St. Lawrence and into the Great Lakes to the present site of Chicago, they gradually built up an accumulation of maps that could be studied and compared. There is no doubt that the maps, which were sketched in the wilderness by men unskilled as cartographers, were grotesquely inaccurate by the standards of mapmaking of today. Nevertheless, they were sufficiently accurate to reveal that across the Isthmus of Ontario there was a route strewn with rivers and lakes that could be used as a canoe route—a shortcut between Lake Ontario and Lake Huron. Traveling this route involved a number of portages, but the early explorers and their camp followers, the traders, preferred the hardships of the portages if they could reduce travel distances by hundreds of miles. This was the beginning of the Trent Waterway System.

Any modern map will reveal that, although the Trent takes boats across the Ontario Isthmus by a voyage of 240.55 miles, it is a voyage of more than 600 miles from one end of the Trent route to the other by way of the Welland Canal, Lake Erie, the Detroit River, Lake St. Claire, and Lake Huron. Thus, the pioneers and those who followed saved about 360 miles.

In 1925, when I skippered *Transco* across the continent, I chose the Trent route for two reasons. It eliminated approximately 360 miles of useless, uninteresting distance through vast, wide-open waters where bad weather would mean delays and danger for any small boat. The shorter Trent route offered a safer journey mostly through sheltered waters. This was a far more interesting small-boat highway through picturesque and scenic country unspoiled by the noise and odors created by industrialization. Thus, maps, logic, and experience told me to take the Trent Waterway as part of the route across the continent for *Transco II*.

The idea of creating the Trent Waterway as we know it today originated when the United States was in a life-or-death struggle—the Civil War. During that war Canadian wheat was in great demand in the states that remained loyal to the Union. And to get

wheat from the wheat-growing provinces in western Canada, Canadians conceived the idea of building a barge canal across the Ontario Isthmus, thus shortening the distance between Lake Huron and Lake Ontario. Very little imagination was needed to visualize this rather ambitious project. The isthmus was strewn with big and little lakes, overflowing to form rivers that flow in opposite directions, into Lake Huron and into Lake Ontario. Dig a few miles of canals, put in some dams and locks, connect the lakes and the rivers with a water route over the few stretches where the early explorers and traders had to portage their canoes, and there would be formed a commercial barge canal right across the Ontario Isthmus. So reasoned those who favored the project.

Preliminary surveys made in the 1880s revealed the feasibility of the Trent Waterway project. Actual construction began soon after the turn of the century. By 1912, the barge canal was in operation. Canadian wheat began to move over the shortened route between Lake Huron and Lake Ontario. The Trent Waterway gave the Province of Ontario more than a valuable improvement in transportation. It created dozens of ideal sites for the development of hydroelectric power. This power brought lumber mills, paper factories, and other industry to the area; towns and thriving cities were built in the former wilderness of forests, lakes, and roaring, white-water streams.

Today, the Trent Waterway as a commercial transportation route is a thing of the past. Its once-vast fleets of freight barges are little more than nostalgic memories of elderly Canadians. The barges could not compete with improved Great Lakes steamers that can now load wheat in any Canadian port on Lake Superior and deliver it in Montreal for a few cents per ton. The railroads and a network of improved highways swallowed the remaining fragments of the Trent Waterway freight business.

But the water route for pleasure boating is still there. All the original hydroelectric plants are still in operation. New ones have been and are being added. Potential sites for further power development are also there. Revenue from the sale of hydroelectric

power has long been sufficient to permit operation of the Trent Waterway as a toll-free tourist attraction.

Trenton, at the Ontario end of the Waterway, as I have already stated, is not a very attractive place. It *is* improving, however. A modern small-boat marina is under construction. An improved sewage disposal system is also being built and promises to eliminate the present water-pollution problem.

At Trenton the waterway starts out of Lake Ontario at an altitude of 243 feet above sea level. From there it climbs up to its "summit," 841 feet on the surface of Balsam Lake. Then it comes down to 578.5 feet upon entering Georgian Bay. This is the level of Lake Huron and Lake Michigan.

To get over the hump at Balsam Lake and down again to the level of Lake Huron, the Trent Waterway has a total of forty-three float locks, two gigantic hydraulic lift locks, and two marine railways. At each of these points where water levels change, the cruising boatman may expect to be detained about half an hour, more or less. This means a total of about eighteen and one-half hours going up or down from one water level to another. The time, of course, may vary considerably. If the boat traffic is heavy, it may take an hour to get through a single float lock. Or, if every condition is favorable, one may be lucky enough to get through any of the water-level changes in as little as twenty minutes. Boating on the Trent Waterway today is essentially the same as Frank Wilton and I found it when we came through in 1925.

The Trent Waterway has every appearance of having been built to last a thousand years. The lock sills are of stone masonry, huge blocks of stone cut and fitted together like the walls of an ancient European cathedral. In a land where electric power is cheap and plentiful, opening and closing the gates—opening or closing the huge valves to flood a lock chamber or let the water out—is still done by man power.

The lock-keepers usually live on or near the lock property. When they hear a boat give a horn signal, they saunter out and start winding the cranks. Usually the crank is a double-ended

steel boom like the kind on an old-fashioned grist mill that used to be turned by horses. The lock-keeper gets on one end of the boom, his assistant (if he has one) gets on the other, and around and around they go in a circle until they pry open a gate or lock valve.

Quite frequently the skipper of a boat or member of a boating party becomes the lock-keeper's voluntary assistant. That is often the quickest way to get a boat past a change of water levels in the Trent Waterway.

Leaving Trenton early on the morning of Friday, June 12, John Dahl and I hoped to be in Peterborough by late afternoon. The weather was favorable. Attaining our objective would depend on how long it might take to get through a total of nineteen float locks that would lift *Transco II* from 243 feet above sea level at Trenton to 613 feet at Peterborough.

Six of these locks are a sort of aquatic stairway through dams across the Trent River in the 7.26 miles between Trenton and Frankford. We got through those locks with their swarms of May flies in remarkably good time. Lock No. 7, at Glen Ross, put us into Percy Reach, a lakelike expansion in the Trent River where the water surface is 373 feet above sea level.

Beyond Percy Reach there's another stairway of locks—the double-lifts at Ranney Falls and Heely Falls that took us up to a 25-mile stretch of the Trent River that is 604 feet above sea level. For a boat traveling entirely on water we were certainly climbing fast!

At Hastings, Lock No. 18, *Transco II* was lifted to the level of Rice Lake and the Otonabe River, 613 feet above sea level and 370 feet above Lake Ontario.

Rice Lake is big and shallow. It is about 20 miles in length and averages 4 to 5 miles in width. If anyone thinks that such a lake can't get rough, he hasn't seen Rice Lake when the wind blows!

Transco II was just about in the middle of the lake when the wind began to blow. A gentle breeze soon became a 25-mile-an-

hour wind. In a few minutes the lake became a heaving mass of waves and whitecaps that tossed *Transco II* around like a cork and sent countless tons of water flying over our heads and far astern. For a time it looked as if we'd have to seek shelter in the lee of one of the lake's several islands or put in at the little town of Harwood, which lies behind a protecting peninsula on the south shore near the middle of the lake's length.

By running at reduced speed, however, we were in no immediate danger if the wind became no worse. We decided to fight the lake; if we could take another 10 miles of it, we'd come to the mouth of the Otonabe River, where there would be sheltered waters for the remaining distance into Peterborough. We took the punishment, then, and made it.

Once into the Otonabe we were in a different kind of a world. The river seemed very small and narrow after the vastness and turbulence of Rice Lake. It twists and turns for miles and miles through a veritable jungle of temperate-zone forest and underbrush. Fortunately, the channel is deep and well marked. I drove *Transco II* over the entire length of the Otonabe, about 25 miles, and it was a thrill to be remembered forever.

For mile after mile, with wide-open throttles, I took the boat skidding around the innumerable twists and turns in the river. The shores are so near on both sides that it took constant jockeying of the wheel to keep off the banks. I didn't have to worry about the wash astern because there was nothing there to be disturbed but the forest and rocks. The echoes that came rolling back out of the forest sounded like a fleet of outboards speeding up the river.

At one point near the mouth of Squirrel Creek I came into a long, straight stretch of river where I could see the course ahead for at least 2 miles. About half a mile ahead I sighted something that looked like several small heaps of brush moving slowly across the river. To determine what this was, I reached for a pair of field glasses.

The mystery cleared instantly. There was a herd of deer swim-

ming across the river. The "heaps of brush" turned out to be the antlers of the bucks. I called to John Dahl, who was in the cabin, to come out and see something he'd never see on Manhattan Island. By the time he could get himself out of the cabin door, however, the deer had splashed ashore and disappeared into the forest.

At another point a few miles farther on I came swinging around a point of land at full throttle to see something I had never seen before and will probably never see again. On the shore not 30 feet away there was a half-submerged auto tire. There, in the center of the tire, a pair of pintail ducks had a nest. As I passed, ducks were sitting on the old tire with more than a dozen little ducklings swimming around in front of them. I looked back to see Papa Duck, Mama Duck, and all the little ducklings bobbing like corks over *Transco II*'s waves. They were apparently having the time of their lives and so was I!

We went through Lock No. 19 on the outskirts of Peterborough and were soon tied up at a government dock in the heart of the city, with several hours of daylight still to go. We intended to remain in Peterborough over the weekend. It was our big chance to get everything shipshape aboard *Transco II* with the cooperation of the Canadian Division of the Outboard Marine Corporation.

Soon after stepping ashore in Peterborough I felt a stabbing pain in an upper right molar. Simultaneously, I felt a small, hard object adrift in my mouth. I fished out a gold inlay. Here was a purely personal matter in which I needed help, *fast*. But how does a stranger in a Canadian city find a dentist late on a Friday afternoon?

I spoke to Mr. Dave Sutherland, the No. 2 official of the Canadian Outboard Marine organization.

"I think I can do something about that," he said. He reached for the telephone and dialed a number.

After a brief conversation on the phone, he turned to me. "You have an appointment with Dr. John Braund. I'll call a taxicab for you."

A few minutes later I was at Gate No. 1 of the Outboard Marine plant. I waited for about ten minutes without sighting the anticipated taxi.

Finally, a taxi whizzed through the gate and slid to a stop. As it stopped, a heavy male voice blared from its radio speaker: "Go to Gate No. 1; look for a man with a beard." The taxi driver had found the man he was looking for.

About an hour later my emergency session with the dentist was completed and the inlay was restored. I went back to Mr. Sutherland's office, where I think I did a rather sorry job of being interviewed by representatives of the press; half my face was still temporarily paralyzed from a shot of novocaine.

When Mr. Sutherland noticed my face distorted by a half-smile, his comment was, "Oh! You look as if Dr. Braund must have frozen your face!"

"Yes," I replied, "if freezing is what you call it in Canada, I'll be happier when the thaw-out comes!"

Leaving Peterborough, after a well-spent weekend, we came to lock No. 20, just inside the city limits. There the lock-keeper, an elderly man, came to the lock sill, extended his hand, and said, "Captain Hogg, welcome back to the Trent Waterway! Do you remember me?"

"George Eason!" I exclaimed. "Indeed I do remember you! Thank God for keeping us both alive these many years since you put me through this lock with my boat, *Transco*!"

Mr. Eason, now sixty years of age, was the keeper of this same lock when Frank Wilton and I went through it in 1925. He was then serving his first year on the job. He is now eligible for retirement, but says he prefers to keep on working.

"Excuse me for a moment, please," said Mr. Eason. "I want to step into the office. I believe I can show you something of interest." He disappeared into the office, but was soon back on the lock sill carrying a bulky ledger.

The ledger was the record of boats sent through Lock No. 20 of the Trent Waterway during the navigation season of 1925.

Turning the yellowing pages he soon found the entry he was seeking. It was in his own handwriting. "Wednesday, September 6, 1925. Locked down motorboat *Transcontinental* (which we abbreviated to *Transco.*) 2:30 P.M., Skipper, John Edwin Hogg, Alhambra, California, U.S.A., Assistant, Frank S. Wilton, Huntington Park, California, U.S.A. Both U.S. citizens."

8

ACROSS ONTARIO, FROM PETERBOROUGH INTO LAKE HURON

Lock No. 21, within the city limits of Peterborough, is an Ontario showplace. It is the world's largest hydraulic lift lock. It is essentially a huge balanced elevator with two rectangular tanks of water riding on pistons that look like king-sized silos. In a matter of minutes it raises or lowers a seagoing yacht or a veritable fleet of smaller boats a perpendicular 65 feet. How does this Gargantuan piece of machinery work?

There are gates in both ends of each of the two water tanks. They are very much like the gates in an ordinary float lock, but instead of swinging open horizontally, the lift-lock gates are horizontally hinged at the bottom and open vertically from the top. With the gate open at the end of approach, a large yacht or a number of smaller boats move in. The gate is then closed and the two great tanks, boats "aboard," begin to move.

As one tank goes up, the other comes down. The weight of the two tanks is exactly balanced on the two gigantic pistons because the weight of one tank with any given weight of boats in it

is exactly balanced against the weight of the other tank full of water with or without boats. Thus, a few relatively small electric motors geared into the mechanism furnish ample power for the entire lock operation.

At the top of the lock the rising tank comes to a stop. The gate is opened, and the ascending boat or boats go out under their own power into a section of canal 65 feet above the water level at which they entered the tank.

The Trent Waterway above Peterborough is a continuation of the route up the Otonobe River, and I really mean *up*! Including the huge lift lock, there are eight locks in about 10 miles between Peterborough and Stony Lake. Those eight locks lift or lower boats a total of 156 feet.

As we went through those locks, John Dahl and I found ourselves moving right along with the Canadian May fly season. The northern Canadian May flies might more appropriately be called June flies. All the locks swarmed with them. They were with us into Katchiwano Lake when we remained aboard overnight at Lakefield. After that we never saw another one and were happy to be rid of them.

From Stony Lake on into Georgian Bay, a distance of about 100 miles, is by far the best and most scenic part of the Trent Waterway System. Along this part of the route the towns become fewer, smaller, and more scattered. The scenery becomes more rocky and more rugged; pine forests begin to crowd every landscape. Here, practically all the water is cold, crystal-clear, and pure enough to drink.

Arriving on Balsam Lake, thirty-five locks and 157 miles from Trenton and Lake Ontario, *Transco II* had reached the summit of the Trent Waterway. We were now 841 feet above sea level and 598 feet above Lake Ontario. At Kirkfield, a few miles west of Balsam Lake, we entered the Kirkfield hydraulic lift lock, which is very similar to the one at Peterborough. We were starting our trip down the aquatic stairway to the water level of Lake Huron

and Lake Michigan. This drop of 262.5 feet is accomplished by going down four float locks, three of which are flight locks and two marine railways.

At the Kirkfield Lift Lock I had another pleasant surprise similar to the one I had had at Lock No. 20, at Peterborough, where I had met George Eason.

Cornelius Macdonald was the operator of the Kirkfield Lift Lock in 1925. On September 4 of that year he had operated the lock to hoist Frank Wilton and me to the level of Balsam Lake. He is now eighty-two years of age, retired, and living near the lock where he was employed during the greater part of his long life. Having seen *Transco II,* John Dahl, and me on television, he came to the lock to meet us and renew a thirty-four-year-old acquaintance.

Coming down from Balsam Lake, John Dahl and I encountered a knotty problem at Lock No. 41. This lock is located almost at the end of a short stretch of artificially excavated canal between a small lake known as Canal Lake and Lake Simcoe, the largest and most notoriously dangerous lake for small boats in the whole Trent Waterway System. Just below the lock there is a low bridge that carries a highway over the canal.

It was 5:05 in the afternoon when *Transco II* arrived at this lock. The lock-keeper had gone off duty at 5 o'clock. I found him in his cabin, calmly counting, from one dish pan into another, leeches he would later sell for fishbait.

The lock-keeper, of course, would have been entirely within his rights if he had refused to put us through the lock after his working hours. But he obligingly offered to put us through to permit us to take advantage of existing perfect weather for getting across Lake Simcoe. But what about that low bridge down there? Could we get under it? The bridge tender had already knocked off for the day and gone home.

Dahl and I decided to go down the lock and worry about the bridge when we came to it. We found that we lacked about 6 inches of clearance for getting under the bridge. We could go

under the bridge by removing the windshield, or we could wait for another day and possibly find ourselves with bad weather that would mean staying off Lake Simcoe.

It took us about forty-five minutes to remove the windshield, go under the bridge, and put the windshield back again. We still had plenty of daylight left for getting across Lake Simcoe, into Orillia on Lake Couchiching, where we hoped to stop that night at Rolland's Marina.

Speeding out of the canal, we found the huge lake like a sheet of glass. The opposite shore line was not even visible under a lowering sun. The prudent thing to do was to set a course for Orillia, open the throttles, and try to get there before the weather had a chance to change. Lake Simcoe has a bad reputation. Some weeks earlier five Royal Canadian Constables had started across the lake from Orillia in a 25-foot motorboat. A blow came up and caught them in the middle of the lake. Their bodies, each in a life preserver, were found floating in the lake several days later. They had died either from suffocation in the waves or from blood fatally chilled in the icy water.

The wisdom of our decision to get across the lake while the going was good was soon demonstrated. Orillia was in sight and we were coming into the narrow strait that connects Lake Simcoe with Lake Couchiching when the wind began to blow. Lake Couchiching was running whitecaps by the time we got through the strait and across about 2 miles of open water in the smaller lake to Rolland's Marina on the Orillia waterfront. It took little imagination to visualize what Lake Simcoe would have been in the 30-mile-an-hour wind that continued to howl all night and all the next day!

At Orillia we took *Transco II* into a slip in a marina operated by a third generation of the Rolland family. There on Saturday, June 13, a grandson of the man who pumped gasoline into the original *Transco* in 1925 put the hose into *Transco II's* tanks and loaded 50 gallons. The present Mr. Rolland, a man less than half my age, told me how his grandfather had told his father about

the 1925 voyage of *Transco*. His father had relayed the story to him when he became a boy old enough to have a lively interest in the geography of the world.

John Dahl and I shoved off next morning from Orillia and headed down the length of Lake Couchiching into the teeth of a howling North wind. The lake is a small one compared with its big brother, Simcoe, which overflows into it, but it was running whitecaps and getting rougher by the minute. We began to wonder if we could make our way through its 10-mile length to Washago, where the sheltered Severn River would become our downhill route into Georgian Bay. Since we were in no immediate danger, we decided to go on at reduced speed. We reached the quiet waters of the Severn at Washago, after an hour of pounding through Lake Couchiching for 10 cold, wet, and uncomfortable miles.

Beyond Washago, after about 15 miles in the sheltered waters of the Severn with a gentle current boosting us along, Sparrow Lake promised to be our next trouble spot, if the wind continued to blow. Sparrow Lake is an expansion in the Severn River that was created by construction of a 50-foot-high dam that drowned the notorious Swift Rapids of the Severn when the Trent Waterway was built.

When we arrived at Sparrow Lake we found the wind dying down, so we went straight across the lake. The whitecaps disappeared before we were even halfway across. We were soon back in the quiet waters of the Severn again and sped on to the upstream end of the Swift Rapids Marine Railway.

At Swift Rapids a huge dam of earth-fill and masonry blocks the Severn. It channels part of the flow of water through the hydroelectric turbines and diverts the surplus over a man-made spillway that looks like a miniature Niagara Falls. The marine railway portages boats up and over the earth-filled portion of the dam.

Except for a fairly recent coat of paint, the marine railway at Swift Rapids looks exactly as I saw it in August, 1925, when

Frank Wilton and I rode it over the hill. The same old cars, cable incline, crossties, and rails are there and in operation exactly as they were thirty-four years ago. I could see nothing that had changed, although there was ample evidence of routine care and maintenance.

Since leaving Montreal, John Dahl and I had had no way to clean *Transco II's* hull below the waterline, and her snow-white fiber glass was foul with the tarlike, black oil she had picked up in that great Canadian seaport. We had long discussed the possibility of doing a hull-cleaning job while our craft was out of water—drydocked, so to speak, on a car of the Swift Rapids Marine Railway.

It was nearly 5 o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived at the Swift Rapids Marine Railway. Nevertheless, the operator graciously offered to work overtime, if necessary, to put *Transco II* over the hill.

I almost hesitated to ask him to let the boat remain on the car while we cleaned the hull. The task would take at least an hour. Simultaneously, it seemed rather obvious that no other boats were likely to be coming along to ask for service after the operator's working hours.

After thinking things through quite carefully, I finally mustered enough courage to speak to the operator about it. His reply was a delightful surprise.

"I'm as hungry as a wolf," he said. "My wife will soon be calling me to dinner. Tell you what I'll do. We'll get your boat on the car, pull over the hill, and stop on the downgrade. We won't have any more boats along today, so I'll go have my dinner. You can have an hour to do your cleaning job before I return."

The agreement could hardly have been better. The car was sent down the rails until its bed was submerged to a depth of about 3 feet. *Transco II* was floated aboard and the hull blocks on the car were adjusted. The car moved up the hill and then came to a stop on the downgrade, with our dry-docked boat aboard.

From a nearby house we heard a dinner bell. The operator of

the railway departed. Dahl and I went to work with cans of solvent, boat soap, plastic sponges, buckets of water, and cleaning rags. It was a fast and furious job. Nevertheless, an hour later, when the railway operator returned from his dinner, *Transco II* was a clean boat inside and out, from the keel to the tip of her radiotelephone aerial.

From the downstream end of the Swift Rapids Marine Railway it was an easy run to Severn Falls, where we tied up to remain aboard overnight in one of the most delightful spots on the entire Trent Waterway System. It is a lovely little village set down in the rocks and forest at a bend in the river, like the Spotless Town of the fairy tales. A delegation of local citizens showed us the heads ashore and politely asked us to seal our bilges. The clear, sparkling Severn is their drinking water.

At Severn Falls there used to be a small waterfall and a stretch of rapids that spilled many a canoe. When the Trent Waterway was built, the falls and rapids were drowned with completion of the Big Chute Dam at Big Chute, 8 miles downstream from the Swift Rapids Dam.

The marine railway at Big Chute is very similar to the one at Swift Rapids. *Transco II,* Dahl, and I got over this hump and down into an arm of Six-Mile Lake without the slightest difficulty. From Six-Mile Lake the Severn River wiggles through a narrow, rocky canyon with a current swift enough to create small breakers. Then it bursts suddenly out into Ontario's famous, scenic Gloucester Pool, a veritable fairyland of natural beauty. Here are small, rocky, pine-forested islands set down in waters under a sky that is more often than not the color of indigo. Here are jutting headlands of chocolate-colored rock and emerald-green forests. Here the bright summer sun comfortably warms the pure, pine-scented air. If there is any other spot of earth in any way comparable to Ontario's Gloucester Pool, the only one I know is an arm of Lake Lucerne in the vicinity of Alpnachstad, Switzerland.

At Port Severn *Transco II* locked down through Lock No. 43 accompanied by almost enough big and little Canadian pleasure

boats to make a lock load. This was the last of the Trent Waterway locks for us. We came out of it onto the waters of Georgian Bay, a part of Lake Huron. From there to Chicago we'd be on the same water level, 578½ feet above sea level.

Coming out of the Trent Waterway at the Lake Huron end, the first part of the run to Midland on the Midland Bay side of the Penetanguishene Peninsula is a buoy-marked channel through a mystic maze of bare, brown rocks. The last leg of the journey consists of about 10 miles of wide-open Georgian Bay that *Transco II* crossed in near-perfect weather.

Arriving at Midland near noon on Saturday, June 20, we had little difficulty in finding Bev's Marina. Dahl and I were promptly taken in tow by Mr. Beverly Keefe, owner and operator of the marina, which had been just barely completed in time for the 1959 boating season.

After lunch in a restaurant ashore, we spent most of the afternoon with the newspaper reporters and photographers and the radio and television representatives.

Saturday evening Mr. Keefe took us in his car some 60 miles around the southern end of Georgian Bay to Honey Harbour and the famous Honey Harbour Hotel. There we were the guests of the Canadian Power Squadrons for a delightful evening of dining, dancing, and entertainment.

Coming south through Georgian Bay in 1925, Frank Wilton and I had stopped overnight at the Honey Harbour Hotel. Returning to it again in 1959, I was delighted to find it exactly as it was thirty-four years ago; same management, same good food, and same charming Canadian hospitality. The atmosphere of the place is that of being an invited guest among friends in a palatial private home, something so thoroughly enjoyable that it makes one wonder why all hotels do not create this same kind of atmosphere.

We decided to spend the whole weekend in Midland. Coming out of St. Margaret's Church on Sunday morning, I was pleasantly surprised to be recognized and greeted by some of the Canadians

I had met the previous evening at the Canadian Power Squadrons party. I felt quite at home with these new-found friends and joined a table of them for breakfast in a nearby Chinese restaurant.

There are several good restaurants in Midland, all of them Chinese. Throughout Canada there is usually a Chinese restaurant in every little town and several of them in a city the size of Midland. Moreover, the Chinese people who operate the restaurants are usually oriental only in physical appearance. Practically all of them are naturalized Canadian citizens, or native-born Canadians whose ancestors came into the country one or more generations ago.

In Canada one also sees an occasional Negro who conducts his own life like any other Canadian. Canada took in thousands of runaway slaves who escaped to freedom via the Underground Railroad before the Civil War. Throughout Canada, too, full-blooded Indians or Canadians who are part Indian are about as numerous as they are in Oklahoma or California. Thus, in our neighbor to the north, many races live together in peace, harmony, and friendship.

9

FROM MIDLAND, ONTARIO, TO MANITOULIN ISLAND

Having skippered the original *Transco* through the Great Lakes in 1925, experience told me just about what *Transco II* could do, or could not do, in attempting to travel approximately 750 miles on these notoriously dangerous fresh-water oceans. There are some definite limitations on what any small boat can do in the Great Lakes. The *experienced* boatman knows his boat and the bounds of its capabilities. It is possible for him to travel the Great Lakes without taking any risks greater than the normal hazards of all boating. The neophyte boatman, on the other hand, will undoubtedly live longer by keeping off the Great Lakes until he has gained considerable experience in smaller and less treacherous waters. Even boatmen thoroughly experienced in other waters can get themselves into deadly peril very quickly if they go blundering into the Great Lakes unprepared for the surprises the great waters are capable of hurling.

If the Great Lakes are as dangerous as their reputation portrays them, how did the Indians and the men who explored our continent ever manage to travel all over them in canoes? Well, they

traveled only when the weather was favorable. They followed the shore lines and headed for land with the first warning of bad weather. Their canoes could be dragged ashore almost anywhere. The travelers could make camp and wait until the weather made canoe travel possible again. In this way, a canoe is one of the best small craft for getting around on the Great Lakes without taking any risks greater than the normal hazards of canoeing.

Long before I took the original *Transco* through the Great Lakes from Chicago to the Georgian Bay end of the Trent Waterway, I was well aware that the lakes are often swept by storms in which no small boat can live. Indeed, it is nothing unusual for the lakes to experience weather that sends the largest ships scurrying into the nearest ports or protected anchorages.

Of course, boats such as both *Transcos* can't be dragged ashore to escape fouling weather. It is possible, however, to travel the Great Lakes with any reasonably seaworthy small boat quite safely by recognizing all foreseeable hazards and then using all one's mental resources to avoid them. As skipper of the two *Transcos* I made it through the Great Lakes for a total distance of about 1,500 miles without getting into any very serious trouble. I did this only by accepting the fewest possible number of well-calculated risks.

On both cruises I followed the shore lines as nearly as possible and always studied the charts to keep a port or sheltered anchorage handy if needed. On both trips bad weather chased us off the lakes several times; sometimes we were kept on land for days. We also apparently avoided a lot of trouble, delays, and potential dangers by keeping in touch with the Coast Guard stations as much as possible and getting weather forecasts practically every half hour by radio.

It is true that on the 1925 cruise Frank Wilton and I crossed Lake Michigan on a diagonal course of 120 miles from Milwaukee to Manistee, Michigan. We did that, however, by shoving off from Milwaukee at 4 o'clock in the morning after having spent the night with Captain Bill Kincaid at the Milwaukee Coast Guard station.

The weather forecasts told us Lake Michigan would be flat that day; there wasn't any kind of bad weather brewing in any part of the entire Great Lakes area. Moreover, there was so much commercial shipping on Lake Michigan that day that we had one or more ships in sight practically all the way across.

To make the run from Midland, Ontario, northwest through the wide-open southern arm of Georgian Bay to Honey Harbour, *Transco II* would have to have favorable weather. We didn't have it on Monday, June 22, for there was a strong wind howling out of the Northwest. Georgian Bay was a fresh-water ocean of whitecaps, and the small-craft warning signal was flying on the Midland waterfront. The prudent course was to remain in port.

The following day dawned with the kind of weather we had hoped for. The wind had died to a gentle breeze, and the small-craft warning signal had been hauled down. We shoved off and sped northward through nearly flat water in the lee of the Penetanguishene Peninsula. Beyond the tip of the peninsula we had a few miles of uncomfortably choppy water, but we soon got out of it by coming into the lee side of Beausoleil Island. From there to Honey Harbour and on into Parry Sound we could almost ignore the weather. We would be running through the beautiful Thirty Thousand Island region of Georgian Bay, and there is relatively little open water through this veritable wonderland of islands.

In 1924-1925, when I was planning the first *Transco* voyage, I studied a large-scale chart of Georgian Bay and wondered how I'd ever find my way through the Thirty Thousand Islands! Here is a labyrinth of islands scattered over an area of several hundred square miles. The islands are so numerous they look as if they'd been put on the chart with a pepper shaker. There are islands of all shapes and sizes. They range from mere snags of rock to islands of a hundred square miles or more. The question of finding our way through this maze of rocks and pine-forested islands vanished when I learned that the Canadian Government had established well-marked navigation channels through all important parts

of the archipelago shortly after the turn of the century. Today, any boatman who can read a chart and follow a veritable fence of buoys may travel among the Thirty Thousand Islands knowing exactly where he is on the chart at all times.

In 1925, when Frank Wilton and I came southward through the Thirty Thousand Islands, there was hardly any human habitation on the islands. Nearly all of them were as they must have been when first sighted by the earliest French explorers. At that time, almost any island in the group could have been bought for a few dollars.

Today, hundreds of these same islands are studded with the palatial homes of wealthy Canadians and Americans. For $10,000, one may buy an island consisting of a few acres of rocks and trees—if there are any up for sale. For $100,000 it is still possible occasionally to buy an island several square miles in area. The people who now own these islands, big or small, often spent $50,000 or more to build beautiful, modern summer homes on their property. On many of the islands there are estates representing large investments—for a recreational retreat that is usable only two or three months each year! About nine months of each year, most of the islands revert to their original states and become uninhabited wildernesses of ice, snow, and subzero cold.

As *Transco II* sped through the narrow channels between islands of the Thirty Thousand Island group, Dahl and I sighted numerous boats, most of them fairly large craft apparently owned by the summer residents of various islands. Nearly all of them seemed to be heavily loaded, hulls down to the Plimsoll lines, with deck cargoes of crates, boxes, bags, and barrels. It was the last week in June, and people were moving in. The family with a summer home on an island among Ontario's Thirty Thousand Islands must have a boat. Without a suitable boat, which is often a luxury model housed in a boathouse alongside a small seaplane, this type of insular summer residence would be impossible. The development of two-way radiotelephone communication has also

played a very important part in popularizing the Thirty Thousand Islands as a summer playground.

Arriving at Parry Sound late in the afternoon, John Dahl and I took *Transco II* into the mouth of the river and tied up below the railway bridge—almost at the exact spot where *Transco* had stopped overnight thirty-four years earlier. This time the difference was that I took *Transco II* into a modern marina operated by Mr. Richard Holmes. He was there to greet us, along with his family and the newspaper reporters and photographers.

Mr. Holmes happened to be within earshot as Dahl and I discussed whether we should remain aboard *Transco II* that night or go to a hotel. He immediately spoke: "Gentlemen, Mrs. Holmes and I have other plans for you and hope you'll accept them. We have made preparations to have you as guests in our home."

Such Canadian hospitality was irresistible. We accepted the invitation and soon left for the Holmes's home, which is located on the Parry Sound waterfront alongside the marina.

After a good home-cooked dinner that was a joy to both Dahl and me, we were standing in the twilight on a dock in the Holmes Marina looking at a tall, steel observation tower maintained by the Canadian Forest Service atop a nearby hill. Speaking to Mr. Holmes I said, "I imagine there must be a wonderful view from the top of that tower over there."

"Would you like to go up there?" he asked.

We would indeed! All of us went to the top of the hill in Mr. Holmes's car. The tower was about 100 feet high, and it was quite a climb to the top up a zigzag stairway of steel. The magnificent panoramic view from the top was well worth the effort of climbing the stairs. To the east was a vista of hundreds of square miles of the rolling, forested hills of the Ontario mainland. The small city that is Parry Sound spread out like a map to the north. To the west we gained a far better idea of what the Thirty Thousand Islands would look like from an aircraft. There were so many wooded islands interspersed by shimmering expanses of

water that any attempt to count the islands would have been like trying to count stars.

In the Holmes's living room that evening we all gathered around the television set to view a *Transco II* broadcast from CKVR in Barrie, Ontario. The previous day's delay by the weather in Midland had made that broadcast possible. Ken Robertson from CKVR had come the 40 miles from Barrie to Bev's Marina, where he recorded the broadcast on film and sound tape.

When we left Parry Sound the next day, *Transco II,* John Dahl, and I had some miles to go before running out of the Thirty Thousand Islands into the waters of Lake Huron. By great good luck the weather was kind to us; the lake was fairly flat and the visibility unlimited until we arrived within about 10 miles off Byng Inlet. Here we were almost out of sight of land when Lake Huron decided to give us a sample of what it can do in even a very small wind. The wind rose to about 20 miles per hour, and in a few minutes we had all the seas we had any business to be out in. Whitecaps were all around us, and *Transco II* was bumping rather uncomfortably when a ship coming out of Byng Inlet showed us to a row of buoys marking the channel into the quiet, sheltered waters that extend some 10 miles inland into an ancient glacial gorge.

For days before we arrived in Byng Inlet, I had been telling John what a beautiful, thriving place it was. Of course, I was talking about what I had seen of it in 1925. Consequently, when we arrived there late in the afternoon of June 23, 1959, he probably thought I was the most infernal liar who had ever lived.

I had suggested landing at the dock of a paper mill where Frank Wilton and I had tied up. When we got there, however, there was no paper mill and no dock—only a mass of rotted piling and in back of it a ghost town.

What's happened here in the last thirty-four years, I mused? I soon heard the sad story from the few Canadians who still call Byng Inlet their home.

The big lumber mill had gone out of business because they had

cut down all the forest that could be turned into lumber. The paper mill went out of business because the flow of pulp logs ceased. The fisheries went out of business when over-fishing and lamprey eels turned once-productive fishing grounds into watery deserts. Because there were no jobs and no payrolls, Byng Inlet's people moved away to find economic sustenance elsewhere. They left behind a ghost town of abandoned houses and crumbling industrial plants reminiscent of a mining camp in the West after the *borrasca*!

We all know the term *bonanza,* a Spanish word we've taken into our language that means a rich strike of gold or other valuable mineral. Why not, then, the word *borrasca,* the Spanish noun for the economic collapse that usually comes in the wake of a bonanza!

Byng Inlet is now in the *borrasca.* It has practically nothing to keep it alive other than a small, seasonal business in the service trades catering to summer visitors. June, July, and August; then that scanty business is finished until next year. Nine months of snow, ice, and subzero temperatures follow the summer, and the people of Byng Inlet somehow get through year after year without any income.

After spending the night tied up alongside a coal dock about to go out of business in Byng Inlet, I became acquainted with the town's last remaining general storekeeper, a Canadian citizen about my age who is a native of Germany. As soon as I heard his accent I spoke to him in German. He was obviously delighted to find a native-born American of Scottish and French ancestry who spoke German with at least something resembling native fluency. I learned much from this fellow while loafing around his shop waiting for the howling winds to die down.

John Dahl and I attempted to run out of Byng Inlet that morning, but turned around and came back after we found Lake Huron running mountainous whitecaps. We returned to the coal dock and tied up. The Canadian Coast Guard advised us to stay in port, so we could do nothing but wait.

Next morning the weather was perfect. Dahl and I had agreed

upon a plan to run straight across Lake Huron to Little Current on Manitoulin Island, an island of near-continental proportions in the northern end of Lake Huron. We were soon out of sight of land on a compass course with a beam signal coming in clear and strong on the radio direction finder. Little chance for getting ourselves lost out here on this fresh-water ocean!

About midafternoon we sighted the eastern end of Manitoulin Island, sped through the Straits of Kilarney, and tied up at a public dock in Little Current. There we were greeted by Mr. W. J. Patterson, the editor and publisher of Little Current's newspaper, the *Little Current Expositor*. Here was the very gentleman I had long hoped to meet, because he is at once a delightful personality and a prolific source of information about Manitoulin Island and the whole of Canada.

Manitoulin Island is the world's largest island in fresh water. Its land area is approximately the same as New York's Long Island, but any similarity between the two islands ends right there. Manitoulin Island is about 80 miles long. Its width varies from 5 miles at its narrowest point to 50 miles at its widest. Its shore line is as irregular as a profile map of the Swiss Alps. It had dozens of big and little peninsulas, sounds, straits, isthmuses, and bays to delight the eyes and souls of boatmen. Its gnarled lands are mostly rolling, forested hills with hundreds of lakes of assorted sizes scattered around the landscape. The island now has a network of several hundred miles of good roads connected to the highways of the Ontario mainland by a series of bridges over the narrow straits to the north. All the waters in and around Manitoulin Island teem with fish, and its forests abound with every kind of game known to the vast wilderness areas of Ontario. To say that Manitoulin Island is a sportsman's paradise is an understatement.

In fine fishing waters such as those of Manitoulin Island John Dahl and I heard the question that was asked of us all the way across the continent: "How much fishing do you do?"

The answer was always: "None!" There was not so much as a fishhook aboard *Transco II* for two reasons.

In 1925, Frank Wilton and I had carried fishing tackle. We fished every time we had the chance—which was most of the time—and we made some of our best catches by trolling. Moreover, we ate all the fish we caught. We camped ashore nearly every night that we were away from cities, and the fish we caught were a substantial contribution to our food supply.

On the *Transco II* cruise, however, I found conditions so different that fishing was ruled out. Some villain had invented a tax-collecting device known as an angler's license. Dahl and I would have liked to fish, but we couldn't have done it legally without buying a total of thirty-eight nonresident fishing licenses, two in each of seventeen American states and two provinces of Canada. It would have taken hours of shopping to buy all those licenses, and the total cost would have been about $300.

Our second big discouragement against fishing was that we just couldn't take the time. With the mileage we had to make from day to day, any serious fishing would have meant adding about two weeks to the time and expense element of our cruise. Moreover, *Transco II's* cruising speed was much too fast for successful trolling, even if the license matter had not already thrown cold water on the fishing.

10

FROM MANITOULIN ISLAND TO ST. IGNACE, MICHIGAN

Little Current gets its name from the fact that there is a little current, sometimes flowing as fast as 6 miles per hour, through the narrow strait to the north that separates Manitoulin Island from the Ontario mainland. Sometimes the current flows east. Sometimes it flows west. Sometimes there is no current at all.

What causes this? No one knows with any real scientific certainty. It could be caused by any one of several known forces or constantly varying combinations of these forces. At various points the Great Lakes have been known to have measurable tides. The lakes are also big enough for the wind to push a lot of water in either direction through a narrowing of the land such as the Strait of Little Current. Then, too, the Great Lakes are fed by hundreds of big and little rivers that carry a constantly varying volume of water. Only one river flows *out* of the Great Lakes, the mighty St. Lawrence—just about the most predictable river on earth. Its average flow is 246,000 cubic feet per second.

On Thursday, June 25, *Transco II* headed westward through the North Channel from Little Current. Dahl and I were lucky enough to have the current with us. It added a couple of knots to our speed for the first few miles, or until the current was dissipated in the vast fresh-water sea that lies between the western part of Manitoulin Island and the Ontario mainland. That day the weather also favored us until about noon, when the sky became cloudy and we were speeding westward through a gentle rain.

The gentle rain, however, gradually became what Oregonians call "a duck drownder." Visibility went from about 20 miles to a scant 2 miles. The water surface, after having been slightly choppy, was quickly flattened under the pelting rain. With the cockpit canopy and side curtains up, Dahl and I had no problem in keeping ourselves dry. We also had head-to-foot waterproof clothing if we needed it. Our major problem was a two-man job of navigation.

Running at reduced speed because of the limited visibility soon became decidedly monotonous. At times the rain came down so hard that the windshield wipers couldn't carry it off fast enough. We could see nothing but a relatively small circle of rain-lashed water around the boat and a slate-gray sky overhead. The falling rain as seen through the windshield presented a somewhat distorted picture.

After about two hours of this near-blind cruising, Dahl and I decided to go on westward as nearly as possible in the middle of the North Channel. That would keep us off the land, with at least 10 miles of water on both sides and a world of water ahead of our bow. We would keep on going west until we could find a line north and south through Blind River, a lake port on the north shore of the North Channel and the mainland of Ontario.

It was quite simple to find that imaginary line. The radio signals were coming in clear and strong from several directions. We began picking up one from the Canadian Soo, corrected our course to slightly north of west, and kept going. About 3 o'clock in the

afternoon I picked up the signal from Blind River, put the direction finder on it, and found we were due south of it. We changed course to due north and followed the signal.

I estimated that we'd sight land after 10 miles at 15 miles an hour, and have 5 more miles on the northbound course at 10 miles an hour. These calculations turned out to be completely accurate. Almost on the anticipated tick of the chronometer we sighted the first of the line of buoys that marked the navigation channel into Blind River's breakwater-protected harbor. We played safe by moving very slowly, following the line of buoys exactly. A few minutes later the town itself became dimly visible through the murky rain.

This bit of near-blind navigation over a distance of approximately 75 miles was a happy morale-builder for us. It convinced me that with *Transco II*'s superb navigational equipment we could go anywhere on the Great Lakes under conditions of bad visibility and be able to come up on any given point with accuracy. It abolished practically every fear I've ever had of the Great Lakes—except the very real danger of getting caught far from land in high winds and seas lashed to a fury in which no small boat can live.

In these cold northern waters *Transco II,* John Dahl, and I faced a hazard from the time we left the Hudson River until we went out of Lake Michigan at Chicago. Over that entire route we were traveling on water that had been ice only a few weeks earlier. The summer sun had been able to warm it by only a few degrees. At many points I put a thermometer into the water and found temperatures that ranged from a minimum of 38 degrees at Byng Inlet to a maximum of 52 degrees at Milwaukee.

In water at those low temperatures even the best swimmer isn't going to last very long. Rescue from the icy waters far offshore would have to come very quickly to be effective. Any protracted immersion in such waters would undoubtedly lead to the fate of the Royal Canadian constables who had perished in Lake Simcoe some days before John Dahl and I took *Transco II* across it in favorable weather. Those strong, healthy, athletic young men didn't

drown; they were suffocated by the waves or died when chilled blood could no longer support life. Their life jackets only helped their relatives to recover the bodies.

My old *Transco* had several air chambers that actually kept her afloat with open sea cocks. Emil Aarup, who built her, and I made this test in Los Angeles Harbor in preparation for the transcontinental voyage. And the test was completely successful. *Transco II* also had a big fiber-glass air chamber below decks that was supposed to keep her afloat if she capsized or was swamped. I never saw that claim demonstrated. I've seen too many naval ships, holed through by gunfire or blasted with bombs, that were sunk in minutes. Their "watertight compartments" did not save them. In my own years with the Navy I accepted the admonition: "There's no such thing as an unsinkable ship." Obviously, that is also the safest assumption for all motorboatmen.

The little Canadian city of Blind River takes its name from the fact that it has a river with an invisible mouth. It is one of the few spots on earth where geography in the making placed a natural dam of rock right across the mouth of a river. It all happened in some prehistoric glacial age. The river, of course, had to find some other route into Lake Huron around this barrier. Consequently, it spilled over a little farther upstream into a large, low marshland, thus creating a new mouth completely concealed by the marsh vegetation.

Canadians knew what to do when they found this unique situation. They built a spillway and control dam, raised the water level, and put a hydroelectric plant on top of the natural rock dam. The electric power now turns the wheels of Blind River's major industries, the lumber and paper mills, as it did when I stopped there in 1925 to pick up mail, gasoline, and groceries. Today, Blind River looks very much as I saw it then, except for new and better paved streets, more and better motor service stations, and quite a number of new buildings, including a couple of modern motels. The town now has quite a prosperous summer-tourist business that was practically nonexistent thirty-four years ago.

In Blind River we had the finest kind of cooperation from Mr. E. A. Bebee, the local outboard dealer. He checked and tuned our motors, supplied some needed tools, replaced a few parts that were getting worse for wear, and repaired a gasoline line that had begun to leak about a teaspoon of gas every twenty-four hours. He also went over the entire boat, adjusting all controls, fixing a troublesome leak under the windshield, and checking everything that might become a source of trouble. By the time we were ready to leave Blind River, we had a boat that was in even better condition than it was when we left Emil Mayer's Boat Works at College Point, Long Island.

On Saturady, June 27, the weather seemed to have settled down to a steady, gentle rain with almost no wind. The visibility wasn't very good. The day promised to be one of flat water on Lake Huron, however, so Dahl and I decided to make Blind River our last port of call in Canada. We planned to go westward through the North Channel until we sighted St. Joseph Island. We'd be out of sight of land most of the way. After spotting St. Joseph Island, we'd run between it and Drummond Island and into the St. Mary's River. Then, we would go down the river to re-enter the United States at DeTour, Michigan.

This plan worked out pretty well while it lasted, but that wasn't very long. After leaving Blind River we sped westward through the North Channel for 30 miles. We were 10 miles off the Ontario mainland and much farther away from St. Joseph Island, with no land in sight, when the wind began to blow the rain clouds away. A first sudden blast was followed by a steadily rising wind. The North Channel was soon a sea of whitecaps. I quickly contacted Rogers City, Michigan, and received the bad news. The wind was rising all over the northern Great Lakes area, and winds of 35 miles per hour were expected. Small-craft warning signals were already flying at the Soo!

Dahl and I quickly decided we'd better not try to run to DeTour. We changed our course from west to north; we would go back into Canada, to the port of Thessalon, and wait for better weather

behind a protecting breakwater of steel and concrete. The wisdom of this decision was soon obvious. We were riding in furious seas, and *Transco II* had about 20 gallons of water aboard ahead of the bilge pumps by the time we came in behind the breakwater at Thessalon.

There are no marina facilities at Thessalon; the town itself is about half a mile from the waterfront. Fortunately, we got around the problem of finding fuel quite easily. In an icy wind accompanied by showers that included a deluge of small hailstones, I trudged into the town and found a gas-station operator who agreed to service *Transco II* with a tank truck from the top of the breakwater. The boisterous water continued all day, and because of the remoteness of the town from the waterfront, Dahl and I decided to remain aboard. Sunday was another bad day, so we stayed put.

Monday morning came and with it the hoped-for lull in the weather that usually comes after a storm. It was a balmy day, with just a few clouds and no wind. Dahl and I got under way while the North Channel looked as flat as an Iowa farm, from the Thessalon breakwater out to the very limits of the horizon.

We sped across this vast expanse of shimmering water, and St. Joseph Island and Drummond Island began to rise out of Lake Huron after the first hour. We were also exactly on course to find the line of buoys marking the ship channel through the strait that separates those two big islands.

Drummond Island is approximately 400 square miles of rolling hills and forest. A part of the state of Michigan, it was our first major glimpse of American soil since *Transco II* cleared into Canada at Rouse's Point, New York. St. Joseph Island to the north is also about 400 square miles of the same kind of country as Drummond. It is a part of the province of Ontario.

Once through the strait between St. Joseph and Drummond Islands, *Transco II* was in the St. Mary's River, a mighty stream that is only about 100 miles in length. What it lacks in length, however, is made up for by volume. It carries the entire overflow from Lake Superior into Lake Huron. And the overflow from Lake

Superior, the world's largest fresh-water lake, is enormous. If we had that water in California, it would be enough to irrigate more than 100,000 square miles of a semi-arid state where a water well is often more valuable than an oil well.

Transco II was well into St. Mary's River when a strong, chilly wind began blowing out of the Northwest. The river was soon running whitecaps, putting an end to any thought we might have had of cruising beyond DeTour, Michigan, that day. Moreover, after the river had given us quite a beating, we tied up behind the breakwater at DeTour to find the small-craft warning signal flying at the U. S. Coast Guard Station.

At DeTour, my first duty was to report the arrival of *Transco II* and ourselves to the U. S. Customs and Immigration Service officials. What a casual way they have of asking that this be done! I could find no Federal officers anywhere around the waterfront. Finally, I found a sign suggesting that all boat skippers entering the United States from Canada should call a given telephone number. I found a public telephone and made the call.

"We'll send a man to the dock to inspect you," said the male voice on the other end of the line. It was then about 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

About 6 o'clock that evening a uniformed officer sauntered out onto the dock and identified himself. He seemed to be more interested in the nature of our trip than in anything else. We had a friendly discussion for about twenty minutes.

Eventually I got around to handing him the clearance papers I'd received at Rouse's Point, New York. He glanced at them, put the papers in his pocket, and "inspected" our boat by looking at it from the dock. It was by far the most simplified and unobtrusive customs and immigration inspection I've ever experienced in all the scores of times I've come back into the United States from trips to other nations.

The northwest end of Lake Huron from DeTour into the Straits of Mackinac at St. Ignace, Michigan, is a notoriously windswept area of the Great Lakes. These waters seem to have an

almost chronic antipathy toward water craft of all sizes. They've swallowed many a small craft and occasionally they bag a full-fledged ship out of the constant parade of iron-ore boats and other commercial shipping that moves in both directions during the seasons of Great Lakes navigation. The skipper of any small boat will take a lot of punishment and risk his life if he attempts to cruise these waters without understanding and respecting the fury with which they can deal with him in bad weather.

With *Transco* in 1925, Frank Wilton and I avoided the Straits of Mackinac altogether by coming up the east side of Lake Michigan from Manistee to Petoskey. From Petoskey we went through the Inland Waterway of Michigan's South Peninsula to Lake Huron at Cheboygan. From Cheboygan we ran to Mackinac Island, where we were mastheaded by bad weather for three days before we could get on to DeTour. At DeTour, *Transco II,* John Dahl, and I faced that same familiar and infamous 30 miles of Lake Huron. We waited three days for favorable weather. Meanwhile, the wind continued to blow at 30 to 35 miles per hour, and the small-craft warning signal remained on the flagpole at the DeTour Station of the U. S. Coast Guard.

At long last the wind died about as suddenly as it had caught us on the St. Mary's River. The small-craft warning signal was hauled down, and the Coast Guard officers advised us to get along to St. Ignace while we could be sure of having at least a few hours of windless weather. It was then nearly noon. *Transco II* was soon under way again over a placid and docile Lake Huron bearing not the slightest resemblance to the furious sea it had been only an hour earlier.

Rounding DeTour Reef Lighthouse, which marks a rocky shoal far out in Lake Huron from the mouth of St. Mary's River, *Transco II* was soon on a compass course a few degrees south of west. The low hills on the North Peninsula of Michigan were dimly visible until we came abeam of Les Cheneaux Islands, but in every other direction the scenery was sky and water. About an hour after leaving DeTour, however, Bois Blanc Island, Round

Island, and Mackinac Island began to creep out of the water far to the west. Then, as we headed for the narrow passage between Round Island and Mackinac Island, I sighted what looked like two fragments of a toothpick standing perpendicularly above the water. A look with field glasses revealed that these objects were what I thought they might be, the piers of the world's largest and longest suspension bridge, spanning the Straits of Mackinac to the west of St. Ignace.

There was no bridge across the Straits of Mackinac when the first *Transco* visited these waters thirty-four years ahead of *Transco II*. Construction of the present $100 million structure was started in May, 1954. It was opened to vehicular traffic in November, 1957, and the formal dedication was in June, 1958.

With the best weather imaginable and unmistakable landmarks directing us, the remainder of *Transco II*'s run into St. Ignace was as delightful a bit of boating as I ever hope to enjoy. The run past Mackinac Island alone was an excursion through scenic beauty that might have been lifted from the canvases of Maxfield Parrish!

John Dahl and I stepped ashore in a small marina a stone's throw from the central business district of St. Ignace. We were given a rousing welcome by Mayor Raymond France, newsmen, photographers, radio and television reporters, and so many citizens of the community that the old wooden dock creaked and wobbled under their weight.

We didn't know it at the time, but we were due to be detained in St. Ignace by bad weather for a week. That week cannot be considered as having been lost. Actually, I'd like nothing better than to spend the remainder of my life in the midst of similar hospitality and happiness!

11

FROM ST. IGNACE TO ST. IGNACE

Every American old enough to have memories of life in these United States half a century or more ago may recall the old-fashioned kind of Fourth of July celebrations we had in those days. The Fourth was a day of general hell-raising and noise-making such as no man had ever seen or heard since the days of the Crusades!

For weeks in advance of our national birthday, the major preoccupation of adults and children alike was collecting giant firecrackers, gunpowder, dynamite, big and little guns, and every kind of fireworks ever invented in China; in fact, anything and everything that could make a noise was pressed into service. The bigger the noise, the better we liked it. It was a day when Americans seemed to go completely berserk. Cleaning up the mess and counting the casualties came later. These wild, uninhibited annual jamborees took an appalling toll in death, mayhem, and property damage.

Thousands of Fourth of July celebrants died each year in their own self-detonated explosions. They cremated themselves. They

blew out their own eyes. Surgeons amputated countless shattered fingers, hands, feet, and other parts of the body. Doctors treated all sorts of wounds traceable to fireworks of one kind or another.

By about 1910, Fourth of July celebrations had become so disastrous that state after state enacted laws banning the possession and sale of fireworks. Such laws proved to be enforceable, and the old-fashioned Fourth of July practically passed out of the American scene.

Apparently this was not so in Michigan in 1959. At St. Ignace, as the first rays of daylight began to appear, I was awakened by an explosion that shook the hotel and rattled the windows. Looking out the window, I saw two men placing something that looked like a small bomb under a late-model car in the parking lot below. One of the men reached under the car with a lighted cigarette lighter; then the pair ran as if the devil himself were after them.

There was another tremendous explosion. The costly car in the parking lot was still there, but it was blackened by the explosion, its hood bent skyward like the mouth of a yawning hippopotamus.

Another shattering explosion shook the building. This was followed by another and another. St. Ignace was really booming. I was witnessing an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration such as I had not heard or seen in half a century.

The exploding bedlam of that day brought back to me the memory of seeing my brother James pouring a train of black powder from a brass powder flask our paternal grandfather had used when he was a captain in the Union Army during the Civil War.

Brother Jimmy, three years my senior, had poured the powder train over the length of a 10-foot board. I looked around just in time to see another boy touch a stick of glowing punk to the middle of the powder train. The only word I had time to cry out was, "Don't!" It was too late.

At that instant there was a roaring explosion and everything in front of my eyes disappeared in a cloud of fire and smoke. At a distance of about 15 feet I felt the awful heat that singed my clothing and eyelashes. I saw brother Jimmy hit the ground, feet

skyward and clothing ablaze. Somehow—to this day I don't know how—we tore the burning clothes off of him. He was howling like a banshee from the pain of first-degree burns over the entire front of his blackened body, from thighs to forehead. His eyelids were seared, but they had saved his eyes.

The doctor cleaned him up and bandaged him like a cocoon in ribbons torn from bed sheets soaked with linseed oil and lime-water. After many painful days he recovered; he was not even seriously scarred.

The next day after the barrage was Sunday, and the weather was hopelessly bad. It was no day for *Transco II,* John Dahl, and me to attempt to get through the Straits of Mackinac. Accordingly, I put on my rain togs and set out on foot for early-morning Mass through a downpour of rain and gusts of wind. The wind was still blowing after church, but the rain had stopped, so I decided to wander around town a bit. It was in this way that I found the grave of Père Marquette.

As a lifelong student of history, I had read early in life of the explorations accomplished in America by such Frenchmen as Samuel Champlain, Jacques Cartier, Louis Joliet, Jacques Marquette (Père Marquette), Robert de La Salle, and others. And in France, many years ago, I had read Père Marquette's autobiography, one of the most fascinating volumes I've ever set hands and eyes upon.

Jacques Marquette was born at Laon, France, in 1637. Educated for the clergy, he became a Jesuit missionary and explorer in America. He accompanied Joliet in his voyage down the Mississippi and back up the Illinois River in 1673. He died while attempting to establish a mission among the Illini Indians, from whom the state of Illinois derives its name. By his own dying request, his body was transported by canoe from the present site of Chicago and buried in a churchyard in St. Ignace. The grave, marked by a simple granite monument, has become one of the most frequently visited historic shrines in the state of Michigan. At this shrine I paid my respects to Father Marquette and all his

intrepid countrymen who were the pathfinders of voyages like those undertaken by both *Transcos*.

One windy day, after John Dahl had decided to take the ferry to Mackinac Island and bicycle around that beautiful island, I stood on a dock in St. Igance in conversation with Mickey Duggan, a free-lance photographer, and his wife Mary.

The time was late afternoon. Somehow the desultory conversation got onto the subject of the edible qualities of various kinds of fish. I remarked that "In my opinion, there never was a better eating fish than the Great Lakes whitefish!"

No sooner said than I received a hearty invitation to a home-prepared, grilled whitefish dinner at the Duggans' home. A few minutes later, we were in Mickey Duggan's boat, scooting along close to the shore—almost dangerously close—in the general direction of the Straits of Mackinac Bridge.

Knowing that the Duggan home was in the forest looking out into Lake Michigan west of the St. Ignace end of the bridge approach, I thought that we'd have to go under the bridge to get there. I was wrong. Mickey sped among the rocks of what he called his "private waterway."

He kept up a steady pace of around 30 miles an hour. For a couple of uneasy minutes I thought he was going to crash the boat right into the rock wall of the bridge approach, but as we swung around a huge, forbidding rock-reef, I could see a culvert spanning a narrow strip of water under the bridge approach. Mickey headed for the hole. The boat roared through the culvert with little room to spare. Another mile and there came into view the small marina that Mickey and his boating neighbors have created in a quiet little bay.

Before entering the marina he took the boat into the strait almost to the end of the bridge approach. "I'm taking you out here," he said, "to show you the route to my landing—just in case you might need it some day." As we shall soon see, Mickey Duggan must have had some sort of premonition. His thoughtfulness in

showing me this route turned out to be quite a stroke of good fortune.

During the week-long sojourn of bad weather in St. Ignace, John Dahl and I made three attempts on three different days to take *Transco II* through the Straits of Mackinac. With strong North winds and the small-craft warning signals flying at the U. S. Coast Guard Station on Mackinac Island, it seemed reasonable to believe that, if we could get through the straits, we would find calmer water along the north shores of Lake Michigan. In practice, however, this plan was a failure.

Three times we managed to get under and several miles beyond the Straits of Mackinac Bridge, only to be turned back by short, fast mountainous waves that threatened to roll *Transco II* over like a barrel, or take her down by the beam ends. I had hoped to get pictures of the bridge, but found it impossible; there was no way to keep a camera dry with tons of water flying overhead, and a wet camera is a ruined camera. Even if the camera might have been kept dry, there was no way to hold it still enough to get a picture. Moreover, if I'd ever let go of handholds on the boat long enough to get a firm grip on the camera, I'd have been overboard in that icy water or rattling around in the well deck like a Mexican jumping bean.

The mighty waves buried *Transco II* over her cabin and windshield and sent gallons of water under heavy pressure gurgling into the cabin around the Plexiglas windows that are watertight under anything like normal cruising conditions. When I went into the cabin and attempted to dog the windows down tighter, I could not do anything except hang on to any available handhold. Letting go would have meant getting slammed around in the cabin from end to end, crashing into starboard and portside bulkheads, the lower deck, and the overhead decks. Dahl collected as many bruises as I did.

Did we find *Transco II* unseaworthy? Not at all. She came through many a sea that would have rolled or foundered a smaller

or less well-designed craft. We were simply face to face with the physical limitations that beset every small boat. When the Great Lakes heave and churn, every small boat on them becomes little more than a frail Lilliputian toy.

On the next day, Queen Elizabeth of Great Britain came through the Straits of Mackinac. The weather in St. Martin's Bay was good enough for John Dahl and me to take *Transco II* out into the straits to see Her Majesty's yacht go by. Hundreds of other boatmen had the same idea. The straits were dotted with small boats. About the time the Queen's yacht was due to be sighted a pea-soup fog closed in and nobody saw anything. *Transco II* crawled back to the marina in St. Ignace and tied up again.

In our fourth attempt to get on with the cruise we took an awful beating in the straits. That time we managed to get about 5 miles out into Lake Michigan from the Straits of Mackinac Bridge. A strong wind was blowing from the North, and we got some temporary relief from the fury of the lake by going around the south side of St. Helen's Island. But the minute we got out of the lee of the island the wind became stronger and the seas more furious. Then and there Dahl and I agreed that any further attempt to travel Lake Michigan in such weather would be foolhardy.

The fact that we turned around and headed back toward St. Ignace without having *Transco II* pike-poled by her beam ends I can attribute only to a superb job of boat handling by John Dahl. I clung to my handholds and watched him in silence; I had no suggestion for handling the boat any better than he was doing it. He seemed to have an almost uncanny sense of timing and never missed a trick with steering wheel and throttles to keep *Transco II* off the crests and hitting the passes between waves. Nevertheless, I'm sure he was as much relieved as I was when we finally made the turn without being rolled and with only about 50 gallons of water ahead of the bilge pumps.

Having made the turn we were still literally just a breath away from being tossed into the cold-boiling, mad seas. We moved back toward the straits, yawing and tossing like a straw in the

wind. It became more obvious by the minute that the strait would be our grave if we remained afloat to go under the Straits of Mackinac Bridge. We had to get ashore somewhere—fast—even if it meant swimming for it and seeing *Transco II* smashed to bits on the rocks!

At that moment I thought of Mickey Duggan. We were saved! Now, if I could remember the route Mickey had shown me through the treacherous rocks to his little inlet, all would be well. I put all my wits into trying to remember exactly how he had taken me out just a few days before.

We were still half a mile offshore, worming our way in among the rocks, when I sighted a group of people on the dock at the marina. Through the field glasses, I could see Mickey Duggan getting into his boat. He came whizzing out and was alongside *Transco II* in a few minutes.

"Follow me!" Those were the only words we heard above the roar of wind and waves. But what welcome words they were! With a pilot boat to get us the rest of the way through the channel, our ordeal with the lake would soon be ended. We couldn't have landed among finer friends!

After the four-hour beating, getting nowhere on a storm-tossed Lake Michigan, Dahl and I were cold, tired, hungry, and counting our bruises. Our friends, however, provided some delightful compensations.

Compared with the lake, the huge living room in the Duggan home seemed like heaven on earth. Our "land legs" slowly returned as we sat before a blazing log fire, sipping Scotch and soda. We spent the rest of the afternoon right there.

12

FROM THE STRAITS OF MACKINAC INTO MANISTIQUE, MICHIGAN

The gigantic bridge spanning the Straits of Mackinac is now the official boundary between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. The indefinite location of that boundary had caused some confusion in previous years. Another point of confusion that has recently been eliminated from the straits area is the pronunciation of *Mackinac*. Some said "Mackinac," while others insisted that it was "Mackin*aw*." Recently, to the joy of the citizens of Mackinaw City, the uniform pronunciation "Mac'k-i-näw" was adopted. How one sees fit to spell the word remains optional.

After having been chased off Lake Michigan by the surging seas, John Dahl and I decided to stay in the small marina we had found until the weather let us get going again. As soon as the weather would permit, we planned to get under way on a course almost due west over 60 miles of wide-open water to Manistique.

The following day dawned with the near-perfect weather we had long hoped to see. Lake Michigan was flat; the waves were little more than surface ripples.

Mickey Duggan and Captain Densmore took Mickey's boat and led us out into the wide-open water. Even as we waved good-bye to our friends, *Transco II* was eating up the miles at full cruising speed. If that speed could be mtaintained, it would take us to. Manistique, on the west side of the lake, and southward down the entire length of the lake to Chicago in a few hours.

In cruising the Great Lakes with a small boat, however, any attempt to travel on a time schedule is impossible. Schedules are always liable to be knocked into a cocked hat by weather that is unpredictable and tricky. Attempting to keep to a schedule may get a boatman into serious trouble by spurring him on when prudence indicates that he should head into the nearest sheltered port with all possible speed.

After the delay in St. Ignace, John Dahl and I made the mistake of throwing caution to the winds and taking *Transco II* through the Straits of Mackinac, with Manistique our intended destination for the day. We set a tight schedule for ourselves for no better reason than the fact that our friends in Milwaukee had planned a big welcome for us upon our arrival there. We didn't want to disappoint them.

Everything went well for us as we went into scenery that became almost exclusively sky and water. It took a long time for the Straits of Mackinac Bridge to disappear over the eastern horizon. A small island appeared off our port-side bow and was easily identified as Hog Island. Then, far off to the south and west, Garden Island, Beaver Island, and the Whiskey Islands came dimly into view.

About that time a gentle wind began to blow from the Southwest. It didn't remain gentle very long. It steadily increased until the lake was running whitecaps with waves that were getting bigger, faster, and closer together by the minute. It was time for us to be finding a port to get in out of a rising storm.

But where was the port? Our charts showed nothing within 30 miles that looked particularly promising. Anything that might offer shelter from the wind and increasing fury of the seas would be acceptable.

The best spot on the charts appeared to be the Bay of Epoufette, a very small, seemingly protected bight on the North Peninsula of Michigan 20 miles to our north. We took two hours of punishment battling the waves before reaching the bay.

As we headed into the bay it was clear that it was nothing like what it appeared to be on the chart. It was so exposed to the direction of the weather that it offered little more protection than any other spot along a coast line of rocks. Then, to make a bad situation worse, we discovered that the bay was strewn with rock reefs over which breakers were crashing. We were within 100 yards of the rocky beach and didn't know what to do!

Dahl tossed me a life jacket and I quickly tied it on with one hand while retaining a handhold with the other. We sighted a stretch of sand beach that might have been all of 50 feet in length. Dahl was for beaching the boat.

"Not in a thousand years!" I protested. "Let's get out of here and back into deep water!"

"But what about the waves?" he asked.

"The waves be damned! I can take the waves if you can. If we can keep this packet afloat, we're going into Naubinway! That's 40 miles and it's going to be at least four hours of hell for both of us. I'll take the deep water and the waves any time as a risk that's safer than crashing on the beach."

Somehow, we got *Transco II* turned around and out of Epoufette Bay without hitting anything. I prayed that our motors would keep turning to get us away from the rocks and surf-battered shores. The grace of God must have been with us; the motors never missed a beat even though they were about half-submerged each time we climbed out of a wave trough.

To avoid any more adventures with uncharted reefs we went about 5 miles out into the seething lake. The water out there was exactly as I expected to find it—nothing but short, fast, frothing, 16-foot waves. *Transco II* could do nothing but hog and sag into them. At times she'd be almost out of the water amidships and waterborne by the bow and stern. The next second she'd be half

out of the water by the bow and in the stern her propellers would be racing in thin air. We both felt as if we were in a barrel rolling down a steep, rocky hill.

It took five hours to make that 40 miles from Epoufette Bay into Naubinway, and it was a story of men against the seas every foot of the distance. Nevertheless, as long as we could keep the bilge pumps ahead of the incoming water, our chances for keeping afloat seemed to be favorable. Those five hours of pitching and pounding seemed like an eternity. Naubinway has little to offer boatmen except quiet water and a place to tie up, but it was like heaven to us.

Through years of experience in seagoing ships and small pleasure boats, I have developed a high degree of immunity from seasickness. If I'm exposed to it long enough in a rough sea and in a wobbly boat, however, I can still get slightly squeamish. In all the beating *Transco II* took in making that run into Naubinway I did not experience any ill effects. After I got ashore, however, it took several hours to get the land to quit rolling. I was so dizzy I staggered around, an alcohol-less drunk. Having faced this condition before, I could prescribe my own medicine—a jigger of whiskey. Half an hour later I could walk without staggering; all sensation of dizziness was gone; I could walk a straight line.

The weather forecasts predicted near-perfect weather for all of Lake Michigan the following day, and they turned out to be correct. At dawn Lake Michigan looked like a big, docile millpond. It seemed almost unbelievable that it was the same furious sea that had given us such dreadful punishment only a few hours earlier. Dahl and I decided to get on to Manistique as fast as possible before the lake might again show us the treacherous side of its personality.

On a lake that showed scarcely a ripple our run to Manistique from Naubinway was uneventful. From Naubinway we took a straight compass course almost out of sight of land that cleared Point Patterson by about 5 miles. A similar run of about 20 miles took us around Point Seul Choix. After another 25 miles *Transco*

II cruised into the mouth of the Manistique River, where we were to go ashore as guests of the Manistique Yacht Club.

Manistique, a pleasant little city of about 5,000, provides an excellent example of a change that is now happening in many Great Lakes ports. With completion of the St. Lawrence Seaway, Manistique, like other Great Lakes towns, wants to be a seaport and is striving to attain that commercial advantage. To accomplish this, a Gargantuan program of port facility improvements is needed.

Manistique already has a substantial breakwater protecting the mouth of the river. Extensive dredging has been under way to widen and deepen the river in this area. Completion of the harbor-development project will give the city an adequate port facility conveniently located alongside its central business area.

At Manistique John Dahl and I saw another example of how unreliable Lake Michigan weather can be. *Transco II* had just been moored at the Manistique Yacht Club when a strong wind began blowing from the South, sweeping the entire length of the lake's 24,000 square miles.

Oddly enough it was the seagulls who gave the first indication that this blow was coming. Just across the basin from the Manistique Yacht Club a wholesale fish market is located near a group of docks for fishing boats. No boats were there when I first noticed the place, and it seemed to be devoid of *human* activity. The fish market and the grounds around it, however, appeared to be a rendezvous for all the seagulls of Schoolcraft County. These were glaucous gulls, those powerful, raucous, always-hungry birds that are seen throughout the Great Lakes area. Thousands of gulls were roosting on the roof of the fish-market buildings; the place was almost solid white with them.

All of a sudden, as if by signal, the entire flock began to cackle and squawk. Then they took to the air and headed out into the lake. They must have sighted an incoming fishing boat, we thought.

Twenty minutes later a big, diesel-powered trawler, accompanied by all the wheeling and squawking gulls, came up the river and

tied up at the fish market. Other fishing boats were soon coming in off the lake, all having received storm warnings.

The gulls, incidentally, presented an interesting sight as they sat, apparently waiting for something. Eventually, a dump car came out of the market riding on a narrow gauge track of steel rails that ran to the water's edge. The car reached the end of the rails and spilled out a couple of tons of fishheads, tails, entrails—all the refuse from the trawler's catch. Bedlam broke loose among the gulls. The next hour was a feathery riot of flapping, squawking, screaming birds fighting for any morsel of the smelly meal that could be grabbed and carried away. The birds settled down to the lazy life again only after they had swallowed the last ounce of the fish-market refuse.

By midafternoon the wind was blowing a near gale. Several other boating parties in boats larger than *Transco II* also came in off the lake and tied up in the yacht basin. By that time Lake Michigan was throwing countless tons of water completely over the Manistique Harbor Breakwater. There was every indication that we were not going to get out of Manistique in time to be on hand for the welcome that had been arranged in Milwaukee.

John Dahl decided to remain aboard *Transco II* until we found out what the weather would permit us to do. I went on to the hotel because I seemed to be developing a cold. My brow was slightly feverish and there was a scratchy feeling in my throat that was fast giving me a whiskey voice with bullfrog overtones. At the Barnes Hotel, Art Hough, the proprietor, tried to make me as comfortable as possible.

Next morning I awoke feeling as if I had somehow incurred the wrath of God. One minute I'd be burning with fever. A minute later I was like an iced fish. My throat felt as if it had been stuffed with feathers. I thought I'd better ask for help while I still had some voice left.

Art Hough came to the room, and I croaked out my story as best I could to a gentleman who could not have been more sympathetic and cooperative.

"Do you want me to call a physician?" he asked.

"That's the big question," I replied. "The way I feel I don't know whether to ask for a doctor or a priest! But let's get the doctor first and find out how long I'm liable to live."

Dr. James Fyvie spent about an hour seeking to find the source of my trouble. Finally, he said, "Captain Hogg, I'm convinced you have a serious case of virus infection of the throat." He then gave me a hypodermic shot of penicillin and some prescription medicines. I was told to stay in bed and go light on food. The doctor would come again the next day.

The medicine apparently included a sedative. I slept practically the clock around. When I awoke, I was on fire with fever. My pajamas were soaked with perspiration. More than this, the hotel room was full of May flies! When I tried to grab a handful of them, however, I could not catch a single one. These flies, which were perfectly clear there right in front of my eyes, were only the figment of my feverish imagination. This is the state in which Dr. Fyvie found me. When I tried to speak to him I couldn't make the slightest sound. To answer the doctor's questions I could only ask for pencil and paper by sign language and write notes.

Dr. Fyvie didn't have to do any selling job to induce me to accept hospitalization. I managed to dress and climb into the doctor's car under my own power. In the Schoolcraft Memorial Hospital the doctors and nurses really went to work on my weakened body with around-the-clock shots of penicillin and all sorts of bright colored pills. Most of the time I just slept.

Some thirty-six hours after entering the hospital, I awoke from a sleep of several hours. The fever was gone and there were no May flies in the room. I was much better!

"Good morning, Captain Hogg," said the nurse. "How do you feel today?"

"I feel pretty good for the shape I'm in," I replied.

I had spoken instinctively without even realizing my voice had returned after three days of speechlessness. As soon as Dr. Fyvie released me, I was ready to check out of the hospital, take command of *Transco II* again, and get on with the cruise.

13

FROM MANISTIQUE TO JOLIET, ILLINOIS

After all the rough going Lake Michigan had given us from the Straits of Mackinac to Manistique, it gave us a sample of its occasional docility and good behavior on the next leg of the journey. From Manistique *Transco II* sped southward over glassy seas past Point DeTour and the string of big and little islands at the mouth of Wisconsin's Green Bay. In slightly less than five hours of delightful, fair-weather cruising we clipped off 100 miles and were ashore in Menominee, Michigan, for lunch and refueling.

From Menominee we had 20 miles of open water across Wisconsin's Green Bay to the Sturgeon Bay ship canal. This canal is a 6,000-foot channel cut through the solid limestone of the Door Peninsula. Completed in 1881, it provides a ship lane between Lake Michigan and Green Bay near the middle of the southern half of Green Bay. It shortens the distance by over 100 miles for vessels that would otherwise have to go around the end of Lake Michigan's longest peninusula. Thanks to the canal and continuing good weather, *Transco II* ended the day's run in Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

Another day of almost perfect weather and *Transco II* sped

southward again, keeping about 5 miles offshore on the world's sixth largest lake that was now as placid as a duckpond. The last 80 miles of this leg of our long voyage was little more than an appetizer for lunch as we docked at the Milwaukee Yacht Club. Several busloads of Milwaukeeans were on hand to give us a real Wisconsin welcome.

The original *Transco* had stopped for several days in 1925 at the Milwaukee Yacht Club, where she was pulled out of the water for a coat of paint and a general overhauling. Thirty-four years after that first visit, the only thing that looked familiar about the Yacht Club was the skyline of Juneau Park. The club that I knew burned some years ago and had been replaced with a bigger and better modern structure. The old club had perhaps a hundred members with as many boats. Today's club has boats literally by the acre, including hundreds of the most luxurious seagoing yachts to be seen anywhere in the world.

During our three days in Milwaukee, I had the opportunity of renewing many friendships established during the 1925 cruise. Because the Evinrude Motor Company cooperated with me in the cruises of both *Transcos,* many of my associations have been with the men of that organization. Hugo Biersach was the person I most wanted to see. He had been the guiding spirit of the original *Transco* cruise and, although now retired, had taken a consultative role in planning the 1959 journey. At the age of seventy-two, Hugo has a home on Lake Pewaukee, a few miles outside of Milwaukee, and still manages to spend a good deal of his time aboard both motor- and sailboats. Curling is his favorite winter sport.

On Friday, July 17, John Dahl and I arose in the morning to start out for Chicago. When we arrived at the Milwaukee Yacht Club, however, we found Lake Michigan shrouded in a buttermilk fog. Visibility was practically zero. By 8 o'clock the fog began to lift a bit. We shoved off when it became possible to see a ship at a distance of about 300 yards. To be as safe as possible we took the boat about 5 miles offshore before heading south.

Off Waukegan, Illinois, the fog lifted to give us a visibility of

about 5 miles. We decided to go ashore in Waukegan for lunch and to have a consultation with U. S. Coast Guard officers. I wanted to know a lot more than our charts told us about a missile-firing range that spanned many square miles of Lake Michigan from a land base south of Waukegan. My own experience in the Navy had made clear what a perilous nuisance small-boat operators can be on a naval proving ground. We would go right down the middle of Lake Michigan, if necessary, to keep out of such dangerous waters.

Fortunately, the Coast Guard officers told us there would be no missile firing that day. We could go right on down the lake within sight of the shore all the way. It would also mean having several safe harbors conveniently near, in case of emergency.

Transco II was about 5 miles off the Chicago Breakwater Lighthouse when a husky wind began blowing from the Southeast. In a few minutes we were fighting our way at reduced speed through a sea of choppy whitecaps. John and I could easily take the pounding at this stage of the cruise. We'd soon be out of it by getting behind the Chicago Breakwater and then going down the lock that dropped us from the level of Lake Michigan onto the Chicago River. We had come to the end of our 800-mile run through every kind of summer weather the Great Lakes could throw at us!

Half a century ago the Chicago River flowed into Lake Michigan. Then, the engineers decided that it would be better to turn it around and send it southward through the Illinois River to the Mississippi. There was no dam at the mouth of the Chicago River in 1925 when I took *Transco* out of the river into Lake Michigan. The river then had a current of 5 or 6 knots. The dam and lock now control the flow of water out of Lake Michigan, and there is very little current.

Near the Michigan Avenue Bridge over the Chicago River *Transco II* tied up at the same steel-and-concrete dock where the original *Transco* had stopped overnight.

There, in the shadow of the skyscraper home of the *Chicago Tribune,* we were greeted by the familiar huddle of reporters,

photographers, and radio and television men. After we finished this "ordeal," we met Janie, the wife of my late brother James, and her son Walter, who is about the same age as John Dahl. This was one of the most pleasant of the many reunions that occurred throughout the cruise of *Transco II*.

After the weeks that John and I had spent in Canada and on the Great Lakes in weather that ranged mostly from chilly to bitter cold, we had acquired the acclimatization of a couple of polar bears. In Milwaukee a temperature of 75 degrees was like the climate of Singapore to us. In Chicago we came off the chilly lake into a temperature of 95 degrees and intermittant drizzles of rain. What heat! What humidity! It was like a steam bath.

"What a climate!" exclaimed John Dahl, mopping the perspiration from his face. By the time we'd been in Chicago less than half an hour we were already yearning for the cool breezes of the Lakes.

"Yes," I replied. "And it's going to get a lot worse for us. If you think this is hot, wait till we get to St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, and all the way up the Missouri River into western Montana. We are not liable to see any cool weather again until we go down the gorge where the Columbia River breaks through the Cascade Mountains into western Oregon. You'll see plenty of snow on those mountains when we get there."

For about half a century I've been in and out of Chicago many times. In 1916, shortly after Ruth and I were married, I gave up my job as a reporter-photographer with the *Los Angeles Express* to become an associate editor of a well-known magazine of international circulation published in Chicago. I signed a contract for a year. During that year Ruth and I had about everything that money could buy, and very little of everything that money can never buy. Living in a South Side apartment and working in a Loop office, I was like a caged bear!

On the day that my contract expired we had our trunks and bags packed and were on a train that took us back to California.

A few weeks later the United States entered World War I. I was called to active duty as a voluntary reservist in naval aviation.

It would be grossly unfair to draw a picture of the nation's second-largest city as a boatman sees it from the Chicago River. The Chicago River is the city's trunk-line sewer, and Chicago is no more like its sewer than Paris or any other city.

After hundreds of miles of boating in clean, wide-open waters, the Chicago River seems very crooked and narrow. Moreover, after weeks of breathing clean, pure air, one's sense of smell becomes remarkably sensitive, which only tends to make the aroma of the Chicago River all the more obnoxious. Another factor is that the river is a bottleneck for everything that moves on water between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi. Commercial and pleasure craft by the thousands add up to a traffic jam as bad as on any road in the land.

On the river a boatman is too busy keeping clear of other boats to see much of anything else. If he does have a chance to look up and around a bit, however, he has a perfect worm's-eye view from under the numerous bridges. He is seeing Chicago from the bottom of a small, man-made canyon, the walls of which are the skyscrapers whose sewers cascade from the basements into the river.

The river is fairly clean in the vicinity of the Michigan Avenue Bridge. It is mostly Lake Michigan water there. As one goes on across the vast city on the downstream route, the pollution gets progressively worse. The sewers become bigger and more numerous as the river twists and turns through the famous Chicago Loop—the retail-shopping and office-building area—into the seemingly endless wilderness of industrial plants.

I tried to assure John that if he could retain his breakfast until we could get to the big, new lock just below Joliet, Illinois, the pollution would become less obnoxious because of increasing dilution.

About the only good thing I can say about *Transco II's* run

through the Chicago River is that we got out of it just as fast as legal speed limits would permit. Moreover, we went right through the Loop and on through the bowels of the nation's second-largest city without having to stop at a single traffic signal. What a delightful experience that was!

We entered the big, modern Chicago Drainage Canal, which had been much enlarged and improved since I saw it from *Transco* in 1925. The trash-dumping we observed in this area is certainly shocking. If dumping the like of which we saw continues, the canal will be filled to the point of closing it to all navigation!

I saw no such rubbish accumulations during the 1925 *Transco* voyage through the canal. Now, for a distance of about 50 miles the water surface of the canal was so heavily littered that we had to reduce our speed to a crawl. Several times we had to stop to find a route through masses of floating scrap lumber. We had littering of this sort on the Hudson River, but it was infinitely worse in the Chicago Drainage Canal.

John was at the wheel of *Transco II* when I noticed something I'd never before seen in running the old Chicago Drainage Canal. For some reason *Transco II* was throwing "soapsuds" off her bow, and her wake looked like a swath of foot-deep snow churned up astern.

I called John's attention to this strange phenomenon and asked him if he coud think of the reason for it. He eyed the soapy-looking water for a moment, but could come up with no explanation.

A little later I had a thought: Could it be that all that soapy-looking water is a product of the detergents sent down the sewers of Chicago? In 1925 detergents hadn't been invented. This was, perhaps, the reason why I had not seen any foam on the original *Transco* voyage.

Because of our limited speed through the Chicago River and the Drainage Canal it was late afternoon when *Transco II* arrived in Joliet, where we had planned to remain overnight.

Joliet has no service facilities whatever for small boats; we

couldn't even find a suitable place to tie up. If we remained in the main canal, we'd be jostled every five or ten minutes by the wake of passing barges. We finally found a quiet spot behind a weir under a railroad drawbridge. There we were, afloat in a cesspool, with freight trains thundering overhead.

"What do you want to do?" asked John, as we locked the boat for the night.

"I think we better scramble over this sea wall," I replied. "There's a good hotel here, the Louis Joliet. Let's go there and clean up, have some food, then get a good night's rest. By noon tomorrow we'll be at the Joliet Yacht Club, where we're going to be met by a nephew and niece of mine, Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Fowler, from Davenport, Iowa. We'll be able to have a picnic lunch with them—fried chicken with all the trimmings!"

At Joliet the Chicago Drainage Canal goes through the city between steel-and-concrete retaining walls. The canal's surface is on a level with many of the housetops. Now, I wouldn't live below those walls for all the gold in Fort Knox! If that steel and concrete ever let go, Joliet would have a flood that would make any flood disaster of record seem like a perfumed bath. The city would be submerged in a cesspool!

At one point, as *Transco II* was coming through the Chicago Drainage Canal, John asked me, "What would you do if you were to fall into this awful water?"

"I'd swim out," I replied. "Then I think I would die of mortification!"

14

FROM JOLIET TO ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

At the huge lock just below Joliet we found the red light against us. Leaving Dahl to bring the boat through the lock, I took a camera and went ashore to take a few pictures.

After the gate opened I made a couple of shots to show *Transco II* entering the lock. Then I scrambled down the long flights of concrete stairs beyond the lower lock gate, where I found a perfect spot for getting a picture of our boat coming out of the lock.

The foul water below the gate began to swirl and flow in eddies, indicating that the gigantic valves were being opened to let the water out of the lock. In a few minutes the water came roaring out of the lock. As it heaved and tumbled it also began to foam. The area between the sills and below the lock gate was soon covered with what looked like a yard-deep layer of new snow. Farther down the canal the suds broke up into small, floating islands. When the lock gate opened I got a picture of *Transco II* coming out. She appeared to be pushing snowdrifts aside—this on a day of withering heat!

One of the army engineers came along the retaining wall and

struck up a brief conversation with me. Having seen us on television and read our story in the newspaper, he was quite interested in our trip. When I asked him about detergents causing the sudsy water in the canal, he said, "Your idea is correct. The suds are caused by the tremendous quantities of soapy detergents in the sewage."

Below the huge lock near Joliet the Illinois River widens out into a lakelike expanse where there is no perceptible current. Here the sewage becomes stagnant, decomposes, and bubbles in a vast, open septic tank. The liquid in it is as black as ink and the gas that keeps it bubbling is the "purest" kind of common sewer gas.

After getting out of that cesspool as fast as possible, John and I were delighted to find ourselves, not in clean water by far, but in water clean enough to be a tremendous improvement compared with the Chicago River and the Drainage Canal.

A few miles below "Septic Tank Lake" the river narrows. The Kankakee and Des Plaines Rivers come into the Illinois at this point, bringing with them a volume of relatively clean water sufficient to thin out the pollution.

A little farther on we sighted the marina of the Joliet Yacht Club. It is on the opposite side of the river from, and some 20 miles below, Joliet. The choice of location is obvious; boatmen and boat clubs will always keep away from polluted waters.

At the Joliet Yacht Club, Dahl and I were invited to make ourselves at home as guests of the club as soon as we stepped ashore. A little later Kirk and Jane Fowler, with their two children, Timmy and Nancy, arrived in their car.

The weather was hot and humid. Off to the west a thunderstorm was rolling in, but we didn't let a little thing like that stop us. We carried all five picnic baskets aboard *Transco II,* hoisted the top, and put up the side curtains. Just then there was a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder that sounded like a salvo of 16-inch naval guns. The rain came down in wind-blown sheets and torrents.

With our folding table set up, the six people on *Transco II*'s

deck were a bit crowded. However, the storm had dissipated the heat, and we were out of the rain. We had a comforting, snug feeling as we sat there with the rain pouring down, gnawing fried chicken off the bones and eating baked beans and all the other good things stowed in Jane's baskets.

We began to reminisce. I said something about remembering the day when Kirk was born.

"Where were you and Aunt Ruth at that time?" asked Jane. "Can you actually remember?"

"Indeed I do," I replied. "It seems like yesterday. Ruth and I were aboard a naval transport, the U.S.S. *Chaumont,* en route from San Francisco to Shanghai. It was Thanksgiving Day, 1926. Our ship was about 2,000 miles off the coast of China. We had just finished a fine turkey dinner in the wardroom when an orderly handed me a radiotelegram from Bartlesville, Oklahoma, a town on the other side of the earth from us! It was the message Ruth and I had hoped to receive, but didn't receive, when our ship stopped in Honolulu: EIGHT-POUND THANKSGIVING BOY ALLS WELL LOVE . . . HARRY. It was a welcome message!"

We had a happy four hours there at the Joliet Yacht Club. The Fowlers started back to Davenport, transferring all the surplus food from the picnic baskets to *Transco II*'s refrigerator before they left.

The rain stopped. Dahl and I ran on down the river and tied up for the night at Ottawa, Illinois. In 1925 *Transco* had tied up at Ottawa after hours of battling up the rapids of the Illinois River past Starved Rock, a few miles downstream. Frank Wilton and I had stopped at the Ottawa Hotel. In 1959 I found the old hotel still in business. Except for a new and modern steel bridge over the river, Ottawa was much the same as it had been thirty-four years ago.

The following day (Monday), Dahl and I had a thoroughly enjoyable day of cruising. We ran down the Illinois River from Ottawa to Peoria, and the weather and other conditions were made to order.

A few miles below Ottawa we went down the Starved Rock Lock. It lies alongside historic Starved Rock, now an Illinois State Park, and the fourth lock in the system controlling the flow of water from Lake Michigan all the way down the Illinois into the Mississippi. In the vicinity of Starved Rock the landscape has not changed, except that the rapids that gave Frank Wilton and me such an arduous battle are gone. They were drowned by the dams and locks that were built for flood control and improvement of navigation.

In the Starved Rock area and all the rest of the way down the Illinois River into the Mississippi, water pollution is not as bad nowadays as it was when the original *Transco* came up the river. A number of new sewage-reduction plants are gradually restoring the river to something like its original cleanliness and beauty. In 1925 no fish could live in the waters of the Illinois. At that time, too, we did not see a bird of any kind.

Now, the fish are beginning to reappear in the Illinois again, and many of the birds known to the Midwest have returned. I counted scores of great blue herons, little green herons, ducks, wading birds, blacked-crowned night herons, owls, hawks, and about all the other land birds familiar to residents of Illinois. There were also literally hundreds of white egrets, those beautiful, big, snow-white herons that have made a comeback after years of near-extinction from the American scene.

After a stop for lunch at Chillicothe, Illinois, Dahl and I sped into Lake Peoria, an expansion in the Illinois River that is physically similar to and about the same size as the Biblical Sea of Galilee. In midafternoon we docked at the Peoria Yacht Club where, again, we received a hearty welcome and all the privileges of the club.

We met many interesting people there, all of them boatmen of one kind or another. The most unusual character was Patrick O'Brian of Seattle, Washington.

Pat is a bachelor in his fifties. For him, boating has been a lifelong hobby and a way of life. Many years ago, he told me, he had

read about the first *Transco* voyage. He had always hoped that someday he might find a way to make at least some part of the same trip. Eventually, he built himself a small cruising houseboat with an outboard motor. A watchmaker by trade, he lived in the houseboat on Seattle's Lake Washington while working ashore.

In the spring of 1959 he and his dog got going on the long-anticipated cruise. He had his houseboat trucked from Seattle to Fort Benton, Montana, with the idea of going on through to New York City in his own good time. He went down the Missouri for 2,286 miles, into the Mississippi, and then up the Mississippi and the Illinois into Lake Michigan.

A very brief experience on Lake Michigan convinced him he didn't have the right kind of a boat for the Great Lakes. He turned around and went back to Peoria, found a job, and had just returned to his home afloat when we came ashore at the Peoria Yacht Club.

"Where do you expect to go from here?" I asked.

"Well," said Pat, "when I see winter sneaking up on me, I'll get along down the Illinois River and the Mississippi to New Orleans. I'll find a job there, spend the winter in a mild climate, and get along somewhere else when another summer rolls around. This is the life for me!"

Because I had several errands to be looked after in downtown Peoria, I decided to spend the night at the Jefferson Hotel.

The following morning, while checking out of the hotel, I discovered that a St. Christopher medal I'd been wearing was missing. The hotel manager checked the staff to see if anyone had found it, but no one had. Somewhat chagrined I handed the manager a card bearing my home address, saying, "If some one finds the medal and turns it in, please send it to me. But if it is not found, my loss will be mostly sentimental."

From Peoria Dahl and I made a happy, easy day of it by running down the lakelike waters of the Illinois River to Beardstown. This was delightful cruising on a river where in 1925 *Transco* had to slug her way up against a 6- to 8-knot current. Because of the

excellent system of locks and dams, a boatman may now relax and enjoy the beauty of the wooded shore line.

Beardstown, where *Transco II* arrived by midafternoon, was little changed since *Transco* had stopped overnight there. The changes that were in evidence were mostly along the waterfront.

In 1925 Beardstown had no waterfront service facilities for pleasure boats—probably because there were no boats and apparently not the slightest interest in any kind of boating! Today the situation is quite different.

The river improvements of recent years have raised the water level to give Beardstown a beautiful, almost-landlocked bay. The town has a thriving boat club, a good marina that is being steadily enlarged and improved, a substantial fleet of boats, and boundless boating enthusiasm. The bay, the club, and the marina constituted quite a happy surprise to me.

Next day *Transco II* sped down the last 90 miles of the Illinois and out of the mouth of the river into the mighty Mississippi, the biggest river we'd seen since leaving the St. Lawrence. Another 20 miles down the Mississippi and I went ashore at Alton, Illinois, to pick up some money waiting for me at the Western Union office. I got back to the waterfront just as a downpour of rain, with plenty of thunder and lightning, began.

Transco II was tied up alongside a dredging barge; to get aboard I had to go over a gangplank and traverse the deck of the barge. On the deck was a buxom woman about fifty years of age in bathing togs, standing on the deck as if about to dive off into the river. She was accompanied by a girl about eight or ten years old, who was wearing a bathing suit and a life jacket. Alongside the woman and the girl were five of the huskiest German "police dogs" I've ever set eyes upon. They looked more like Canadian timber wolves than dogs!

"I'm the human boat!" exclaimed the lady as I walked past her. With that she held her nose and splashed, feet first, into the Mississippi. The child and the dogs leaped in after her.

For the next ten minutes Dahl and I stood there, with the rain

running down our faces, watching this strange group swim in circles far out in the river. The dogs were yapping, growling, barking, and snapping at each other with great ferocity. They appeared to be having a grand time, however, as did the "boat" and her "dinghy." They were still swimming when Dahl and I shoved off, heading down the Mississippi for St. Louis.

Because this stretch of the Mississippi has a normal current of 6 to 8 miles per hour, our 25 miles downhill on the Father of Waters didn't last very long. We were going so fast we almost ran past the Monroe City Boat Works, where we intended to land, before we could even sight it on this river of majestic distances.

St. Louis looked very much the same as it had from the first *Transco*. The old Eads Bridge, built only a few years after the American Civil War, is still in use. Except for the new buildings, the city's skyline has not changed appreciably. At the yard where we tied up, however, *Transco II* was almost in the shadow of the huge Veterans Bridge, a magnificent structure that was not there in 1925.

15

FROM ST. LOUIS TO KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

To me, St. Louis is one of the most interestin of American cities. It is distinctly Midwestern. With a populatio of nearly a million people, its personality is that of a city whos father might have been Chicago and whose mother was Ne Orleans. Along the waterfront, particularly, St. Louis resemble New Orleans. Inland, in the vicinity of Choteau and Jefferso Avenues, one can easily imagine himself in the Chicago Loo district. The only characteristic of St. Louis I really dislike is th harsh climate in which it lives and thrives. The winters are no so bad, but the summers are almost unbearable.

Getting a late morning start up the Mississippi from St. Loui on Friday, July 24, we had a choice of two routes to the mouth of the Missouri River. There had been no such choice for the original *Transco*. One of many Mississippi River improvement made in recent years was the construction of the Chain of Rock Canal, which leaves the Mississippi within sight of the St. Loui bridges on the Illinois side and comes back into the river almos

opposite the mouth of the Missouri. *Transco II* could thus go up the canal or stay in the river.

The Chain of Rocks Canal bypasses a bend in the river, shortening the distance by several miles. This saving is negligible for small craft, however. The canal is primarily for slow, heavy, commercial boats going upstream; it gives them still water instead of the 10-mile-an-hour current of the river. John and I decided to go up the river because the canal would probably be more time-consuming for *Transco II*. It had taken me four hours to traverse the 18 miles from St. Louis to the mouth of the Missouri in 1925. *Transco II* could laugh at the swift current; she cut three hours off that time.

As *Transco II* approached the mouth of the Missouri we came up astern of the big, diesel tug *Omaha,* pushing six barges of perhaps 2,000 tons each. We bounced over her wake and went into the Missouri only slightly ahead of her. We noted that the *Omaha* and her barges were on their way from Houston, Texas, to Sioux City, Iowa. When the original *Transco* had come down the Missouri, all the way from Fort Benton, Montana, to its mouth the river had had no commercial traffic whatever. In fact, about the only boats we saw were a few ferryboats, shuttling across at widely separated points.

Although many attempts have been made to operate boats as commercial carriers up and down the Missouri, only in recent years has this long-cherished dream become a reality. The promoters of all the earlier attempts found themselves contending with a wild, cantankerous, temperamental river that was totally unpredictable, and soon gave up. The vast commerce the river carries today became possible only when the Federal government took a hand and installed a controlled and marked navigation channel from Sioux City into the Mississippi.

At the wheel of *Transco II* I didn't have to go very far up the Missouri to realize that I was in a very different kind of a river from the one I'd come down in 1925. Today's Missouri River has been brought pretty well under human control. The volume of

silt it carries has been substantially reduced from the cubic mile of silt that was going out of its mouth each year until recently.

Not only did *Transco II* have a marked and controlled navigation channel all the way up to Sioux City, but we also had large-scale charts—an entire book of them—detailing every mile of the route. Frank Wilton and I had to get down the river "navigating" entirely by water-surface indications that were often deceptive enough to put us on sand bars a dozen times a day. Worse, there were then no charts of any part of the river; we only had a series of state maps that told us in a general way where the river was going. We only knew about where we were in any state and could usually find our location with relation to the counties of the various states. Sighting a bridge was always a sure way of pinpointing ourselves on the maps. From the general map picture of the river we learned to study the river itself and check with the compass to identy curves in the river and to know about when and where we were due to sight the next town or city. It was rather a hit-and-miss method of river navigation, and we missed quite frequently.

From the experience of having come down the then-navigable length of the Missouri, I certainly had no delusions about the chore *Transco II's* engines had before them to get us up the river against the current. I knew the motors could do it, but it was going to be a slow business. The opposing current would pull our cruising speed down to about 15 miles an hour. There were also some relatively short stretches of fast water, where I knew we'd be lucky if the current left us 5 miles an hour.

Steering upstream on the Missouri calls for mental and physical activity that will keep any boatman alert at the wheel. Bucking the current and keeping in the channel are difficult tasks. The rolling current constantly produces on the surface of the water huge boils that swirl violently in all directions. They are eternally tugging at the bow of the upbound boat, and each one tends to throw the craft off course. The man at the wheel can keep on course only by constant vigilance.

The bridge across the river at St. Charles, Missouri, was coming into view around noon, the time for Dahl to take his stint at the wheel. I surrendered the control station to him and sat down on the chair abaft the cabin door. For the next hour or so I sat there, watching the river ahead, checking our progress on the charts, and glancing at John occasionally in an effort to see how he might be reacting to this kind of river.

It was reassuring to note that he was handling the boat practically the same as I would have. He was fast gaining knowledge about a river he'd never seen until that day, and I decided to let him learn in his own way. I had ample confidence in his skill as a boatman.

After quite a long period of silence, John turned to me with a frown and a shake of his head.

"What's on your mind?" I asked.

"I was just thinking," he said, "what a whale of a push it's going to be before we ever get to the top of this river!"

"There's no doubt about it," I replied. "From here to Fort Benton we're climbing at the average rate of about 1 foot to each mile. Put this volume of water on such a slope and it's going somewhere fast, as you can see. We have 2,286 miles of this. When we get to Fort Benton we'll be half a mile above sea level, or more than 1,000 feet higher than we were on Balsam Lake at the summit of the Trent Waterway System. But this time we're not making any of that climb in locks!"

In 1925 there had been times when the river had seemed utterly interminable. There were days when I was asking myself, "Will I ever come to the end of this crazy river?" Of course, the day finally came when *Transco* slid out of Big Muddy onto the relatively clear and more placid waters of the Father of Waters. Nevertheless, if any one who has ever boated *down* the Missouri thinks he has traveled the world's longest river, let him turn around and go back *up,* as we did with *Transco II!*

After a one-hour pause for lunch and rest at St. Charles, *Transco II* slugged her way on up against the swift, swirling current of the

Missouri. Late in the afternoon we sighted the town of Washington and headed for the shore, to what looked like a marina and a cluster of small boats. The marina turned out to be the Washington Boat Club, where we found the usual hearty welcome and hospitality.

Washington is a picturesque little city of about 7,000 population. Nestled among the rolling, green Missouri hills overlooking the river, it looks about the same as it did in 1925. Washington's number-one industry is the manufacture of corncob pipes. Local experts claim they make about 35 per cent of all the corncob pipes puffed by tens of millions of smokers throughout the United States and around the earth. The neighboring Missouri River cities of Hermann and Boonville make most of the rest of the world's supply.

After having had two bad nights in the heat of St. Louis in a hotel without air conditioning, I suggested to John that we have a good meal in a restaurant and sleep aboard *Transco II* that night. He was all in favor of doing just that.

Turning to one of the boatmen at the club, I asked, "Do you know a restaurant here where we can get a good meal?"

"There's no better place than Mealers!" he replied.

The name was a puzzler. Are people who eat in restaurants *mealers* in the dialect of Missourians, or could *mealer* be a family name? Another question and answer got that one straightened out. Mr. and Mrs. Mealer own and operate the restaurant. Forthwith, John and I accepted the suggestion "Eat Your Meals at Mealers," and found the food about as good as restaurant food is ever liable to be.

Dog-tired and short of sleep, Dahl and I crawled into our berths about 9 o'clock that evening and were soon asleep. I'd been asleep for hours, it seemed, when I was awakened by light as bright as the dawn sun. I crawled out of bed, thinking it was time to be up and going again. Looking out the cabin door, I saw what I thought was the rising sun coming up over the middle of the river. Then the light went out. Simultaneously, the sound of a

diesel tug coming up the river reached my ears. The light I had seen was its slightly amber-hued searchlight. I looked at my watch: 3 o'clock in the morning! I went back to bed.

Some hours earlier I'd been wondering how those Missouri River tug skippers could find the buoys to push those tugs and strings of barges up the river at night. Now I had the answer; their lights are so powerful that they're second only to a noonday sun! I learned later that these lights are created by a modernization of the old-fashioned carbon arc lamp, the kind we had for street lights in Kansas City in the late 1890s. My three older brothers and I thought those lights were wonderful because they attracted swarms of flying insects. Collecting, studying, and classifying insects became one of our favorite summer pastimes. In about three summer semesters of this sport for curious-minded boys we learned a lot about the insects of Missouri and could name them all in English and Latin. It never occurred to us then that this harmless hobby had considerable educational value!

Pushing on up the river from Washington, *Transco II* docked at Hermann at noon. We took an hour out for lunch and rest, refueled, and got going again. Against the surging current our progress upstream was tantalizingly slow. Looking at the water over the side of the boat gave the illusion of traveling at full cruising speed. Looking at the shore, the story became entrely different; our speed measured against the land seemed to be that of a turtle. Despite her modern engines, *Transco II* wasn't going up the Missouri any faster than my old *Transco* had come down, with the swift current boosting her along. Of course, on the lower Missouri the bigness of the river also gives a magnified impression of slow speed, even in a fast boat going downstream. The intensity of that impression depends entirely upon the distance between the boat and the shore line.

Despite our seemingly slow progress, Jefferson City, Missouri's capital, began creeping into view about 4 o'clock that afternoon. The first buildings I could easily identify were the great, sprawling structures of the Missouri State Penitentiary. I had seen it several

times before, the first time in 1908, when my brother Jimmy and I traveled the more than 300 miles from Kansas City to St. Louis in a 16-foot canoe. I was then sixteen years of age.

Years later I was sent to the penitentiary, not as a convicted criminal, but as a reporter. I was assigned to witness and write the story of the execution of a notorious criminal. I must confess that I did not see that hanging. I sat in the warden's office reading a magazine while the execution was being carried out. Minutes later, when the warden returned to the office, I got the story.

I then called my editor. "The execution has been completed. How much of a story do you want?"

"We can't use it until tomorrow afternoon," he said. "Let's have about 6 inches. Put it in the mail, special delivery." And that's what I did.

As *Transco II,* Dahl, and I came past the penitentiary, I could see through field glasses the faces of numerous prisoners looking at us from their steel-barred windows. Some of them waved. The thought in my mind at that moment was, *I'm on the outside of that prison, looking in. They're on the inside, looking out! What would those jailbirds give if they could relive their own lives to trade places with us?*

The beautiful, domed Missouri Capitol was a far more pleasant sight than the penitentiary. As we sighted it John and I began looking for a place where a small boat might tie up.

In Jefferson City, however, the natives seem to be totally unaware that the great Missouri River is flowing past them. With dozens of strings of freight barges going up and down the river every day, there isn't even a boat landing. There are no marinas, no home-based pleasure boats, no launching ramps; in short, practically nothing having anything to do with the river.

The waterfront today is exactly as I saw it when the first *Transco* tied up to some willow trees on the river bank at Jefferson City in 1925. Nothing here has changed in the last thirty-four years.

It was Saturday afternoon and I had to find a place to get ashore because I had an appointment to make a radio broadcast.

After hunting all along the waterfront, John and I finally decided to tie up alongside a sand-dredging barge; we assumed that it probably wouldn't be moved before Monday morning. Dahl agreed to stay with the boat, while I went ashore.

After scrambling ashore over the decks of the barge, I had to walk about half a mile to find a telephone. Eventually I got to a hotel in downtown Jefferson City in a taxicab.

That evening I made the broadcast, returned to the hotel, and had a telephone conversation with my wife, who was in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, waiting to hear from me. We were carrying out a plan arranged some days earlier. She was to meet me in Kansas City when I could set the time for *Transco II*'s arrival in the town where we had grown up together. She had flown from California to visit her sister in Bartlesville, from whence she could easily get to Kansas City.

The next day, Sunday, *Transco II* was again on her way up the river. We made it to Boonville for lunch and to Glasgow late in the afternoon.

At Glasgow we found quite a number of pleasure boats scooting around on the river. But the town, like Jefferson City, has no waterfront boat-service facilities. I managed to complete the usual shore errands by making use of a telephone in the waterfront office of the Army Engineers. The telephone was a museum relic, apparently a model of the late 1890s. It was mounted on the wall and had a little crank which one turned to call the operator.

After a night in Glasgow, we got an early start next day. We took *Transco II* for a day's run that took us halfway across the state of Missouri. All this part of the river was quite familiar to me, and I was out to do a speed run that day because I had a date for that evening in Kansas City with Ruth.

The night was as black as charcoal by the time *Transco II* was off the mouth of the Blue River, on the Jackson County side of the Missouri, 12 miles below Kansas City. There were buoys in the river, however, and we had a powerful spotlight for finding

them. The river soon became fairly well lighted with all the reflected light from the now-looming, distant city.

At the Sharlyn Marina, on the Clay County side of Kansas City, the floating docks were wobbly under the weight of the welcoming crowd. I stepped ashore amidst popping flash bulbs, and Ruth and I were together again after months of separation .For about two minutes we seemed to be alone on the dock as we clinched with the tears of joy in my beard.

In the Muehlebach Hotel that evening, Ruth handed me the St. Christopher medal that had gone adrift in Peoria, Illinois. Some unidentified, honest soul had found it and handed it to the manager of the Hotel Jefferson. He had sent it to California, and it had been forwarded to Ruth in Bartlesville.

16

UP THE MISSOURI FROM KANSAS CITY TO OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Ruth and I had been away from Kansas City for so many years it seemed reasonable to believe we would find ourselves to be total strangers there. We soon discovered how happily wrong this idea turned out to be.

The day after the arrival of *Transco II,* we were headlined on the pages of the Kansas City newspapers. That afternoon, when it was so hot outdoors that we were reluctant to go out of our air-conditioned hotel suite, we stayed in and watched ourselves on television.

Our telephone rang many times that night. I answered the first call and found myself in conversation with a local lawyer, one of my classmates in grade school and a companion in those youthful bug-hunting expeditions under the old carbon arc street lamps. The phone rang again and Ruth was talking with a woman, now a grandmother, a companion of high-school days whom she had not seen in twenty years. The calls kept right on coming as fast as we could handle them. Old pals also came to the hotel for brief visits. We made many dates with friends for meals, motor

trips about the city, and similar pleasant events covering our entire sojourn in Kansas City.

We also took time out to visit a now-somewhat-run-down residential area where the Hogg and Ashbrook families had lived for years as neighbors after about 1894.

We made this trip into the old home neighborhood in a borrowed car driven by John Dahl. John, of course, was in a big city where he was a total stranger. Ruth and I directed him through streets with which we have long been familiar.

As we rode along it dawned on me that Kansas City's forest of trees had done a lot of growing since Ruth and I had last seen it. The whole story of the Kansas City forest came back from my memory.

About the time of the Spanish-American War, an elderly Scot, William Thompson, was one of our neighbors. To him, trees were something almost sacred, and he was a specialist in their cultivation.

He hounded the city officials until he got them to create a city Department of Forestry, with himself as its director; he had the official title of City Forester. Within a few years he had little trees planted all over Kansas City. He planted all the kinds of trees native to the Midwest. Thompson's little trees thrived and grew. When the Scot who loved trees died, younger men trained under him took over and the tree-planting program went right on.

Today Kansas City is probably the woodsiest city on the face of the earth. Its streets and boulevards are lined with beautiful, stately trees. The city has a vast system of parks that are veritable forests. If all buildings were razed, the whole of Jackson County within the city limits would be virtually a forest.

I directed John to Linwood Boulevard and Michigan Avenue. We turned south into Michigan Avenue, watched the house numbers go by, and soon came to number 3412. There, back in a forest of giant elms, we recognized the old Ashbrook home. It is still in use as a residence and looks very much as it did sixty years ago.

To the amusement of Ruth and John Dahl, I pointed out a rain

spout in which I had made a small fire of dry grass and leaves when I was five years old and Ruth was three.

"And what happened?" asked John.

"Exactly what should have happened!" I replied. "A lot of smoke went up the rain spout. It made a cloud of smoke over the roof. Some one hollered *'fire!'* At that moment, Elmer Ashbrook, Ruth's father, galloped into the driveway astride a prancing, bang-tailed polo pony. He caught me in the act of poking more dry grass into the rain spout that functioned like a chimney."

Mr. Ashbrook did what my father had told him to do if any of the Hogg boys committed any vandalism on his property. He laid me over his knee and paddled my rear end with a rolled-up copy of the *Kansas City Star*.

Having administered the spanking I deserved, Mr. Ashbrook handed me over to my father and I received another spanking, this time with a T-square (Father was an architect). I wish I had known then what I was to know some years later. I would have told my future father-in-law, "Someday I shall spank your grandson!"

Two doors down the street from the old Ashbrook house and also standing in a forest of gigantic elms we found the old house my father had built in 1896, after our first home had been destroyed by an awful fire that razed an entire city block of homes, barns, chicken houses, dog kennels, wooden fences, and everything else combustible. The Hogg family of four sons and one daughter did a lot of growing up in that old house, and my father and mother lived there long after their offspring had matured. Today the old place is still in use as a residence and has the appearance of being well maintained. The property now has an ornamental fence around it, and a garage stands where the horse and cow barn used to be.

How vividly I remember that fire of 1896! On an October evening, my father hitched our old mare, Bess, to the family surrey and we all went downtown to see a spectacular parade of marching bands, gaudily turned out horses, men in colorful uniforms, and all

the trimmings. When the parade was over and we started for home, we saw the light of a big fire that my father suspected was dangerously close to our neighborhood.

Dad laid the whip on the old mare's back and she clip-clopped for home as fast as her hoofs could get us there. Arriving at 34th and Michigan Avenue, we found our house and much of the neighborhood in flames. We could go no further and had no place to go.

Old Bess was put away in the Ashbrook stables, and seven members of the Hogg family moved in with the Ashbrooks. Ruth was evicted from her bed to sleep with her mother, and I slept in her bed in a nightgown borrowed from her brother, Roy.

In 1896 organized disaster relief such as we have throughout America today was practically nonexistent. Americans of that day, however, had a sort of unwritten code of honor under which neighbors were always on hand to help in times of distress.

Interesting and enjoyable as the Kansas City stopover was, the long hours and number of appointments was a rugged pace to maintain. When the appointed day rolled around for *Transco II* to be getting along on a still long voyage up the Missouri River, then, I felt that I could again be perfectly happy with the gypsy life afloat.

Ruth returned to Bartlesville. By that time I was beginning to visualize an eventual end to the voyage. John Dahl and I had a tentative schedule that promised to put us in Astoria, Oregon, in perhaps another month. Ruth and I also had a plan that promised to ease the pain of even this temporary separation. We would telephone each other every few days, as we had been doing ever since *Transco II* left New York. In due time I would call her from Lewiston, Idaho. She would then fly to Portland and meet me at the Columbia River docks of the Oregon Centennial Exposition upon *Transco II's* arrival there.

On the unimproved Missouri River of thirty-four years ago, it had taken Frank Wilton and me an entire day to get down the river from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Kansas City. We spent most

of the day getting the boat off a dozen sand bars. In the new and improved buoy-marked channel, *Transco II* made a nonstop run upstream from Kansas City to St. Joseph between breakfast and lunchtime!

St. Joseph is a city of nearly 100,000. It is modern and progressive in many ways. Like Jefferson City, however, it seems to have forgotten that it grew up as a river port in the days when some 15,000 sternwheel, paddle steamboats operated on the Mississippi River and all its navigable tributaries. It has no waterfront service facilities for pleasure boats and almost none for the occasional commercial craft that stop there.

The city is a beehive of industry and is the distributing center for a rich agricultural area of Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. It also has a tourist attraction which seems out of keeping with its name. St. Joseph has turned the old Jessie James house into a *site of historic interest.* Visitors come from far and near to sit in a chair that Jessie James once sat in and otherwise to "honor" the murderer who terrorized the Midwest during the 1870s and early 1880s.

In St. Joseph Frank Spector, a local sporting-goods dealer, insisted that John and I take the time out to be his guests for lunch. After a fine meal in a comfortable, air-conditioned restaurant, Mr. Spector wanted to stop at his store for a few minutes before returning us to the river. We had not been in the store ten minutes when the wind began to blow. Inky black clouds obscured the sun, and it got as dark as midnight. With the darkness came a deluge of rain, almost continuous lightning, and thunder that sounded like a battle. John and I were glad to be in Mr. Spector's store and not fighting our way through the storm on the river.

The tornadolike storm lasted for an hour; then daylight returned and the weather settled down to a gentle rain. We were soon back on the river and on our way up the Missouri again.

The cruising was uneventful, with improving weather, until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We were nearing the little town of Rulo, Nebraska when we sighted a large, fast, outboard-powered

boat coming down the river. This first boat was followed by another, then another, and another. It was a welcoming fleet from Omaha, 100 miles farther upstream, that we'd been half expecting. Commodore of this fleet was Martin Stobda, Omaha outboard-motor dealer, boat seller, and marina operator.

The Omaha boys treated us like visiting royalty. We tied up at Rulo, stepped into waiting cars, and drove off to Falls City, Nebraska, where we attended a banquet in our honor and then stayed overnight in the local hotel.

Next morning *Transco II* went up the river with the whole fleet escorting her. I was not aboard. Dahl was now the skipper of *Transco II,* with Wally Merriam, an Omaha boatman, impersonating me. I took over the boat of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Brackett—the fastest boat in the fleet—so that I could get pictures of *Transco II* and other boats of the fleet in action.

This was my long-sought opportunity to get a batch of otherwise-unobtainable pictures. I had a handbag full of film and spent most of the forenoon making pictures with three cameras. I had two 35mm still cameras, one for pictures in black and white and the other for shooting color firm. The third camera was a motion-picture camera with which I shot roll after roll of both black-and-white and color film.

No one went ashore for lunch because every boat in the fleet had its own bountiful supply of good food, soft drinks, and beer on ice. By 2 o'clock in the afternoon I had all the pictures that could be made without duplicating scenes and action already put on film.

About that time Dahl brought *Transco II* alongside Mr. Brackett's boat, *Twin Cities,* and signaled that he wanted to speak with me. He said he was going to need gasoline soon and that the best place to get it would be Hamburg, Iowa.

"All right," I replied, "you better stop at Hamburg. We'll go on to Omaha. I'll meet you at the marina or at the Hotel Castle."

With this arrangement agreed upon, John swung *Transco II* toward the Iowa shore and was on course for Hamburg, then just

coming into view. Two of the fleet boats went into Hamburg with Dahl. I gave *Twin Cities* full throttle and began catching up with the other boats of the fleet that were Omaha bound.

For the next couple of hours everything went well. I was having a lot of fun driving Mr. Brackett's boat, a fast, responsive craft; she was carrying almost no load at all compared with *Transco II*'s nearly a ton of cargo.

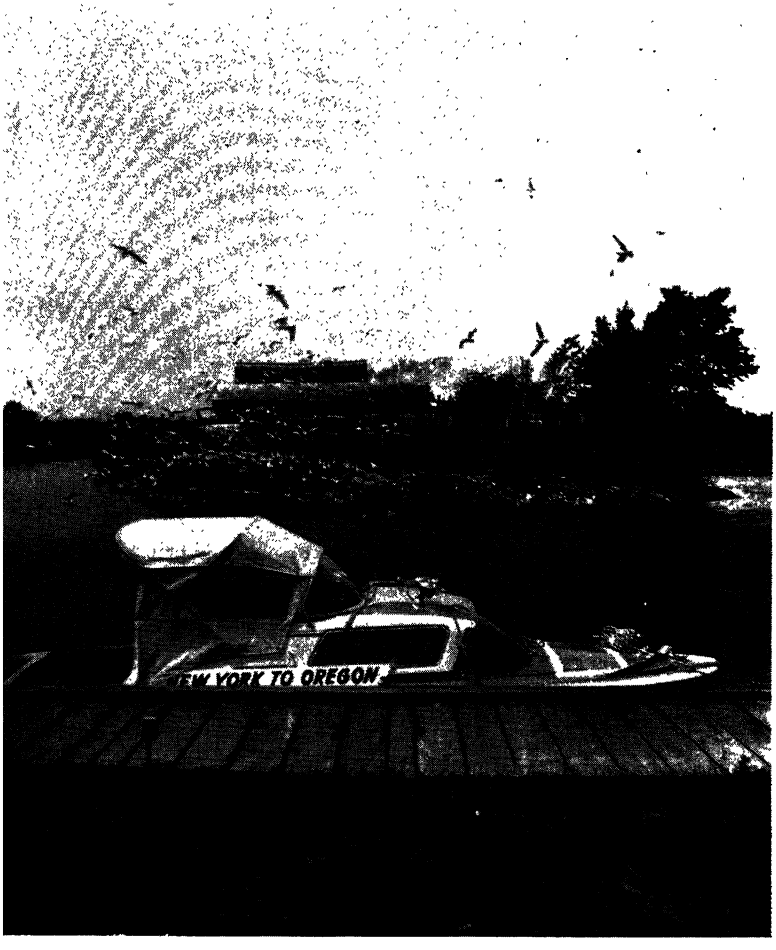
Buoy after buoy flew astern of us. Another thunderstorm had begun to roll up from the west. I didn't like the looks of it, but the Brackett's, who are used to such storms, didn't seem to be worried. We still had ample daylight and might even get into Omaha before the storm broke.

We couldn't have been more wrong. A few minutes after we had gone under a couple of bridges the storm struck like the one John Dahl and I had sat out in St. Joseph. It was almost a tornado. The sky turned black. The daylight vanished. The lightning came in almost-continuous flashes. The booming of thunder was deafening. The torrent of rain was thrown at us by a wind of cyclonic force; it was as if we'd gone under a waterfall. In a split second visibility was reduced to about 50 feet—a little bit farther when the lightning flashed.

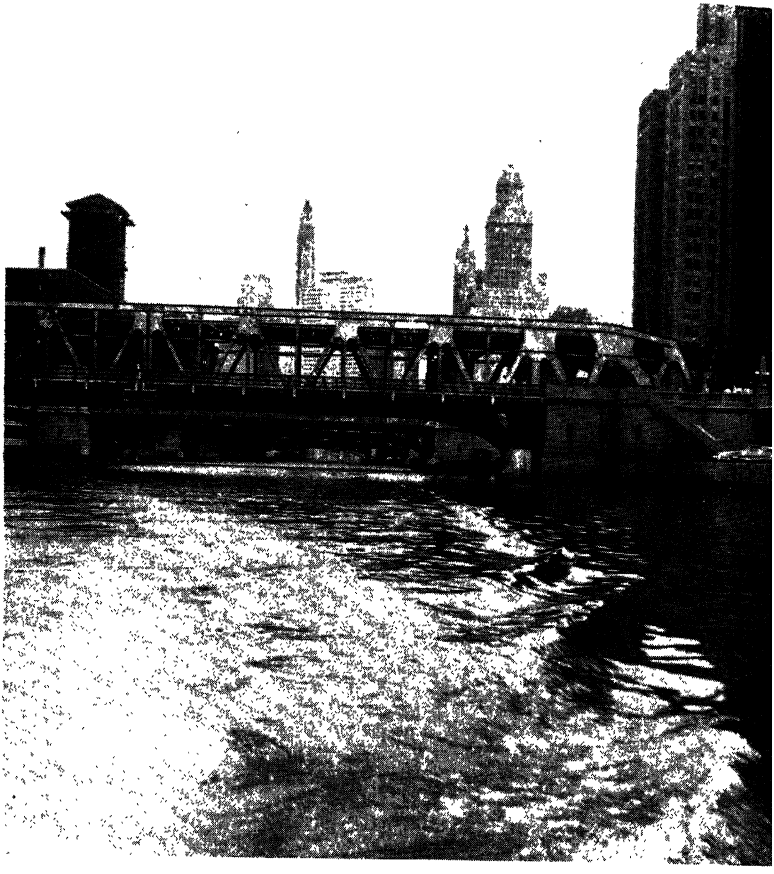
About all I could do was to throttle to about the speed of the current and try to keep the bow of the boat headed upstream. If we tried to make shore by running blind and not knowing where the shore might be, I knew we faced the prospect of being carried downstream to crash into a pier of one of the bridges we'd just come under. Trying to anchor in a 10-mile-an-hour current seemed equally tricky.

As these thoughts flashed through my mind, I asked Mr. Brackett if he had any suggestion. "I can't think of anything better than what you are doing," he replied. He then assisted Mrs. Brackett into a life jacket. He tossed a jacket to me, too, but I couldn't let go of the wheel long enough to put it on.

Sighting a red buoy with the swift current swirling past it, I began running in circles around the buoy. If I could keep it in

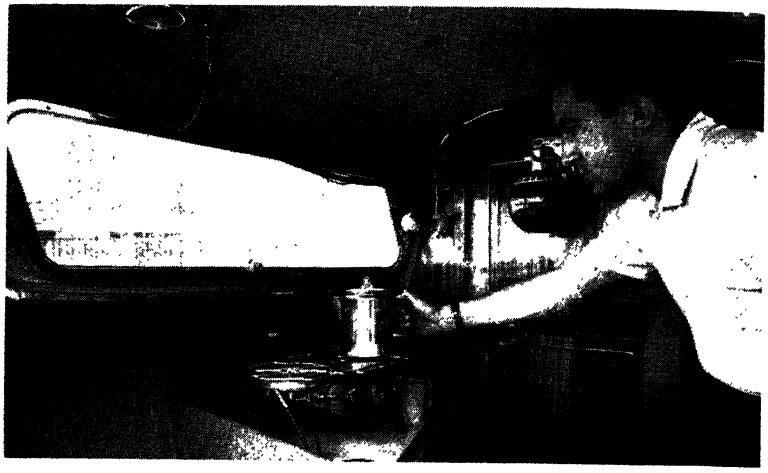


Hogg and Dahl tied up opposite the wholesale fish market at Manistique, Michigan, where thousands of seagulls scavenge for food.



Right through the heart of Chicago without stopping for a traffic light! Note the detergent foam stirred up in the wake.

The 1925 trip of Transco *involved much camping out. Here, along the Mississippi River, Hogg (foreground) and Wilton watch one of the old steamboats go by, on her way to New Orleans.*

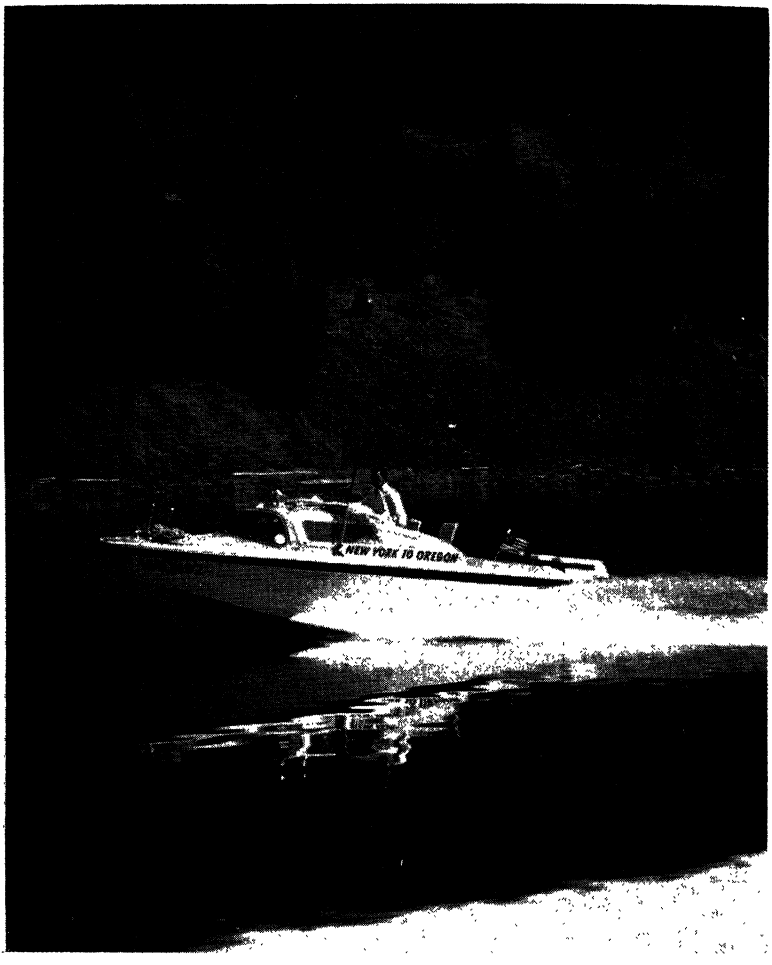


Hogg says "Transco II *ran on gasoline and coffee." Stove used propane gas.*

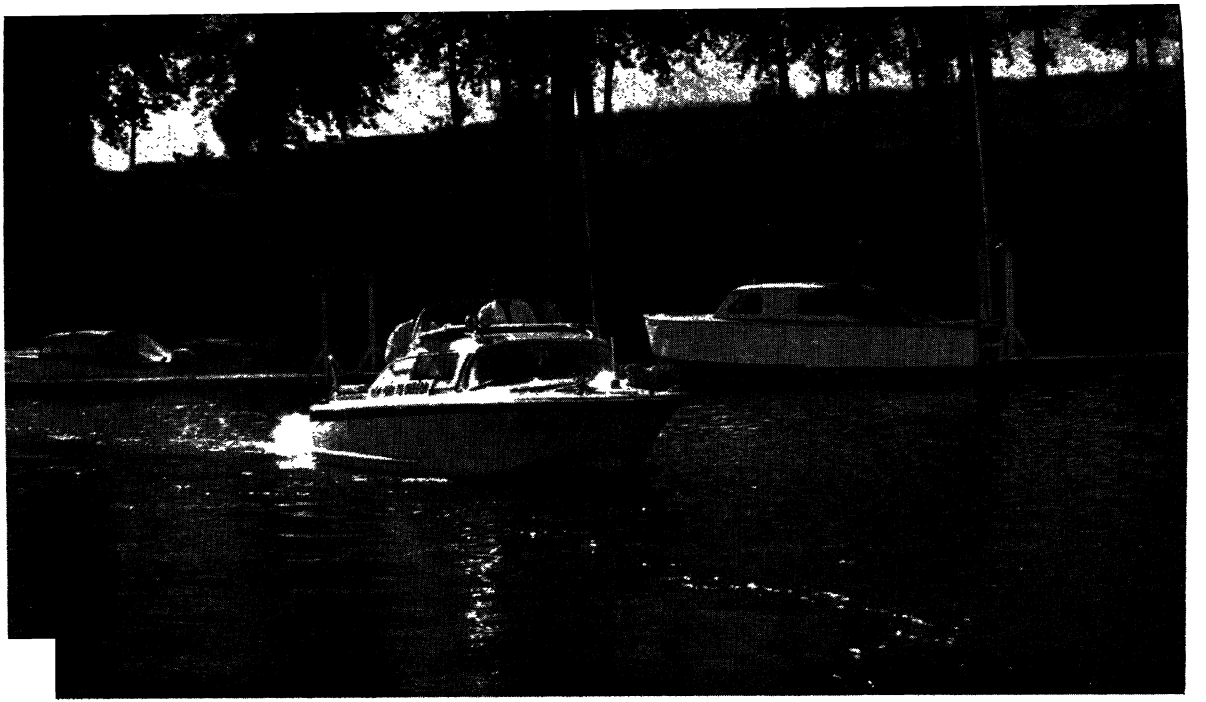
The skipper trimmed his beard with a pair of scissors, and John Dahl kept neat with a battery-operated electric shaver.

Even when hotels were not available, sleeping was no problem in the roomy cabin.

Hogg and Dahl enjoyed many tasty meals prepared in the small but adequate galley aboard their trim craft.

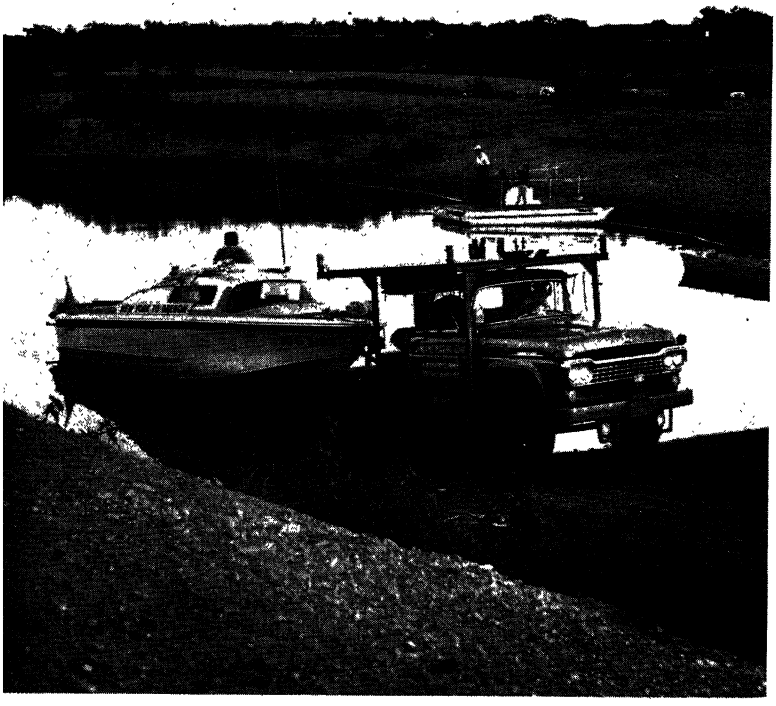


Transco II *had power to spare for her cross-country cruise. On stretches of clear, calm water, the miles clicked off turnpike style.*

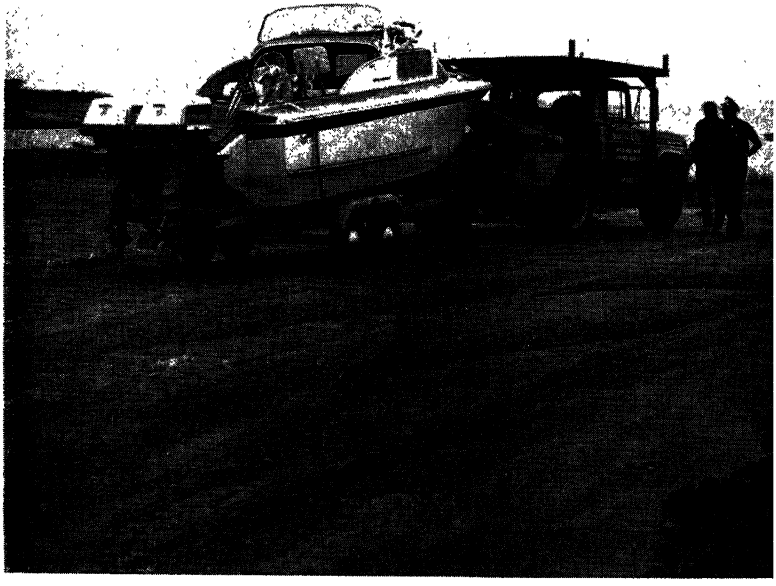


Transco II *pulls out of Ed Ricker's Riverside Marine at Mandan, North Dakota, to continue her voyage up the 2,286 mile-long Missouri River.*

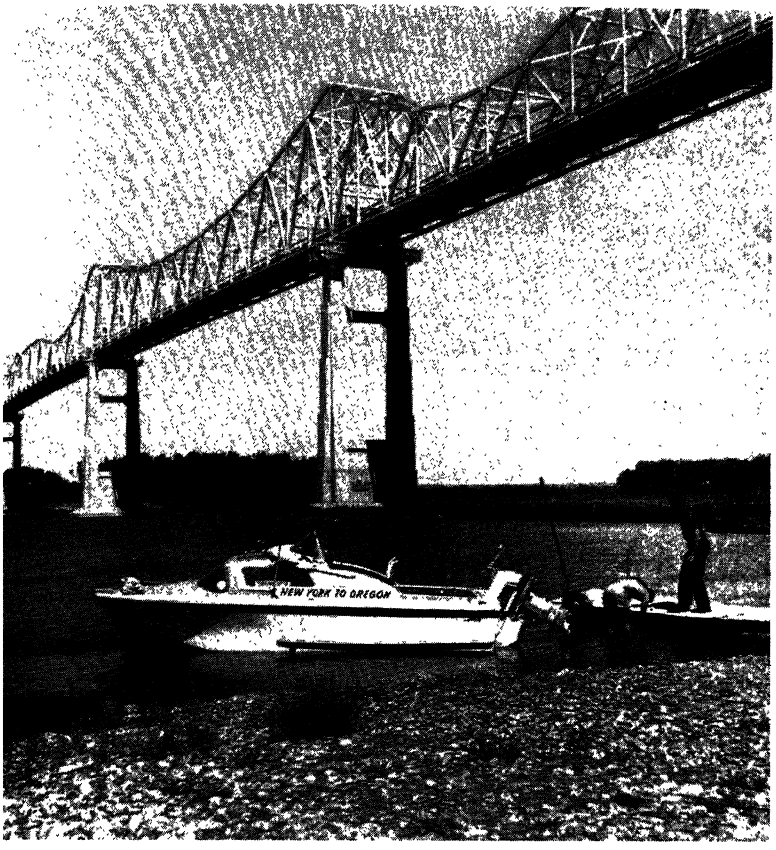
At Pierre, South Dakota, the preparations to trailer Transco II *around the Oahe Dam begin. John Dahl and Verne Cecil are in the boat.*



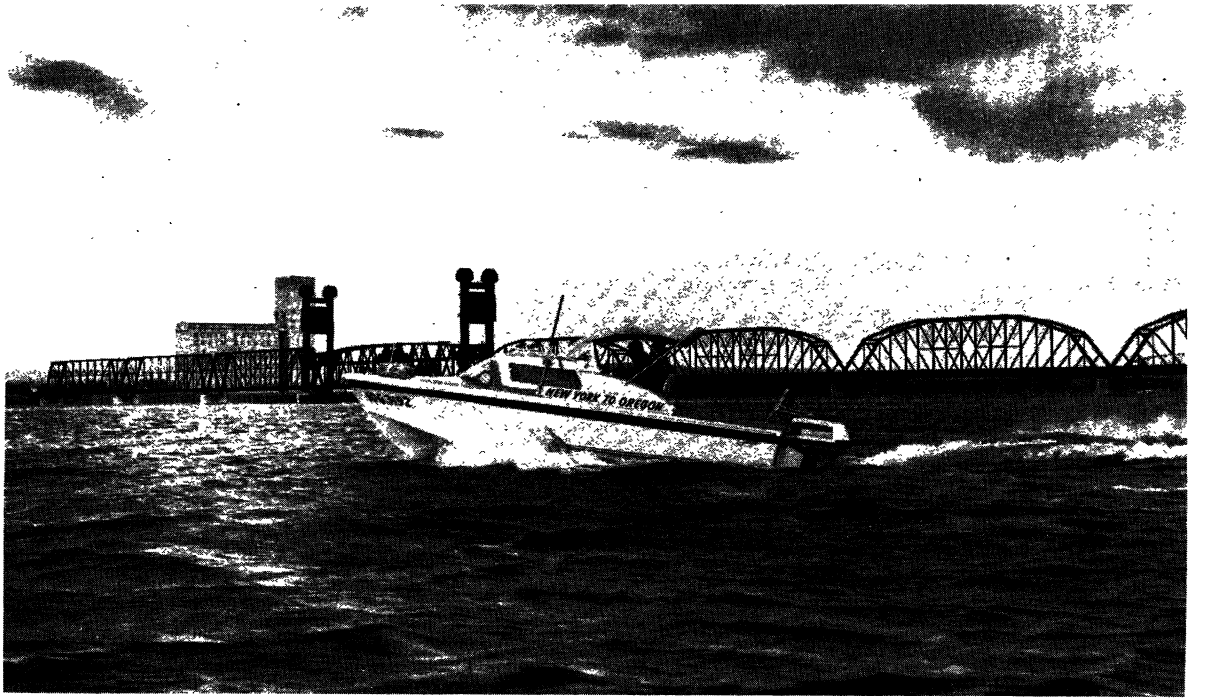
There are no locks in the Missouri River flood-control system, so Transco II *was trailered around each of five dams. This is the pull-out below the Fort Randall Dam.*



John Dahl and Verne Cecil consider the problem of getting their craft launched into Fort Peck Reservoir. Truck and trailer also transported Transco II *over 400-mile portage from Fort Benton to Lewiston.*



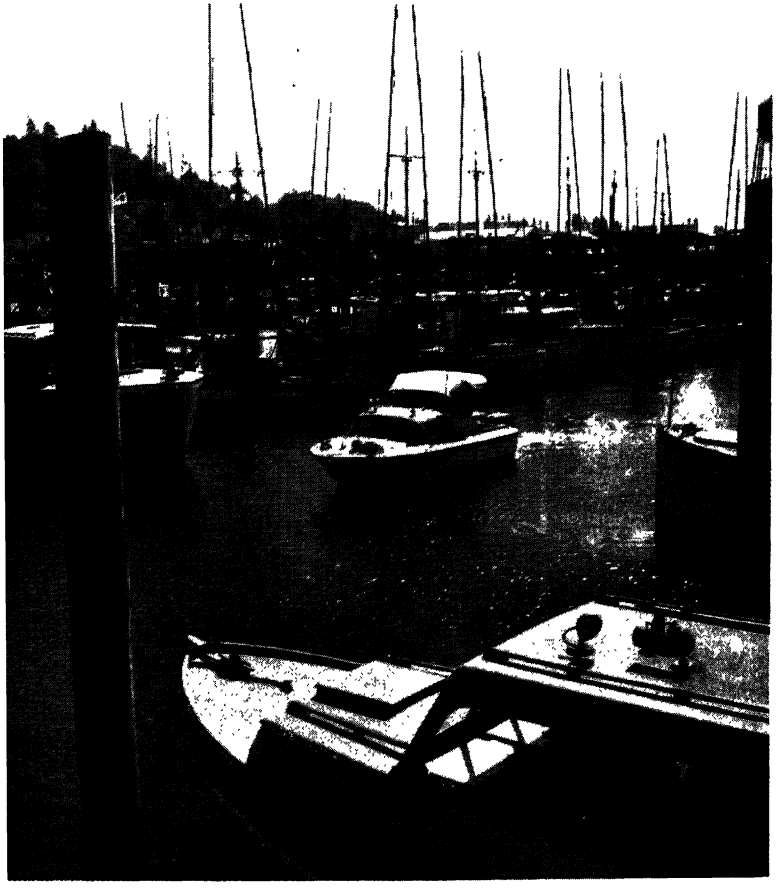
The original Transco *tied up at this exact spot in Mobridge, South Dakota, in 1925. Then, there was no bridge overhead. When a new flood-control dam is completed, water level will be at least halfway up huge pillars.*



Transco II *enters the Columbia River, after a perilous trip down the Snake River rapids, where her hull was slightly damaged.*

Pasco, Washington, comes into view. Here Transco II's *hull was repaired in quick time.*

The transcontinental sailors are near their goal now, as they leave Ken Dyer's Marina and proceed down the Columbia River.



Journey's end! Hogg and Dahl maneuver their craft among the thousands of small boats that call Astoria, Oregon, home.

John Dahl talks with Ruth Hogg, the skipper's wife, who had a joyous welcome for the two men at the end of their historic voyage.

sight, we'd be safe; sooner or later the storm would exhaust itself with its own mad violence.

For a tense and agonizing half hour I cruised around the buoy. Then I lost sight of it in the wind, the rain, the bombardment of hailstones, the waves, and the near-total darkness. We were adrift on the current again. Disaster could strike at any second, and it did!

To try to see something—anything—about where we might be going with the current, I leaned far out over the starboard gunwale, holding the wheel with one hand, and peered into the torrent of wind-blown rain. I could see only about 10 feet ahead of the bow, except for being near-blind every few seconds while my eyes recovered from each flash of lightning.

How long this agony of suspense lasted I'll never know; it seemed an eternity. Then, as a tremendous flash of lightning gave me a split second of vision, I saw that we were headed bow-on into a wall of rocks and piling not 10 feet ahead! There wasn't even time to reverse the motor. The boat struck the rocks with a crunching bang and I hit the water, swimming by the instinct of self-preservation.

Thank God for a father who taught his sons to swim at a very early age! Otherwise, my life would have ended in the Missouri about 30 miles downstream from Omaha.

Knowing I was in mortal danger, it took a tremendous exertion of will power to avoid the panic that would have sealed my doom in minutes. As I hit the water, I took a deep breath, let myself go under, and took off my shoes. I repeated this little trick until I was down to my underwear. As I came to the surface from the final submersion, I was forced to dive again; my head was being beaten with a barrage of hailstones as big as golf balls! The black sky belched ice, water, and fire together!

Swimming with just as little exertion as it took to keep air in my lungs, I let the swift current take me, knowing it would toss me ashore somewhere sooner or later. It did just that.

I don't suppose I had been in the water more than five minutes

when I had the sensation of being carried into an eddy. I was now in water that was littered with small pieces of driftwood, a further indication that I was in an eddy. I could still not see more than a few feet away as I looked for a piece of driftwood big enough to float me when my feet touched bottom. A few seconds later I crawled ashore and was standing up to my knees in soft, slimy mud.

I was little more than safely ashore when a tremendous flash of lightning illuminated the rain-lashed scene. I caught a glimpse of the Brackett boat hardly 20 feet from where I was standing. Splashing through the mud until I was back in the river up to my chest, I called out to Mr. Brackett, "Claude, throw me an anchor!"

Seconds later, the anchor splashed into the water. I grabbed it, took it ashore as far as the line would go, and hooked it firmly into the mud. The danger was over and *Twin Cities* was still afloat.

Claude Brackett is a huge, powerful man. I went back into the river, alongside the boat, in water up to my neck. Mr. Brackett reached over the side, caught me under the arms, and hoisted me aboard like a wet rag doll.

Mrs. Brackett was saying her rosary as her husband began rummaging and pulling things out of a watertight forepeak locker. A couple of minutes later he handed me a complete outfit of his own dry clothing.

By that time the rain had stopped. A brilliant rainbow spanned the river. Cold and shivering, I put on the dry clothing that was many sizes too big for me. Mr. Brackett is about 6 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs around 250 pounds.

By something of a near-miracle, the Brackett boat was not even seriously damaged, although we had slammed bow-on into the rocks and piling of a wing dam in a 20-mile-an-hour current. This was the same current that carried me into the eddy below the wing dam.

We made it into Omaha in about an hour. The Bracketts delivered me to the Hotel Castle in their car. Bare-footed, in Claude

Brackett's king-sized clothing, and spattered with mud, I was undoubtedly the most grotesque living scarecrow ever seen in the lobby of an Omaha hotel. A few minutes after I was assigned to a room John Dahl called to say that he was at Stobda's marina.

With a suitcase full of my clothing from a locker aboard *Transco II,* John hurried to the hotel. An hour later he and I were having dinner and I was telling him my story. For us it was the end of a somewhat eventful day in the voyage of *Transco II* across the North American continent.

17

FROM OMAHA TO CHAMBERLAIN, SOUTH DAKOTA

Martin Strobda's marina in Omaha is unique in that it is the only one I've ever seen where all boats are stored in a warehouse. No boat remains permanently in the water. Strobda has complete mechanical facilities for picking up any boat in the warehouse and setting it in the water, or plucking it out of the water and putting it away in the warehouse. Such boat-handling operations are accomplished with amazing efficiency and speed. The advantages of this type of marina operation are obvious. I thought that hundreds of such marinas could undoubtedly be profitably operated at locations on waterways everywhere. They would flourish in countless locations we saw where marinas range from nonexistent to primitive and from mediocre to fairly good.

The haul-out operation is fairly simple and quick. A set of slings are adjusted under the hull. The slings come from a crane, which lifts up the boat and sets it down on a flat-bed motor vehicle especially designed and built to handle boats between water and warehouse. In the warehouse the boat is lifted again and set down on her own rented cradles. The whole operation is completed in

minutes without so much as a chip of paint being knocked off the boat.

With this kind of marina service available, John Dahl and I decided we would probably never have a better opportunity for taking *Transco II* out of the water for a hull inspection. Our boat went into the repair shop, where we found her hull completely intact. We did need a few minor motor repairs, and we also had the opportunity to make a few above-deck alterations we had long wanted for our own comfort and convenience. These activities kept us in Omaha for two days.

Martin Strobda is an enterprising young man of thirty who knows how to combine imaginative ideas with business ability. What this is doing for him and his lovely wife, who is also his active business partner, is fully in evidence at his marina and his busy retail store on the outskirts of Omaha's central business area. His hobby is collecting outboard motors that have made their contribution to the history of boating.

Among his outboards of yesteryear he showed me one that was especially interesting—a 1925 model Evinrude, a smaller version of the identical motors that drove the first *Transco* across the continent in 1925.

As I looked at this old motor, wondering how we ever managed to keep such a primitive thing functioning, I noted a small brass plate riveted onto it. I looked at the inscription on the plate and was surprised to see SOLD BY EMIL AARUP, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. I told the amazed Mr. Strobda, "I knew Mr. Aarup intimately for many years. He was a native of Denmark and a master boatbuilder. He sold the first Evinrude ever seen in California and was a pioneer in Los Angeles in boatbuilding and retail sales of small-boat chandlery. He laid the foundation of the gigantic boat business in Los Angeles today. He was also the builder of the original *Transco,* and to that extent was a contributor to what *Transco II,* John Dahl, and I are now doing."

Our sojourn in Omaha also gave me the opportunity to visit Boys Town, which is only a few miles out of the city. I had long

wanted to visit this famous city of youth, dedicated to salvaging orphaned, homeless, and wayward boys of all races, creeds, and colors, educating, equipping, and restoring them to useful lives. Americans by the tens of millions have helped to finance its worthy objectives. The time I spent there was truly inspiring.

Up the Missouri from Omaha to Sioux City, Iowa, the river is very much the same as it is from Kansas City to Omaha. It is the same old swift-flowing river with the buoy-marked navigation channel. The same rich farmlands are on both sides of the river, and the same sleepy little river towns are scattered along the banks. The river, of course, is the boundary between two states, Iowa and Nebraska. Boating over this portion of the river became a bit monotonous, after the hundreds of miles we had traveled through riparian and terrestrial scenery where there is little dissimilarity about anything.

The bright spot in this portion of the *Transco II* journey was near Decatur, Nebraska, about 40 miles below Sioux City. We sighted two small boats coming down the river and soon learned we had picked up another escort. In the boats were Roger Hasek, Gary Gunderson, and John Getz. Those fellows had the interest in us and what we were doing to come down the river from Sioux City, sleep in their boats overnight, and then wait several hours before they sighted us.

To me, traveling on waters that have a few other boats on them is far more interesting than being all alone, although John and I were used to going for as much as 100 miles without sighting any other craft. So, naturally, we were happy to meet these fine fellows from Sioux City's Missouri River Boat Club.

Being thoroughly familiar with every foot of their local geography, our Sioux City pilots led us past their city. They kept right on for several miles to the west until I began to wonder where they might be going. I soon had the answer. They turned into the mouth of the Big Sioux River, which is the boundary between Iowa and South Dakota. We went into the boat club's marina on the Iowa side of the stream.

There, to make the hospitality of the club a little more complete, Dahl and I were made honorary members of the Missouri River Boat Club.

At Sioux City *Transco II* had reached the head of navigation on the Missouri. There the buoy-marked navigation channel comes to an end. The commercial barges discharge their cargo and are reloaded for the return voyage downstream. From Sioux City all the rest of the way up the Missouri, past another 150 miles of Nebraska shore line, across the two vast Dakotas, and for another 300 miles into Montana, we'd have to find our own way through an unmarked and uncharted river. In short, we'd have to go up this part of the river very much as Frank Wilton and I had come down.

I knew we were going to hang up on many a sand bar. The landscapes would become enormous, the river distances majestic. The marinas in this area, if any, are few, small, and scattered. We'd be traveling through country that is very thinly populated, where it is often 100 miles or more between villages, and where a town of less than 10,000 people, such as Pierre, South Dakota, looks like a metropolis.

It would have been folly to start up this part of the Missouri River late in the afternoon, so John and I decided to stay overnight in Sioux City. We'd get an early-morning start and, with any kind of luck, we would get to the Gavin's Point Flood-Control Dam, about 5 miles above Yankton, South Dakota, before evening. At the dam we were to meet Vernon Cecil, of The Inland Marine Corporation, Minneapolis. We had arranged with him by telephone that he and a tractor truck and trailer would take us around the Gavin's Point Dam from the Missouri River into Lewis and Clark Lake.

Above Sioux City we didn't have to go very far before John began learning a lot of things about the trickiness of navigation on the unimproved upper half of the Missouri. For a long time I'd been telling him about snags, sand bars that form one day and vanish the next, falling cut banks, and swift currents that bounce

around curves, usually keeping the deepest water on the longest route around any one curve. No doubt he sometimes thought I was exaggerating the hazards that a boatman on the upper Missouri has to fight. Perhaps when we actually came face to face with the problems he thought I had been too conservative. In any event, I was pleased to see how quickly he began to learn these things that I had had to learn years before he was born. He did an excellent job of it, with the assistance of one advantage I'd never had, *Transco II's* sonic depthfinder!

What a tremendous difference that marvelous little instrument made! By watching it carefully we nearly always had a warning of a sand bar ahead. Of course, it only tells the depth of the water directly under the boat. If we were running in a deep-water channel and the depthfinder suddenly began to show shallowing water, however, we could usually change course and find the deep-water channel again without going aground on a bar. Thus, we managed to run up the river from Sioux City to Vermillion, South Dakota, between breakfast and lunchtime. We bumped only three sand bars; that is, we bumped, reversed the motors, and got going again without the inconveniences and delays of going hard aground. The depthfinder and learning how to use it made this possible.

At Vermillion we found a small fleet of pleasure boats and a group of enthusiastic boatmen. They operate out of a marina that is fast being improved. They insisted upon showing us their town and having lunch in an air-conditioned restaurant, a welcome respite from the withering heat.

On the first *Transco* cruise Frank Wilton and I had not stopped at Vermillion. We saw it only from the river as we shot past on the crest of a roaring 30-foot flood stage in the river that took us from Pierre, South Dakota, to Sioux City in a single day. It was a run of nearly 350 miles, the longest we made in any one day in the whole 137 days it took us to get across the continent. On that day of the big June flood we traveled at a speed that would have made one of Henry Ford's old T Model Fords look like an entry in a snail race. Our one big problem then was trying to stay

in the river, because it was difficult to find it among hundreds of square miles of inundated bottom lands. The flood-control dams have put an end to that sort of a Missouri River flood.

Vermillion proved itself to be one of the most attractive little cities in the vastness of thinly populated South Dakota. Its showplace is the campus of the University of South Dakota, whose landscaped grounds and modern buildings are surely a credit to the state.

Going up the Missouri from Vermillion to Yankton and the Gavin's Point Dam, it soon became apparent that we were face to face with a condition we had not anticipated. The flow of the river was at a low stage, and the overflow at the dam was regulated to the minimum required for the maintenance of the navigation channel below Sioux City, Iowa. *Transco II* was simply running short of water. Our problem was one of finding enough water to keep afloat and keep going over the sand bars and miles immediately below the five widely separated Missouri River flood-control dams. Once above each dam we would have lakelike conditions and easy going over majestic distances.

Conditions became steadily worse as we moved up the river, bumping on and off sand bars from Vermillion to Yankton. Above Yankton it looked for a time as if we'd be forced to lengthen our portage to about 10 miles to get around the Gavin's Point Dam. I was reluctant to make such a move. I decided to stay in the river to the foot of the dam, if possible. By dint of persistence we got through a mystic maze of sand bars by bumping on and off numerous bars, sidling through narrow, shallow channels, and literally "feeling our way" with the depthfinder. It took us two hours to make the last 5 miles!

As we came within about half a mile of the dam I took a look with field glasses and sighted Vernon Cecil with his tractor-trailer, waiting for us. I couldn't be sure at that distance, but it looked as if he had already selected a favorable pull-out point.

Unfortunately, he soon found out that his site was not adequate. When he tried to drag *Transco II* out of the water his tractor dug

itself into the earth. We found a telephone and called a heavy-duty tow truck out from Yankton. Eventually we got the boat out of the water, drove around the dam, found a paved launching ramp, and floated ourselves again on the waters of Lewis and Clark Lake.

A few years ago, South Dakota, essentially a prairie state, had only a few small, natural lakes. Today it has three magnificent lakes that almost bisect the state amidships from north to south. The lakes are as man-made as a wig, but they have every appearance of having been there since Noah built the first houseboat of record.

Thus far, Lewis and Clark Lake is the only one of these three tremendous bodies of water to be dignified with a name. The huge lake a few miles north of Pierre is "The Reservoir above Oahe Dam," and the other lake, stretching northward over South Dakota for 100 miles from a point near the Nebraska state line, remains "The Reservoir above the Fort Randall Dam."

Nothing could be more appropriate than the name, Lewis and Clark Lake. The others could, with equal propriety, be given names linked with the dramatic story of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Why not such names as *Coulter Lake* for one and *Lake Sacajawea* for the other? John Coulter was a sergeant with the Lewis and Clark expedition. He was the first white man to set eyes upon the upper reaches of the Yellowstone River; he also discovered the fantastic area known for many years as Coulter's Hell, now Yellowstone National Park. Sacajawea was the Nez Perce Indian girl, kidnaped into the Mandan tribe of the Dakotahs, who became interpreter for the Lewis and Clark expedition and repeatedly saved the entire party from extermination.

On Lewis and Clark Lake *Transco II,* Dahl and I could easily visualize ourselves cruising the southern half of Lake Champlain. Both lakes are equally big and beautiful. They can also be rough and dangerous for small boats in stormy weather. Fortunately for us, Lewis and Clark Lake on the August day when we saw it from the Gavin's Point Dam was like a vast pane of glass for a distance

of about 40 miles, to the mouth of the Choteau River. There the lake became the Missouri River again, with barely enough water to keep us afloat over the remaining 30 miles to the Fort Randall Dam.

Vernon Cecil took us around the Fort Randall Dam as he had taken us from the Missouri River into Lewis and Clark Lake. From there we had 100 miles of easy cruising, again in near-perfect weather, to Chamberlain, South Dakota.

At Chamberlain we found no small-boat service facility greater than a mooring float and a launching ramp, which were under the one and only highway bridge spanning the Missouri River in a distance of more than 200 miles. As previously noted, the river bisects the state amidships from north to south. Pierre, the state capital, is in almost the geographic center of the state, and the bridge at Chamberlain is the only one between Pierre and Yankton, in a distance of more than 300 miles. However, there is scheduled ferryboat service at two points, and the Fort Randall Dam has a highway on top of it to provide a land route across the huge lakes and the river.

Arriving at Chamberlain late in the afternoon, we saw that *Transco II's* fuel tanks were down to the last 5 gallons—our emergency reserve supply.

"What are we going to do now?" asked John.

Having no plan we had to contrive one. In the torrid climate I preferred to remain with the boat; I'd sleep better there because it was cooler on the river. John would get into town, a distance of several miles, as best he could. He would contact Joe King, the local outboard-motor dealer, and arrange to have *Transco II* serviced in the morning.

I walked to the highway with John, discussing our plans as we went. John soon had a ride into Chamberlain—his benefactor was a farmer with a truckload of pigs.

18

ACROSS SOUTH DAKOTA FROM FORT RANDALL TO THE KENEL DOGS

The tremendous unnamed lake in South Dakota created by the Fort Randall Dam comes to an end a few miles above Chamberlain. From there to Pierre, with its population of 7,000, John and I would be entirely on our own for a distance of more than 100 miles. Here we would be entering the so-called Big Bend country, where the Missouri River makes a 38-mile S-loop between two gigantic Indian reservations. The Lower Brule Indian Reservation is on the west side of the river, and the Crow Creek Reservation is on the east. The two reservations are roughly the size of the state of Connecticut and appear on the map as if dovetailed together by a river as crooked as a basket of snakes. The river is between the reservations for approximately 80 miles of the most desolate piece of country imaginable. There is very little of anything in it except rocks and unhappy Indians. It is one of those God-forsaken pieces of real estate our ancestors so generously gave back to the Indians.

I was familiar with the Big Bend Country from the first cruise. It is exactly the same today, with the same wild, swift, cantanker-

ous, and treacherous river tumbling through it. In 1925 we got through this jumbled wilderness at a flood stage of water in the river; we couldn't have hit a snag or a sand bar because there was about 30 feet of water over all such obstacles.

With *Transco II,* however, we were going upstream against the swift current on a river that was very low. I knew what that meant. It would be almost essential to keep out of trouble here, because any kind of trouble could be little short of disaster. There was no telling how far we might have to walk even to find a telephone. For John Dahl I'm sure the Big Bend Country was something utterly beyond imagination, until he saw it from the viewpoint of a seaman marooned on a desert island!

From Chamberlain we got up the river as far as the little Indian town of Lower Brule, about 20 miles within the reservations, with little difficulty. Beyond the Indian village, however, the river was so low and so spread out among a maze of sand bars that it became difficult to find any channel where we had even a foot of water under the keel. We would go up what looked like a promising channel for a mile or more only to go aground; then we had to try another channel until we found one that let us through. We did so much cruising from one side of the river to the other and going around in circles that we probably traveled 4 miles for every mile of progress we actually made. A paddle became better than the depthfinder for taking soundings.

Our progress was so slow that we spent the greater part of the day getting up to about the middle of the 38-mile S-shaped loop. About 2 miles above Willow Island, a tremendous pile of rocks and trees in the middle of the river, we struck some unseen, submerged thing, probably a snag or a rock.

Transco II's hull passed over the obstruction without touching, but our motor on the starboard side struck it and took the entire impact. There was a noise like a blast, and the motor raced as if we had broken a sheer pin.

With one motor we nosed *Transco II* onto a sand bar and inspected the underwater parts of the damaged motor. We found a

broken drive shaft. We could get a new one from Milwaukee, if we could find a telephone within 100 miles. We were in trouble up to our necks and we could not have picked a worse place to get into it!

It was then about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. What to do? We were a little closer to Pierre than we were to Chamberlain. We'd never get to Pierre pushing against the current with one motor. It was doubtful if we could even get back, downstream, to Chamberlain. *Transco II* was practically dead in the water, surrounded on all sides by hundreds of square miles of a wilderness full of rocks and Indians.

Scanning the shores with field glasses, I saw nothing but pieces of river, sand bars, rocks, and trees. I was seeing essentially what the members of the Lewis and Clark expedition must have seen in 1804. Then, to my amazement, I sighted a man standing on a rock on the south side of the river. He was fishing! If we could speak with him, there was no telling what valuable information he might be able to give us.

John took the controls and we limped across the river. I stepped ashore and was soon in conversation with the fisherman, who had every mark of being an educated, highly intelligent, and cultured gentleman.

For reasons that will be revealed soon, I am pledged never to tell the name of this gentleman. Suffice it to say that he is a physician and surgeon in a large Midwestern city. I'll keep my pledge by calling him "Dr. Smith."

Fortunately, I needed no introduction to Dr. Smith. He had seen me on television and had read about the voyage of *Transco II* in the newspapers. He spoke to me by name as I approached him. He listened sympathetically as I told him what a mess of trouble John and I had fallen into.

Having heard my story, Dr. Smith said, "If it would help you, I can offer you a ride into Chamberlain. I was about to leave for home when I saw your boat."

"I didn't know it was possible for any one to come here by auto," I replied. "What a marvelous piece of luck for us!"

"Well, it might be possible to come here by car," said Dr. Smith, "but I wouldn't want to try it over such roads as these Indians have out here on this peninsula."

"But how did you get here, Dr. Smith?" I asked.

"My airplane is up on top of the mesa," he replied. "You can't see it from here, but there's a large flat piece of prairie up there and it makes a very good airport for my Piper Cub. I have no license to carry passengers, but if you are willing to take a risk I do not hesitate to take, I'll fly you to Chamberlain under one condition. I'll have to ask that you never reveal my name."

"Dr. Smith," I replied, "I would never want to injure any man who is willing to help me by doing me a favor I can never hope to repay. If there is any risk to me in flying with you, it is one I'm perfectly willing to take."

The top of the mesa was about 100 feet above the level of the river. As Dr. Smith, John Dahl and I walked through the short, dry grass toward Dr. Smith's airplane, John jumped about a yard in the air as a waving serpentine head came up out of the grass with a castanetlike sound with which I have long been familiar.

John had almost stepped on a coiled, 5-foot prairie rattlesnake!

I picked up a rock about the size of my head, intending to kill the snake as I've killed dozens of rattlesnakes in California and other western states. On second thought I decided to let John kill the snake. I handed him the rock.

"How do you do it?" he asked.

"Just step up there within about 6 feet of him. He can't strike that far, so you're safe. Then you dash the rock down and crush him."

John swung the rock, and that was the end of the snake, except for the string of rattles that became John's souvenir. He waved his prize in salute as Dr. Smith and I took off in the plane.

Airborne after a surprisingly short run through the dry grass of

the mesa, Dr. Smith sent the little plane into a climb that soon had us up to an altitude of 3,000 feet. The visibility was perfect and we had a fine, birds-eye view of the Missouri River in the Big Bend Country and all those hundreds of square miles of worthless land we gave back to the Indians. I never saw so many rocks in one place!

About half an hour after leaving Dahl marooned among the Indians Dr. Smith set his airplane down on the Chamberlain airport, which is about 2 miles east of the little city. I called a taxi, went into town, and soon located Joe King by telephone.

Joe came to the hotel and we had a conference. The nearest long-shaft for our damaged motor was apparently in Milwaukee. It looked as if I'd have to ruin a night's sleep for someone. I made a long-distance call to Ed Hanson, President of the Evinrude Motor Company. He assured me that the wanted motor shaft would be air-expressed to Chamberlain as fast as possible.

Now, how could Joe King and I ever find our way back to *Transco II*? I pinpointed the spot with questionable accuracy on a state map. Joe, who was thoroughly familiar with all the local geography, thought he could get to it with a pickup truck.

Next morning Joe had an idea that seemed thoroughly logical. We went to the state tax offices and asked to have a look at the maps of the state tax assessor. From those maps, each as big as the top of a large table and showing an area of about 10 square miles, we soon found the tip of the Lower Brule Upper Peninsula. I located the spot where Dr. Smith had parked his airplane. Joe said that he still thought he could get to it with his pickup truck over 100 miles of Indian horse-and-wagon roads that are little more than cattle trails. Of course, I was not unmindful of the fact that until all these plans could be coordinated and carried out John Dahl would be marooned with *Transco II* and the Indians. He knew what to expect, however, and he had ample food for a week. If he ran short of drinking water, he could make the river water safe by boiling it.

Late that evening Joe King phoned me at the hotel to tell me he had received the package of motor parts. Joe, his mechanic, and I would be on our way to the Lower Brule Peninsula at 6:30 in the morning.

The trip out there was like some kind of a nightmare. We had a few miles of good road out to a little village called Reliance, where we headed north into the jumble of rocks that is the Lower Brule Indian Reservation. We had a trail of sorts that ended a little beyond the Indian village of Lower Brule. From there we practically took off across lots, up hill and down dale, up and down dry river beds, and around the hundreds of skyscraper rock piles of a veritable devil's playground. Don't ask me how Joe King ever found his way out onto the Lower Brule Peninsula, because I got seasick in an inferno of 110-degree heat and the jouncing that threatened to loosen my teeth. I'd seen this rock pile from Dr. Smith's airplane, but the view from the ground was worse. I was too busy trying to keep myself in the truck with both hands and a seat belt to pay much attention to anything until Joe rolled the truck to a stop on the very spot where John Dahl had killed the rattlesnake.

We found *Transco II,* anchored bow and stern a few feet offshore, but John was not aboard. Joe King, his mechanic, and I went to work on the damaged motor; an hour later the motor was running again like a Swiss watch. John suddenly appeared on the mesa. By his own account, he had fallen in with some friendly Indians who could speak English. He had made quite a jolly time of being a marooned boatman!

We started off again. Above the Lower Brule, South Peninsula, the river began to narrow between shores of solid rock. The speed of the current increased to 10 and 12 miles an hour. The sand bars and the forests of snags were gone, however, so we had fairly good going all the rest of the way into Pierre. We arrived there in the evening, with a couple of hours of daylight to spare. There, waiting for us at the Pierre Marina, was faithful Vernon Cecil. He

was on hand to pull *Transco II* out of the water and set us afloat again on the tremendous, still unnamed lake above the Oahe Dam, about 5 miles north of Pierre.

Construction of the Oahe Dam began in 1956 and was being pushed to completion when we passed through. Eventually, it will control the flow of the Missouri River to raise the water level approximately 200 feet. When the reservoir above it is completely filled, South Dakota will have another magnificent lake, extending from near Pierre far into the vast Cheyenne River Indian Reservation. It will store nearly 20 million acre-feet of water for flood control, irrigation, and the development of hydroelectric power. Obviously, there is going to be a boom in central South Dakota, in industry, agriculture, real estate, and recreation. The state's scanty population, which has been steadily shrinking for many years, is probably due for expansion by as many families as can find an economic foothold. If they can take the harsh climate, there will be ample living room for people far into the foreseeable future.

All the way up the Missouri River, from the mouth of the Big Sioux River, through the vast Dakotas, and into western Montana, wherever *Transco II* stopped, Dahl and I had heard people talking about light rainfall. The whole gigantic area was obviously in the throes of a disastrous drought; the evidence of it was before our eyes wherever we looked.

From the river we saw millions of acres of corn and other crops, stunted, sun-scorched, and withered for the want of water. Ironically, the ruined crop fields came right down to the river banks. With water literally by the cubic mile flowing past them, I never saw a single acre of irrigated land. To me, a Californian used to seeing every available drop of precious water utilized, this was astounding.

If Southern California could find a new source of usable water equal to the average flow of the Missouri River at its lowest, it would be able to irrigate millions of acres of now-useless land.

Up the Missouri from a point near the mouth of Okobojo Creek,

we got back into the water after the pull-out at Pierre. On that part of the river, to Mobridge, *Transco II* had better going than I had expected to find. The reason was obvious. Because the river has to stay in its channel between hills and rocks, the current is speeded considerably. The sand bars are thus less numerous and we had enough water to keep moving. We ended the day's run at Mobridge, 150 miles nearer Fort Benton.

Northward from Mobridge, however, the river became somewhat of a nightmare. The channels were all broken up among sand bars and were littered with a veritable forest of dead trees brought down off the cut banks. We managed to get through, but the going was slow. We didn't get to Fort Yates, North Dakota, that day as we had hoped.

Late afternoon found us running up the river at a point where we were not sure whether we were still in South Dakota or had gone into North Dakota. We had not seen any kind of a river "road sign" since Sioux City, Iowa.

Looking toward the west bank of the river with field glasses, I sighted a small building that looked like a small water-pumping plant. Back of it, nestled among low hills, I could see the roofs of several houses and a church spire with a cross at the top. Our conclusion was that it must be Fort Yates.

Alongside the little pumping plant where a gas engine without a muffler pounded our eardrums, we found a small-boat bay that had apparently been dug into the river bank by men working with shovels. The bay was too shallow for *Transco II,* so we tied up to a couple of willow trees below the mouth of the bay.

Ashore, John and I started to walk toward the village along what appeared to be a wagon trail. The land around us was a jungle of willows, and we were kept busy fighting off swarms of biting black gnats.

Up the road a few hundred yards we encountered four Indians coming toward us on a wobbly wagon drawn by a team of scrawny horses that would have made very good crow bait. The Indians could speak enough English to tell us that Fort Yates was up the

river about 20 miles. The village we had seen was Kenel, South Dakota, whose population consisted of about 200 Sioux Indians.

As John and I topped the hill at the edge of the village, a big black dog with only one fore leg came bounding out and set up a furious barking. That was the signal for all the rest of the Indian dogs to come out and join the rare sport of threatening a couple of strange men of an alien race. In seconds we had about twenty of the mongrels milling about us, barking, growling, and baring their teeth.

"I don't like the looks of this!" exclaimed Dahl.

"I don't either!" I replied. "Stand still! Don't move! I've been among Indian dogs before and I don't want to take any chances with them. They could have hydrophobia! If we show fear or try to run, they'll chew us into ribbons!"

As John and I stood there like a couple of statues, a man in clerical garb came walking rapidly down the path toward us. He hurled several rocks at the dogs. He hit one and the dog howled. Then the man of God rattled off a barrage of words in the Sioux language. It sounded like Chinese to me, but the dogs seemed to understand it. They quit barking and ran back into the village.

"Thank you, Father!" I said, as the priest extended his hand. "I'm happy to meet you, Captain Hogg," he replied. "I saw your boat coming up the river. Your companion, Mr. Dahl, I presume. I'm Father Alfred, Pastor of the Mission Church here."

This was by no means the first time I've been befriended by a Catholic priest in some remote outpost of civilization. They're mighty handy fellows to have around in time of trouble. I hate to think what could have happened to John Dahl and me if Father Alfred hadn't been there to chase the brutes away. The timing seemed like an act of God!

19

FROM KENEL TO FORT BENTON, MONTANA

In several more years the Sioux Indian village of Kenel will be little more than a place name on old maps of South Dakota. The Army Engineers are going to drown it in another Missouri River lake that will put 30 feet of water over the land where Father Alfred's church now stands. The Indians will be moved to some new location by the Federal Government just as thousands of families, Indians and whites alike, were relocated when their homes and farms went under the present chain of man-made Missouri River lakes.

Having arrived at Kenel late on a Saturday afternoon Dahl and I decided that our best place to eat and sleep was aboard *Transco II*. I planned to get out early on Sunday morning, go to Mass with the Indians in Father Alfred's church, and then return to the boat and have breakfast with John. We would then go on up the river —to Bismarck, North Dakota, we hoped.

Slipping ashore quietly on Sunday morning, without awakening John, I walked toward the village along a wagon trail that wound through the jungle of river-bottom-land willows. But I didn't go a

quarter of a mile before I narrowly escaped a calamity that would have made me a social outcast for at least a week!

There was a heavy fog as I came around a bend in the trail where my range of vision was reduced to a few feet. Suddenly, I froze in my tracks—there were five skunks almost at my feet. There could be no argument about who had the right of way. The skunks always have it and I knew it!

As I sighted the skunks and they sighted me, up came those plumelike tails. They were starting to do a hand-stand, and I needed no interpreter for their language. It's the skunk's way of saying, "I'm not to be molested by man or beast, or else. . . . And you've had it!" I ducked and ran as fast as I could back toward the river. I stopped only when I was sure I was safely out of range of any skunk's chemical warfare.

To avoid the skunks and get to Father Alfred's church I clawed my way through the jungle of willows and came back onto the trail only when I was sure I was safely beyond them. Many years ago I had an argument with a skunk while quail hunting in Missouri. The skunk won, not "hands down" but tail up! One such experience in a lifetime is far too many!

A Catholic Mass is pretty much the same anywhere in the world. Nevertheless, I wouldn't have missed the one in Father Alfred's church for anything. The little church was packed from altar rail to doors with about 200 Indians, all of them in clean overalls or work clothes. Many of them had come into Kenel in battered old jalopies from points as much as 30 miles in the back country. Some had come on horseback. Instead of hearing Mass in Latin and English, or in Latin and Spanish, as I'm used to hearing it at home, I heard it in Latin, Sioux, and English. I heard familiar hymns sung in the Sioux language by the Indian men and women who have talented and gifted singing voices.

Returning to *Transco II,* I was on the alert for another possible meeting with the skunks. Fortunately, I neither saw nor smelled them. John and I had a breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon, toast, and coffee. Just as we were about ready to shove off upstream, a

boatload of young men came down the river from Bismarck, sighted us, and stopped to cheer us on. They assured us that we would have nothing but a lot of easily navigable river from Kenel to Bismarck. Apparently a greater volume of water was being released at the Garrison and Fort Peck Flood-Control Dams. The water had risen about a foot in the last two days and still appeared to be rising very slowly. That extra foot of water meant a much better river for *Transco II*.

After all the bad going we had had above Sioux City it was a great pleasure to get into a fine, long stretch of river where *Transco II* could push along against the current at cruising speed without getting hung up on a sand bar every hour or two. We only went hard aground on one bar in nearly 100 miles of cruising from Kenel to Bismarck.

John was at the wheel at about 12:30 P.M. We had not stopped for lunch, so I asked him, "Are you hungry?"

"Yes, I am," he replied, "and getting more so by the minute."

"All right," I said, "let's stop and have some lunch."

The words were little more than spoken when *Transco II* bumped and skidded ahead for about 50 feet, shuddering to a stop. We were as hard aground as we had ever been on any sand bar in the Missouri River.

John and I both had a good laugh over my comment, "Well, we wanted to stop, didn't we? This is as good a place as any. Let's eat!"

After setting up the deck table, I prepared the lunch. We sat down and ate, taking our time about it and enjoying the food. There was no reason for hurry. We were so hard aground that it would take at least an hour for the swift river current to cut the sand out from under us and set us afloat again. We finished the lunch. I cleaned the mess gear and put it away. By that time *Transco II* was beginning to inch her way off the bar. I took the wheel, started the motors, found a channel with about 10 feet of water by using the depthfinder, and we resumed our cruise to Bismarck.

When I visited Bismarck as skipper of the first *Transco,* North Dakota's Capitol was a modest, colonial-style, brick structure that had rendered many years of service. In the 1930s a new building was constructed that is a model for spending the taxpayers' money for pride and vanity. It is both a skyscraper and a baronial castle; it is a state capitol designed and built to make all other state capitols look like tenements!

There are good reasons for building skyscrapers on Manhattan Island or in Chicago's Loop, but in Bismarck, surrounded by endless miles of flat, wide-open, empty prairie, a skyscraper is about as incongruous to me as a funny paper hung in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The people of the Flickertail State wanted a building that would be seen, and they certainly have it—the skyscraper is easily visible in all directions from a distance of about 30 miles. Far down the river with *Transco II* John Dahl and I sighted the twenty-five-story structure. We thought it looked like a gigantic gravestone protruding from the prairie landscape.

Transco II had three hours of uninterrupted, full-speed cruising to get to Bismarck after we sighted the state capitol. About 10 miles from Bismarck we sighted several small boats coming toward us—another welcoming convoy. The boats were led by Ed Ricker, live-wire outboard-motor dealer and operator of a big marina at Mandan, across the river from Bismarck.

Mandan is the place where the Lewis and Clark expedition made friends of the Mandan Indians during the late summer of 1804. It was there also that Captain Lewis met the Indian girl, Sacajawea, and employed her to accompany the expedition as an interpreter despite the fact that she was visibly pregnant. Some weeks later she disappeared for several hours and reappeared with her papoose on her back. The diaries of both Lewis and Clark make it clear that Sacajawea repeatedly saved every member of the Lewis and Clark expedition from being massacred by the Indians. In Bismarck there is a large bronze statue as a memorial to this Indian girl who made an enormous contribution to the history of the United States.

As one who has traveled down and up the entire navigable length of the Missouri River in motorboats, I marvel at what Lewis and Clark did. They were the first men to go up and down the river in any kind of a boat. Their boats were rather crude and hard to handle compared to those I used. I had contact with civilization all along the route; Lewis and Clark were completely on their own for nearly three years in a wilderness inhabited by unpredictable Indians. What gluttons for punishment those fellows must have been!

Northward from Bismarck, for the 100 miles to Riverdale and the Garrison Dam, I anticipated a river where *Transco II* would have to fight her way up every foot of the way. I was delighted to find this assumption to be wrong. A slightly rising river enabled us to go up that part of the river without even bumping a sand bar. We left Bismarck at 8 in the morning and nosed the boat onto a packed-gravel pull-out and launching ramp below the Garrison Dam in the late afternoon. Vernon Cecil, always dependable, was there with his tractor-trailer to take *Transco II* around the dam.

There had been no Midvale when I came down the Missouri with the original *Transco*. It is a town—almost a small city—that was originally built to order as construction headquarters for the builders of the Garrison Dam. Today it is a spacious, low-rent residential town for the small army of government employees needed for the care and maintenance of the dam, control of the flood gates, and operation of the hydroelectric plant now putting 400,000 kilowatts of electric power into a spreading network of high-tension lines.

Tired and hungry after putting *Transco II* into the water above the dam, Verne, John, and I ate in a restaurant and checked ourselves into the hotel. Next day we planned to run the length of a lake almost as big and beautiful as Lake Champlain. With favorable weather and any kind of luck we would easily get to Williston, North Dakota, by evening.

The still-nameless lake that spans most of the western half of

the huge state of North Dakota is known as the "Reservoir of the Garrison Dam," or "Garrison Reservoir." It is a lake 160 miles in length and 60 miles across at the widest point. It has hundreds of miles of shore line because its boundaries are about as indented as those of Missouri's Lake of the Ozarks, which, by the way, has a respectable name. It is a reservoir only in the sense that it is man-made; it is as much a lake as if Nature had put a waterfall 230 feet high where men built the Garrison Dam.

Transco II, Dahl, and I were fortunate in getting through North Dakota's great lake (or reservoir) on a day of near-perfect weather. High wind could easily have delayed us for days; this huge "reservoir" with its 20 million acre-feet of water can kick up seas as dangerous to small boats as any ocean.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we went ashore in Williston, which is practically at the western end of the Garrison Reservoir. We stopped there only to load gasoline and pick up mail. With several hours of daylight left we wanted to push on into Montana. In another hour we sped past the mouth of the Yellowstone River and checked ourselves into Montana by recognizing Fort Union on the north bank of the river. By cruising until 7 in the evening we got to Culbertson, Montana, where we tied up for the night a short distance below the highway bridge. We were in front of the exact spot where Frank Wilton and I had set up our tent to camp ashore in 1925.

Another day dawned, and we went up the Missouri past Wolf Point and a pull-out ramp below the Fort Peck Dam. We had then reached the fifth and last of the Missouri River flood-control dams. We were within 300 miles of Fort Benton, which was the end of the long *Transco II* voyage east of the Continental Divide.

As usual, Verne Cecil was on hand to meet us at the Fort Peck Dam. He took *Transco II* around the dam, and we found an excellent marina where we left the boat for the night.

Fort Peck, like Midvale at the Garrison Dam, exists only to serve the dam. Verne Cecil thought there would be better hotels

and restaurants in Glasgow, 16 miles away. Verne was right; we found Glasgow a very attractive little city.

When I came down the Missouri from Fort Benton to the present site of the Fort Peck Dam with the first *Transco,* the river was a wild, treacherous thing tumbling through 300 miles of Montana's infamous badlands. For much of that distance on both sides of the river there wasn't a vestige of human life. The badlands today are still just as "bad" as they were, but numerous changes have taken place.

There are now quite a number of secondary roads into this area. One bridge and two ferry lines get motorists across the river. Many small flood-control dams have been built far above Fort Benton and on its tributaries, the Madison, Jefferson, and Gatlin rivers. These dams catch the floods and let the water down in a fairly constant year-round flow. The biggest change, of course, was brought about by construction of the Fort Peck Dam. That gigantic task began in 1932; my father, incidentally, had a part in its construction as the architect of some of the buildings in Fort Peck.

The Fort Peck Dam created a lake in Montana that is very much like the Garrison Reservoir in North Dakota. This magnificent body of water, Montana's largest lake, has hundreds of miles of ragged shore line. It is 150 miles long and 45 miles across at the widest point. It normally holds 20 million acre-feet of water. Now, where are all those terrifying rapids of the upper Missouri that gave Lewis and Clark such a dreadful struggle and the 1925 *Transco* such a hair-raising ride? Drownman's Rapid, Lewis and Clark Rapids, 17-Mile Rapids, and many lesser ones are all in the bottom of the magnificent lake called "The Fort Peck Reservoir"!

Transco II could not go from the Fort Peck Dam to Fort Benton without at least one refueling. Vernon Cecil was to establish a fuel cache for us a few miles below the mouth of Judith Creek, which would be about midway for us along this 300-mile run that

we hoped to make in two days. In Glasgow, however, a telephone call brought the information that supplies would be available to us at the ferries. That permitted cancellation of the fuel-cache plan; Verne would meet us next in Fort Benton.

Two days later, as planned, *Transco II* came up the river to Fort Benton. There the pull-out situation was exactly what I thought it would be from having seen it thirty-four years earlier. Fort Benton is on the west side of the river, and the bank there is a near perpendicular, 20-foot jump-off into the river.

In 1925, with the assistance of ten strong men, I had juggled *Transco* down that embankment to launch her in the river. But *Transco II* could not be dragged up. Some hours ahead of John and me, Verne Cecil had taken a look at the same river bank and decided to try to find a better place to pull out. He found a good spot at Virgelle, about 30 miles back down the river. We pulled out there. *Transco II* was securely tied to the trailer, and Verne and John Dahl started off on the drive to Lewiston, Idaho, and the Snake River, on the other side of the Continental Divide. I went back to Fort Benton in a bus.

Fort Benton got started as a town shortly after the Civil War and grew primarily because of its strategic location at the head of navigation on the Missouri River in the days of stern-wheeler steamboats. When the stern-wheelers vanished, the town almost went with them. It was down to fewer than 1,000 people when I stopped over there in 1925.

In 1959 I found Fort Benton to be a thriving, modern, little city of some 2,000 people, rapidly coming to life again. The streets are now paved and there are many new homes and buildings. The old Fort Benton Hotel, with its outside walls made from red bricks dragged up the river from St. Louis in 1870, is still in operation. In recent years an ever-increasing number of boats have been trailered into Fort Benton for junkets down the Missouri.The town now also has quite a colony of retired cattle and sheep ranchers who find Fort Benton a pleasant, picturesque town,

steeped in American history and a good place to live during their declining years.

As the sole survivor of the first *Transco* cruise, returning to Fort Benton was for me a delightful experience. This was the point where *Transco* had started the eastbound cruise to New York City from the east side of the Continental Divide in 1925. Now, with *Transco II,* I had come to the end of the westbound cruise in waters flowing to the Atlantic Ocean. John Dahl and I were the first men to arrive by boat in Fort Benton from New York City—all the way by water except for those hauls around the Missouri River dams. I believe we were also the first to make it into Fort Benton with an outboard boat after climbing the Missouri for 2,286 miles and nearly 2,500 perpendicular feet from the Mississippi. Any claimants?

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FROM FORT BENTON TO ASTORIA, OREGON, AND THE PACIFIC

Knowing the great scenic beauty of the country between Fort Benton and Lewiston, Idaho, I wanted to see it from the air. John Dahl thought he could see more of it from the roads, so he made the trip over the mountains in the truck with Verne Cecil, *Transco II* on the trailer behind. *Transco* had made that part of the eastbound journey in 1925 in a railway box car. Frank Wilton and I came over in four slow freights that got us to Fort Benton by way of Spokane, Washington, and Shelby and Great Falls, Montana. Making the trip by air also gave me a weekend respite from traveling, which I spent in Great Falls, Montana's largest city and one of the most attractive in the state. I planned to be in Lewiston about the time John and Verne would have *Transco II* afloat on the Snake River.

On Monday morning at the Great Falls Airport I went aboard a four-motored airliner for the two-hour flight to Spokane. What a magnificent experience that flight was! In perfect weather I was looking down from 16,000 feet over the backbone of the continent into the most spectacular mountains to be found south of Alaska.

Some of the snow-capped peaks rise to altitudes of 2 miles or more.

In that seemingly endless tangle of mountains and forest hundreds of big and little lakes sparkle like blue gems set in a breathtaking field of brown and green. The lakes range from such giants as Flathead Lake, Montana, and Lake Pend Oreille, Idaho, to small, rocky bowls of melted snow perched on mountaintops, mountainsides, or in the valleys. To describe the scenic beauty of this area as seen from the air words are weak and near-useless. Then, too, a photograph, because of its limited scope, cannot depict a vastness that staggers the human mind.

From Spokane I took another flight to Lewiston, arriving in an hour after stops at Coeur de Alene, Idaho, and Pullman, Washington. At Lewiston's Valley Boat Club I found John Dahl and Vernon Cecil. They had just completed the chore of setting *Transco II* afloat on the Snake River.

For the first *Transco* there had been too much water in the Snake River. For *Transco II,* the river was so low that trouble for us was easily predictable. If we could get down the Snake and into the Columbia without scraping bottom a few times, I knew it would be a miracle.

At Lewiston, when I saw how low and fast-running the Snake River was, I decided to try to find a local man thoroughly familiar with the river to help Dahl and me take *Transco II* into the Columbia. I also decided not to let Verne Cecil return to his family in Minneapolis; we might have to be pulled out of the Snake if we could not find enough water to get down. He went on to Pasco, Washington, where he was to wait for a possible call for help. If he received no call, we would meet him in Pasco.

That afternoon I made a live broadcast, telling the story of the two *Transco* voyages, from a Lewiston radio station. It produced precisely the result I hoped it might. I had little more than finished the broadcast when a young man by the name of Chuck Miller telephoned. As an experienced boatman he had made several trips up and down the Snake between Lewiston and the Columbia. Knowing that we might be in danger he called to volunteer his

services to Dahl and me as guide. We promptly accepted his offer. Twenty-five-year-old Chuck came to the Lewis and Clark Hotel that evening. We studied the charts, discussed the projected run down the Snake, and planned to be under way early in the morning.

The Snake is anything but a slow river at Lewiston, and farther downstream it flows much faster. In many places we found the current to be about 20 miles an hour. To maintain good steering control, *Transco II* needed a still-water speed of at least 10 or 15 miles an hour. If we could keep off the rocks, the run of 150 miles into the mighty Columbia wasn't going to last very long. We soon realized how fortunate we were in having Chuck Miller along. He knew all the snaky tricks of the Snake. He got us past many a rock-strewn, tight spot where *Transco II* slid down steep water chutes. Often we sped past huge rocks, missing them by inches, where a direct hit would have shattered our boat. We wore life jackets.

We went down at least a dozen long riffles, often scraping bottom. At each riffle, in swim trunks and life jackets, John and Chuck went over the side to walk the boat down, its motors tilted out of the water. At one point we scraped bottom, heard water gushing into the cabin, and discovered a small geyser shooting up inside—as if some one had put a garden hose through the hull. We were holed-through! If we could not stop that leak, *Transco II* was doomed.

Dahl ducked into the cabin and stopped the leak temporarily with the palm of his hand. Then he called out, "Chuck! Hand me a spark plug." Chuck pulled a spark plug out of the tool box and handed it over. In another minute John had stopped the leak by screwing the spark plug into the neat, round hole that was left when the transducer of our radio depthfinder had been scraped off the hull.

On both sides of the Snake River from Lewiston on down to the Columbia many farms made highly productive by irrigation began to appear. Not so many years ago there was not a single irrigated acre in this area. Now a vast irrigation system is being developed

by the simple expedient of taking the water out of the river and letting it flow by gravity to the lands farther downstream. This irrigated land development undoubtedly accounts for the low stage of water encountered by *Transco II*. We just didn't have all that water because it was going onto the flourishing, irrigated farmlands!

Contrary to what seems to be prevailing opinion, Washington and Oregon have adequate rainfall over only about one-third of their area, that west of the Cascade Mountains. These high mountains, extending north and south across the two huge states, force the rain-bearing winds from the Pacific Ocean to altitudes that chill the clouds and bring down the rain. Thus, we have the drippy climate usually associated with the coastal areas, where population is most heavily concentrated, as in Seattle and Portland. East of the Cascade Mountains, about two-thirds of each state is very thinly populated. It is a semiarid land where no intensive agriculture is possible without irrigation.

At Ice Harbor, in Washington, about 20 miles up the Snake River from the Columbia, a huge dam known as the Ice Harbor Dam is now under construction. It will soon drown all the Snake River rapids, store a vast quantity of water for flood control and irrigation, produce hydroelectric power, and practically make an Idaho "seaport" of Lewiston. Commercial barges are now operating on the Columbia from the mouth of the Columbia to Pasco, near the mouth of the Snake River. A lock in the Ice Harbor Dam will lift the boats 100 feet to an unobstructed waterway to Lewiston.

For *Transco II* construction of the Ice Harbor Dam, then roughly 50 per cent complete, posed quite a problem. The uncompleted dam closed about nine-tenths of the river. The remaining tenth was a narrow opening left by the Army Engineers for the use of boats until the locks can be put in operation. Temporarily, almost the entire river was concentrated to go through the opening, thus creating a water chute only slightly flatter than a 10-foot waterfall.

I hesitated to go down this slide without seeking the advice of

the Army Engineers. They said, "You should be able to make it without any real danger. Just give your motors full throttle and go right down the middle. You may take a little spray aboard, but you won't hit anything!"

We tried it and went down the chute in one big swoop; it was like riding a boat down a roller coaster in an amusement park. It was quite a thrill while it lasted. We took a few gallons of spray aboard in the breakers below. Still afloat after that wild dash that was over in a few seconds, we were, for all purposes, practically out of the mouth of the Snake. The long voyage of *Transco II* was nearing its end in the mighty Columbia, where in 1925 the trip across the continent had just begun.

In less than an hour after getting safely past Ice Harbor Dam we were out of the mouth of the Snake and speeding up the broad Columbia to Pasco. There, at the fine marina and boat shop owned and operated by Ken Dyer, *Transco II* was hoisted out of the water and taken into the shop. An out-of-the-water hull inspection and possible repairs were advisable after the beating she had taken in the Snake River.

To get *Transco II* into the best possible shape for the trip down the Columbia Mr. Dyer assigned two of his most skilled men to work almost around the clock to get us going again. With the boat on a cradle the first thing they did was to drain off about 50 gallons of bilge by removing the spark plug John Dahl had used to stop up the hole where our depthfinder transducer had been torn off. A careful hull inspection revealed several gouges below the waterline that were serious enough to make repairs to the fiber glass advisable.

I watched these repairs with the greatest of interest. It was my first opportunity to see how it is done. It also made clear to me one of the advantages of fiber-glass construction for small boats. After drying the hull with a hot-air blower especially made for the purpose, the men applied liquid fiber glass and waited for it to dry. Then they smoothed off the patches with an electric sander. The finished job was so perfect that it was almost impossible to find

the spots where the patches had been made. Similar repairs to a steel or wooden hull would have been far more complicated.

At Pasco we reluctantly said goodbye to Verne Cecil and Chuck Miller, thanking them profusely for the invaluable aid they had given us. Without them and the many other people who helped us along the way, *Transco II's* voyage would probably not have been a success.

The Columbia River today bears little resemblance to the wild, rapid-strewn stream that the original *Transco* had to fight her way up. The rapids and the fierce current are now gone; the river is practically a series of big and beautiful lakes from Pasco to Portland. The lakes drowned the rapids, and the dams that created them ended the floods by giving man complete control of the current and the lake water levels. From Pasco to the Pacific we cruised through a buoy-marked navigation channel through some waters that are still recognizable as a river and the still-nameless, man-made lakes. In Washington and Oregon, as in Montana and the Dakotas, a body of water of any size remains a "reservoir" if men made it by building a dam. Simultaneously, any natural duck pond is recognized as a lake and is dignified by having a name.

The "reservoir" above McNary Dam near Umatilla, Oregon, is the boundary between Oregon and Washington for approximately 20 miles. It then extends northward into Washington for another 30 miles. It is about 6 miles across at the widest point and 1 mile at the narrowest, the so-called Strait, near Hat Rock, Washington. As every boatman knows, a lake of that size, whatever it is called, can get about as rough as any ocean.

A gentle wind was blowing when *Transco II* left Pasco at 6 o'clock in the morning. From Pasco to the Walla Walla Boat Club I rode with Mr. Dyer in his boat so that I could make pictures of *Transco II* in action. I soon had the "action." The wind steadily increased and the reservoir went wild. Both boats were slamming into and jumping off the tops of 10-foot waves. I soon found it impossible to hang on and operate a camera simultaneously.

Mr. Dyer, knowing these waters thoroughly, admonished us

that, if the wind continued to blow, no small boat could expect to get through The Strait safely. While we spent an hour having breakfast at the Walla Walla Boat Club, however, the wind began to lull. John and I decided to try to run The Strait. We took a dreadful beating for about 10 miles. We finally got through The Strait and were greeted by fairly flat water for about 20 miles to the McNary Dam.

The single lock at the McNary Dam is said to be the highest float lift lock in the world. No wonder it took a lot of rapids out of the Columbia River! It raises or lowers boats 97 feet. Moreover, the lock is so perfectly engineered and efficiently operated that locking through takes only fifteen minutes. It barely gave me time enough to go over the top of the lock, make a few pictures of *Transco II* going through, and get aboard again by going down a 100-foot ladder near the lower end of the lock sill. With three cameras slung around my neck, it was like going down a ladder on the side of a ten-story building.

"Look out for the spiders!" a lock employee called out to me as I started this dizzy descent. The steel ladder was set into a foot-deep slot in the face of the concrete wall. By the time I was ten feet down I had never seen so many spiders and such a tangle of spider webs in any one place before. The ladder and the slot were simply festooned with webs and crawling with a dozen species of big and little spiders. Thank God for the study of spiders I had made some years ago! I recognized all of them; there was not a dangerous one in the lot. Spiders or no spiders, I had to hang onto that ladder. They were crawling all over me, and my hands were literally wrapped in bandages of spider webs when I got far enough down the ladder to drop off onto the open deck of *Transco II.*

As my feet hit the deck, I shed a shower of spiders that scampered off in all directions. I finished the little beasts with an aerosol bomb and swept them up as they died.

Below the McNary Dam we had about 6 miles of easy river navigation to the marina of the Umatilla Boat Club at Umatilla.

There we stepped ashore onto the soil of the seventeenth and last state we would go through on our trip. We were in Oregon! *Transco II* had accomplished our objective of cruising from New York to Oregon on the waters of North American inland waterways for slightly more than 5,000 miles! The remainder of the trip, down the Columbia to Portland, Astoria, and the Pacific Ocean could be contemplated as little more than a pleasure cruise on one of the nation's most scenic rivers!

Now, from Pasco I had telephoned my wife in Bartlesville. I told her we would arrive in Portland about 4 o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday, August 31. "You better fly to Portland tomorrow."

From the McNary Dam to the mouth of the river at Astoria, more than 250 miles, the mighty Columbia flows through a land of scenic beauty that beggars description. Coming up the Columbia with the original *Transco,* I had been so busy fighting the rapids that there was little time for enjoying the scenery. Going down with *Transco II* was an entirely different experience. Where the rapids used to be we now have the Dalles Dam, the Bonneville Dam, and the John Day Dam. The locks and lakes made a pleasure cruise out of this route for *Transco II.* Just thirty-four years earlier it had been a nightmare.

The tremendous river breaks right through the towering Cascade Mountains to form the famous Columbia River gorges. Geographically, this situation is similar to the famous Iron Gate of Europe, where the Danube River flows through the crack it cut in a few million years through the Carpathian Alps.

At Hood River, Oregon, the surface of the Columbia is only about 200 feet above sea level. Yet, on both sides, the terrain rises abruptly from the river. Up, up, and up it goes through tremendous forests and into the midsummer snow of such peaks as Mount Hood, rising 11,245 feet on the Oregon side of the river. Simultaneously, Mt. Adams, on the Washington side, is in full view, towering 12,307 feet into the heavens. In the vastness of

the Columbia River lakes, with the snowy, sky-piercing landscapes casting their shadows into those titanic gorges, I was all too well aware of my own small size.

The marine editor of the *Portland Oregonian,* Larry Barber, had done a bang-up job of announcing our impending arrival in Portland. "Great Caesar's ghost!" I exclaimed after sighting the waterfront at the Oregon Centennial Exposition grounds in Portland. "Look at that waterfront! It looks like Hollywood Bowl on a concert night!"

A few minutes later we had *Transco II* alongside the landing float. I hopped over the gunwale to sweep a tiny, blue-eyed, blonde woman into my arms. For the next couple of minutes I was oblivious to the popping flash bulbs, the television cameras, and the roaring cheers of 3,500 people. Ruth and I were together again, after the weeks of separation since Kansas City.

When we finally broke the hold, the cameras were pointing at us from all directions. Larry Barber, acting as a spokesman, was calling out, "Do that again, please! We need a few more pictures." We were happy to comply, and the picture-taking went on for a full half hour.

Our visit to Portland turned out to be about forty hours of red-carpet hospitality and entertainment at the exposition grounds, at the Multnomah Hotel, and at Lee McCuddy's beautiful marina on the Columbia.

Early on Tuesday morning, September 1, I put Ruth aboard a bus bound for Astoria and then went back to McCuddy's Marina to begin the last day of the *Transco II* cruise. It was to be a jaunt of 110 miles down the Columbia to Astoria and the end of the mighty river, the starting point of the first *Transco* cruise from west to east across the continent thirty-four years earlier.

At McCuddy's Marina *Transco II* took aboard the only passenger carried over any considerable distance on the entire journey. George Reynolds, a personable young man we had met in St. Louis, wanted to make this part of the trip to get a story on our

use of fiber glass—his firm manufactures chemicals that go into the making of fiber-glass boats.

About 20 miles down the Columbia below the Longview-Kelso Bridge (which had not been there when *Transco* came up the river in 1925) we sighted a U. S. Coast Guard patrol boat. It had come up from Astoria to meet us, just to be sure that no mishap might befall us in about the last hour of our water journey of 5,286 miles. We were very grateful for that Coast Guard courtesy because a strong wind was starting to blow into the river estuary from the Pacific Ocean. There, too, the river widens out to 10 miles and it was getting uncomfortably rough.

As the Coast Guard vessel escorted us into Astoria's busy and crowded East End Boat Basin *Transco II* came alongside the docks to be greeted by a welcoming throng of Astoria citizens. First with a hearty handshake was Harry Steinbock, the Mayor of Astoria, who said "Captain Hogg, welcome *back* to Astoria!"

As I shook hands with the mayor, Ruth appeared on the scene, escorted over the dock by Dr. Ed Harvey, a research scientist with Astoria's seafoods laboratory. Both of them appeared to be excited and a little short of breath. I soon learned that Dr. Harvey had just plucked her off the Greyhound bus from Portland. I looked at my watch. *Transco II* had come down the river faster than the bus had come down the highway! She had covered 110 miles in exactly four hours, while the bus had taken four and one-half hours to cover a similar distance on land. At the dock we went through the usual half-hour session with the reporters and photographers. We then adjourned for lunch to the John Jacob Astor Hotel, where the welcoming delegation just about filled the dining room.

We spent two full days enjoying the rousing celebration the people of Astoria had planned for us. If John Dahl and I had been Lewis and Clark returning to Astoria, the hospitality could hardly have been greater or more sincere. We were made honorary citizens. We received a couple of gold medals. We were wined and dined. We took *Transco II* to a reconstructed log fort on the site

of Fort Clatsop at the mouth of the Lewis and Clark River, where the members of the Lewis and Clark expedition officially ended their history-making journey to the Pacific and spent the winter of 1805-06 before starting the long trek back to St. Louis.

I also consented to take *Transco II* out into the salt water of the Pacific Ocean, with an escorting salmon fisherman as a safety precaution in waters that were dangerously rough. We went several miles out into the salt water, then returned and fished for salmon over the Columbia River Bar.

Tired, slightly dizzy from the hours of jouncing over ocean waves, and splattered with salt spray, I wobbled into the lobby of the hotel late in the afternoon lugging a 26-pound salmon in one hand and a 28-pounder in the other.

"What made you do that?" asked Mr. G. R. Haines, proprietor of the hotel.

"Boatman's holiday!" replied John. "We've only had 102 days of it."

APPENDIX

John Edwin Hogg spent many months in carefully planning the trip of *Transco II*. One of the most important tasks he faced was the compiling of a list of equipment that would be essential to the cross-continent voyage. If he took too much gear, the boat would be overloaded, and he and his mate would barely have elbow room aboard the cruiser. If he left out some essential item, the entire success of the venture would be jeopardized. After much exacting planning and revising, his list of gear was complete.

Before *Transco II* left the 79th Street Boat Basin in New York, she was awarded the safety decal of the U. S. Coast Guard Auxiliary. After inspecting the craft from bow to stern, officers of the Auxiliary described her as one of "the most thoroughly equipped" they had ever seen. For cruising men and families who might be planning part of the trip for themselves, on the following pages is a rundown of the equipment Hogg finally selected for his historic trip.

The brand names and manufacturers of the various items are included here to make the shopper's task easier. This in no way constitutes an endorsement of these products, nor should it be inferred that these products are "the best" in their respective fields.

Outboard motor tool kit.
One pair American Bosch Arma windshield wipers.
One pair manual windshield wipers.
Two Sinko battery boxes.
Two Plas-Tex rubber buckets.
One mop.
One deck brush.
Two sponges.
One Perkins bilge pump.
Two Fairline hand bailers.
400 feet of Wall Rope Works "Colorope" line.
Twelve spark plugs.
Two Electric Autolite Batteries.
One Raytheon radio direction finder.
One Raytheon DE 122 Fathometer.
One Raytheon Ray 19 radiotelephone.
One Admiral transistor radio.
One Bernz-O-Matic propane stove.
One lantern.
Three Seatronics tachometers.
One Portable Light Co. horn.
One Falcon Alarm Co. pressure horn.
One set of flares.
One net bag.
One Ketcham & McDougall compass.
One Ketcham & McDougall barometer.
One Ketcham & McDougall clock.
One Ketcham & McDougall speedometer.
One Portable Light Co. spotlight.
One Kohler portable flashlight.
One Detroit Stamping Co. boarding ladder.
Two Freepack "Boat Doc" first aid kits.
Four buoyant cushions.
Four American Pade & Textile Co. life jackets.
One ring buoy.

Two Ansul Chemical Co. fire extinguishers.
One pair of Bausch & Lomb 7 x 35 binoculars.
Two Danforth anchors.
One Worthington Marine boat hook.
One pair of Smoker Lumber Co. paddles.
Full set of charts.
One chart case.
One chart board.
One chart rule.
One chart divider.
One protractor.
Two log books.
One set of cooking utensils.
One folding knife.
One floating knife.
One cabin fan.
American Chain & Cable Co. Steermaster controls.
Sterling Products Co. fenders.
One Coleman portable ice chest.
One Coleman thermos jug.
Convertible top and cockpit canopy by Champion Sailmakers.
Telescope Folding Furniture Co. deck chairs.
Four utility bags.
Two Hettrick sleeping bags.
Two pillows.
Two pillow covers.
Two mattress covers.
Two Remington electric shavers.
One Bell & Howell 16mm motion picture camera.
Two Minolta Autocord "L" reflex still cameras.
Leeds Luggage Co. vinyl luggage.
Complete sets of clothing, including Sperry Topsiders deck shoes and foul weather gear, and McGregor swimming trunks, sweaters, and both light and heavyweight shirts and slacks.